

Collier's

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February 10, 1951



THE RED CZAR MOVES TO CONQUER US

By Thomas E. Dewey

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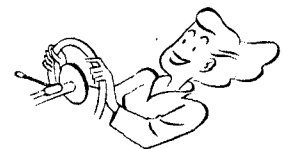


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Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents
FRED ASTAIRE • JANE POWELL
in **"ROYAL WEDDING"**
co-starring **PETER LAWFORD**
SARAH CHURCHILL • KEENAN WYNN
with **ALBERT SHARPE**
Color by **TECHNICOLOR**
Story and Screen Play by **ALAN JAY LERNER**
Music by **BURTON LANE • ALAN JAY LERNER**
Lyrics by
Directed by **STANLEY DONEN • ARTHUR FREED**
Produced by



It's a mystery to us how M-G-M can capture such a mood of holiday. They did it with 'Annie Get Your Gun', 'Three Little Words', 'Easter Parade', 'Summer Stock', and now—the Technicolor musical that goes merrily as a marriage bell—"Royal Wedding".

There's joy and pace from the very beginning as the brother-and-sister team of Fred Astaire and Jane Powell whirl their singing, dancing way from Broadway to London.

Fred meets Sarah Churchill, who makes her charming American film debut in "Royal Wedding". (Her father is a famous pub-keeper—in the picture!) Soon Fred's romance is soaring so high he's dancing on the ceiling. That's what we said! In fact, Fred's solo specialties are practically out of this world for sheer invention and elegance.

As for sister Jane, she has her shipboard romances but walks into the real thing in the person of Peter Lawford. What better excuse could a girl have to sing love songs?—and Jane does it entrancingly.

Also, you're in for a dazzling surprise when she joins Fred in three comedy song-and-dance numbers. We haven't seen such exuberant grace since Fred was dancing with his real-life sister, who, we seem to remember, actually did dance her way into romance.

"Royal Wedding" boasts a double-header of comedy. Keenan Wynn is twins in this!

The score of "Royal Wedding" (music by Burton Lane, lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner) contains eight new songs, from rhumbas and ballads to jump tunes and novelties, all available on M-G-M Records. (Real toppers are "You're All the World to Me", "How Could You Believe Me", and "Happiest Day of My Life").

Go with your favorite guy or gal, but remember, we warned you—that "Royal Wedding" fever is catching!

P.S. Look forward to more M-G-M big ones in Technicolor: "Across The Wide Missouri" (Clark Gable) and "Mr. Imperium" (Lana Turner, Ezio Pinza). And remember, 1951 is the year of "Quo Vadis"!

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The Cover

Stanley and Janice Berenstain get into the second half of the school year by dragging 35 disrespectful young fry to an art museum. The excursion is a worthy one, but the problem of persuading the hooting heathens to appreciate Fine Art is a project we would rather contemplate than try. We conclude that elementary schoolteachers ought to get considerably more money.

Week's Mail

Mostly about Christmas

EDITOR: Just wanted to tell you how much I enjoyed your December 23d edition. It is the only magazine (and I take nearly all of them) that had any Christmas stories at all. Also the Peace editorial and picture are beautiful.

MRS. JOHN R. SEXTON,
Meriden, Conn.

... Thank you, thank you, for the lovely Christmas issue. It tops off a year of good reading and exemplifies the true spirit of Christmas.

MRS. RICHARD M. KEEVER,
Portsmouth, Va.

... I just wanted to tell you that, of all the many magazines this Christmas season, your December 23d issue more nearly reflects the ferment in men's minds, especially at this Christmas season, than any other. You win by so great a margin one wonders what the others are concerned about.

DONALD M. WRIGHT, Boston, Mass.

... I wish to comment on the story, The Candle in the Forest, by Temple Bailey. She is always good, but this is one of the sweetest ever read. This is a true Christmas story and one which should make everyone realize just what Christmas means.

FLEDA HUGHES, Miami, Fla.

He Is So St. Nick

EDITOR: Your Mr. Newman Levy is wrong in his poem Christmas Carol—1950 (Dec. 23d). Kriss Kringle is not St. Nicholas. He is "Christ Kindl," the Christ child.

The German or Viennese diminutive *Kindl* might sound like kringle, but it means *Kindlein* (little child).

MARION KERRY, Philadelphia; Pa.

Our dictionary agrees that Kriss Kringle derives from the German *Christkindl*, but it defines the term as St. Nicholas, or Santa Claus.

W. D.'s Christmas Message

EDITOR: I was very interested in reading the Christmas message by Walter Davenport in 48 States of Mind (Dec. 23d).

This is the sort of declaration of faith we need in the world so much today—and how truly has Mr. Davenport put the case which today so many of us are apt to forget—that no would-be dictator has ever finally succeeded in his cruel ambition, and that any country or nation through history which has denounced and renounced the simple but logical teachings of Christ has, sooner or later, but inevitably, come to ruin.

NOEL HUMPHRYS, Hope, B. C., Canada

For & Against Santa

EDITOR: I read again in the December 23d issue, for the thirtieth or fortieth time in my life, that beautiful editorial by Francis P. Church in 1897 entitled, Is There a Santa Claus? It seems that this becomes more beautiful each time I read it—the sure test of its immortality.

Perhaps publication of this letter might ascertain what became of Mr. Church. If he ever wrote a book this writer would like



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to read it. Also the whereabouts of Virginia O'Hanlon—little children more than likely are asking her, "Is there a Santa Claus?"

DAVID KNAPP, JR., Mobile, Ala.

Francis Parcellus Church died in 1906, and his authorship of the famous editorial was not made public until then. We know of no books by him. As for Virginia O'Hanlon—good guess. She (now Dr. Laura Virginia O'Hanlon Douglas, aged 61) is principal of P.S. 31 in New York City. And she has surely answered the question many times.

... We thoroughly disagree with the article which has been published in your magazine, entitled Is There a Santa Claus?

We are deceiving the children by telling them that Santa Claus really exists. Christmas is to celebrate the birth of Christ, not the birthday of Santa Claus. Too many children are taught the reality of St. Nick from the time they are old enough to understand. Where does Christ come in? After all, he is God's great Christmas present to man. Aren't we going to receive it? It must grieve the heart of God when people refuse to receive his gift. A definite lack of reverence is shown toward Christ at Christmastime.

MISS PAULINE KIGER,
MISS SHIRLEY WIKERT,
Steamboat Rock, Iowa

Wrong Interpretation

EDITOR: I would like you to help me understand the very first sentence of your editorial entitled Peace (Dec. 23d). It definitely is untrue, what that sentence states. And, as a matter of fact, your article entitled Wherever You Live You'll Find Yule, which is very true, lends a contradiction to the first sentence of this editorial.

This sentence reads, "Most Americans, we realize, don't celebrate Christmas in farmhouses any more." Not one word of that is true.

HAROLD GILBERT,
Egg Harbor City, N. J.

... Why, oh, why, did you have to put that first sentence into an otherwise perfectly good editorial? Where would we people who live in farmhouses celebrate Christmas except in our farmhouses? Why shouldn't we have our own Christmas trees?

MRS. ROBERT J. NELSON, Rushville, Ill.

Readers Gilbert and Nelson have misread the sentence. What we meant was that the majority of Americans don't live in farmhouses any more, and therefore celebrate Christmas elsewhere.

Beer and Geography

EDITOR: I read with great interest and enjoyment the article, Brahms, Bratwurst and Bock (Dec. 23d). It was very well written, indeed, except for two points: "a seidel of palate-tickling Würzburger—a venerable Munich beer."

Pardon me, sir, but Würzburg is about as far from Munich as New York is from Milwaukee. MRS. LEO BASS, New York, N. Y.

Well, maybe closer to the distance between New York and Boston—but still a far piece.

Truth about the Deaf

EDITOR: I wish to thank you very much for publishing Happy Talk on a Silent Campus (Dec. 23d) because it is one of the very few articles that have ever appeared in public print that tell the truth about the deaf and what they have achieved.

The deafened persons' greatest handicap is the enormous amount of misinformation that the public has about them. The sign language, for example, is not simply gestures but it is just as much English as the language you and I speak. Also the idea that the deaf are ignorant, backward, stupid, etc., is something that should be dispelled. However, the deafened people, being one of the nation's smallest minority

groups, lack organization. They have clubs in almost every major city. But these clubs are independent of one another.

The National Association of the Deaf has been trying for many years to bring all these clubs under one national banner, without much success. In the meantime the deaf are being hit from all sides by the well-meaning hearing societies.

The story of the deaf and their struggle is too great to cover in one letter. Their biggest need today is to have someone stand behind them and go along with them, and to treat them as their fellow men. So far very few have done so; too many people want to reform them and make them over. Your article, by presenting a true picture of them and their national college, has done them a great service.

WILLIAM BERNSTEIN, Cleveland, Ohio

Fan Mail from Texas

EDITOR: On reading my December 23d Collier's, I found to my delight another article by the author of Christmas as Usual (Dec. 9th), and which—both of which, in fact—I enjoyed to the fullest.

My husband and I hope to read more by this Texas philosopher.

MRS. CARL BLASINGAME, Houston, Texas

... That fellow H. B. Fox has an attitude which might be good for all of us to acquire occasionally at least.

MRS. CAROLYN C. SMITH, Austin, Texas

... I think you've hit the jack pot on American humor. That bird that philosophizes from Circleville puts on the funniest material on the market. S. H. NICODEMUS, Frankfort, Texas



Circleville's philosopher

... It was with extreme pleasure that I found in your issue of December 9th an article obviously written by my old friend the Navasot Philosopher. I refer to Christmas as Usual, by H. B. Fox. I have never had the pleasure of meeting the philosopher, but I followed him assiduously throughout the entire lifetime of the old Texas Spectator.

FRANKLIN JONES, Marshall, Texas

... We are writing themes on contemporary humor writing, and I have selected your new humorist, Mr. H. B. Fox of Texas, as tops in the field. The Philosopher from Circleville articles, which I have shown all over this campus, are considered here as the funniest pieces in modern literature.

GRADY PRICE, Henderson County Junior College, Athens, Texas

... and a Dissent

EDITOR: I have just finished reading the short piece, We Need Non-Atomic Folks, by H. B. Fox (Collier's, Dec. 23d). I consider this to be one of the most pernicious articles which I have ever seen in print. The completely anti-intellectual stand taken by the author would lead to the return of civilization to the cave-man stage in a few generations if put into practice.

MICHAEL A. GLUCKSMAN, Buffalo, N. Y.

Collier's for February 10, 1951

Put your Heart into your Giving on Valentine's Day

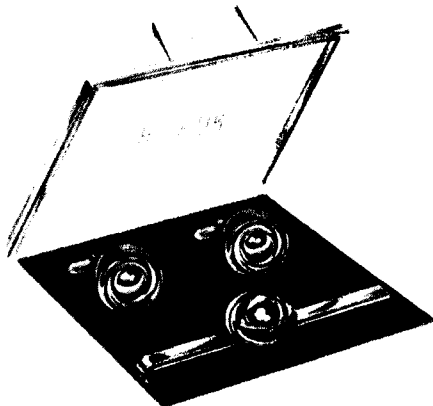
There's so much you can give a man,
yet so little that has the enduring good taste and
the wanted utility of a gift by Hickok. So, put your head
(as well as your heart) into your giving on
Valentine's Day and give him this
half-round cowhide belt with stitchless construction
and chain buckle design, \$2.50

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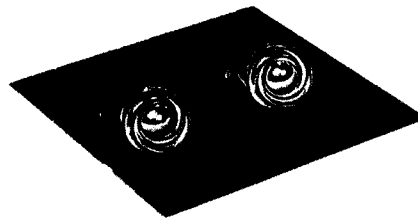
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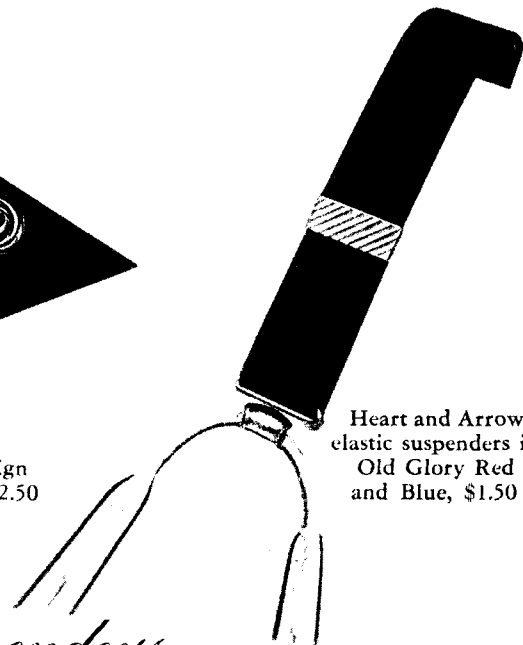
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Knot design Tie Bar, \$2.50,
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Knot design
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48 States of Mind

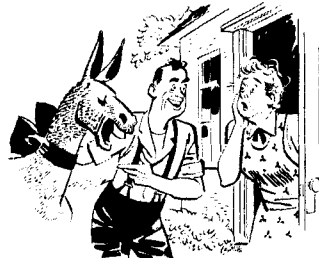
By WALTER DAVENPORT

In the course of his job, Mr. Winston C. Murray, Internal Revenue agent in Kansas City, runs into the darnedest logic. He was asking a gent whose manner of earning a living is more than somewhat racketish why he hadn't come across with the correct amount of income tax. "All right," said the swifty, "I make \$40,000. It costs me \$20,000 to run the house. Entertaining my friends clips me for \$15,000. So I figure my income tax at \$11,000. Added up, these figures run to more than the dough I make. I take out a pencil and paper, and figure. I can't cut the house expense. I can't trim the entertainment. This leaves me only one place to cut."

Among the several things we don't need is a mule. This grieves us because we've just been notified that a good mule can now be had in Washington County, Georgia, for twenty dollars. A year ago the same brute would have fetched a

selves thirty billion dollars' worth of life insurance—an all-time record, up 24 per cent over the total for 1949.

The following conversation took place between Dr. R. J. Carabin, dentist, in San Antonio, Texas, and a grocer patient reclining in the chair. We have the doctor's word for it. Dentist: "How many people are nice to do business with and how many tough? Give me percentages." Patient: "Can't do it. Got to know if they're men or women." Dentist: "Okay. Men?" Patient: "Seventy-five per cent of the men are fine to do business with." Dentist: "Women?" Patient: "Seventy-five per cent are troublemakers." Dentist: "I know how we can make a million dollars." Patient: "How?" Dentist: "Run a store for men only." Patient: "Can't do it. Women would raise hell. Seventy-five per cent making trouble's bad enough. Who wants a hundred per cent?"



hundred bucks, maybe two hundred. As a matter of fact, they're offering mules in Washington County to anyone who'll give them a good home. Sure, mechanical farming has something to do with it. But not all. The price of oats has even more. Maybe we'll get one after all. Ride to work.

De Pere, Wisconsin, is a town of 7,932 inhabitants. It has 32 taverns and 16 filling stations. If these simple facts have held you spellbound thus far and you're looking for a nice profitable business opportunity, read on. The De Pere Chamber of Commerce recently made a survey which showed that the population was eager to swap 16 of the taverns and half the filling stations for something they lack—a department store.

We regret to tell you that Mr. Lilo McGill was arrested recently in Casa Grande, Arizona. Mr. McGill was fined \$100, the charge being driving while under the influence of hard liquor. He was on horseback when it happened.

In spite of the calamity howling of our officials—national, state and municipal—the people evidently refuse to believe that disaster is snapping at our heels and that the United States of America isn't going on to be the same old beloved land where you can prosper, be happy, be goofy and sentimental as always—probably even more so. By way of proof we offer the information that in 1950 Americans paid so little attention to the cry havoc boys that they bought them-

For some reason we can't recall at the moment, that reminds us of Pike County, Kentucky. It's Kentucky's largest county. It is the state's richest coal, gas and timber area. Pike County was the home of the feudin' McCoy's, who were always shooting fightin' West Virginia Hatfields when the Hatfields weren't shooting them. These few of Pike County's many distinctions should be enough glory, you'd think, for any county. But in Pike County they stop at nothing. Got so tired of having men mess up the place that they've just about turned the whole county over to the women. The sheriff's Mrs. Esta Conway. Mrs. Lucille Smith is the Tax Commissioner. The Federal Court Clerk is Miss Willa Mae Wells. Mrs. Lucille Pruitt is Quarterly Court Clerk. The County Clerk is Mrs. Bessie Arnold. And a Pike County woman, Miss Pearl Runyon, is Treasurer of Kentucky. Men sort of taking it easy these days in Pike County. And about time.

When we've finished this chore we shall try to decide which we'd rather be in a German university—professor or student. Hans Berendt, a foreign-exchange student in the University of Nebraska, from Bonn, Germany, says that he likes American college life. "But," adds Mr. Berendt, "I very much dislike the tests. In German universities there are none. The student is there to learn and it is no concern of the professor whether he does or not."

Not without its points, is the business that Mr. Earl Feller of Effingham, Illinois, has cooked up for himself. He
 (Continued on page 37)



JACK BETTS

Collier's for February 10, 1951



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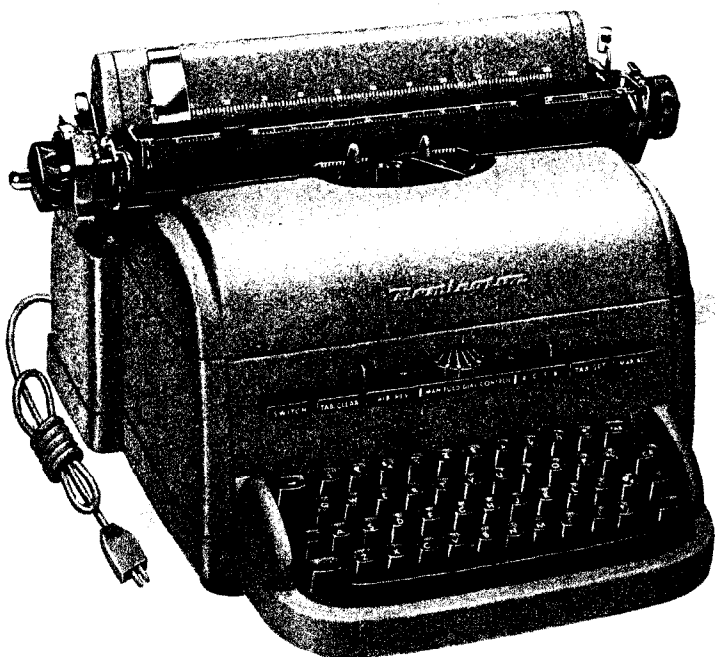


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WILLIAM O'NEIL

The PUNCHBOARD RACKET

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A FACTORY worker came into a dingy café in Quincy, Illinois, ordered a beer and slapped a crumpled \$20 bill onto the bar. Instead of changing the bill, the bartender-proprietor reached for one of the dozen-odd punchboards on the counter. This pictured a provocatively clad girl beside a list of cash prizes—\$10, \$5, and five ones—in store for those who punched lucky numbers. He smiled confidently, as one who knew his victim. "A brand-new board, Jack."

"Oh-oh!" Jack said dubiously, as one who knew his weakness. "Well . . . I'll try just one."

Thirty minutes and two beers later, Jack had punched out not one but 78 of the board's 200 holes, at 25 cents each. The bartender, who'd been silently counting punches, abruptly pocketed the

\$20 bill. He rang up 30 cents on the cash register for the beers and gave Jack 20 cents change. Then, he produced a thick roll of bank notes and grandly peeled off one. "Well, fella, at least you won a buck. You wanta punch it out?"

"Hell, no. Leave me carfare, anyway." Jack looked glum. "Here I was gonna use that twenty to get the missus a birthday present."

As he slammed out, the bartender expertly broke the punchboard over his knee and tossed it under the bar.

"That wasn't half used up," I commented. "Why throw it away?"

The man grinned. "I should let it set on the bar until somebody wins the big prizes? Do I look stupid? This guy buys practically twenty bucks' worth

of punches. I pay him a one-buck prize, and the board cost me just two dollars. So I quit, making way over 500 per cent profit." He looked smug. "You know of any better deal?"

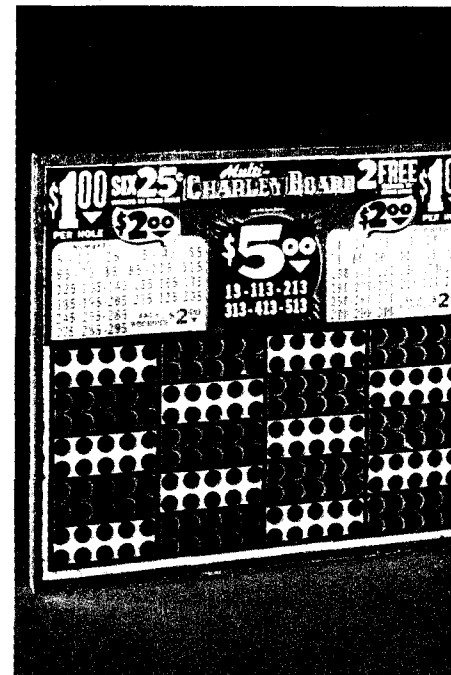
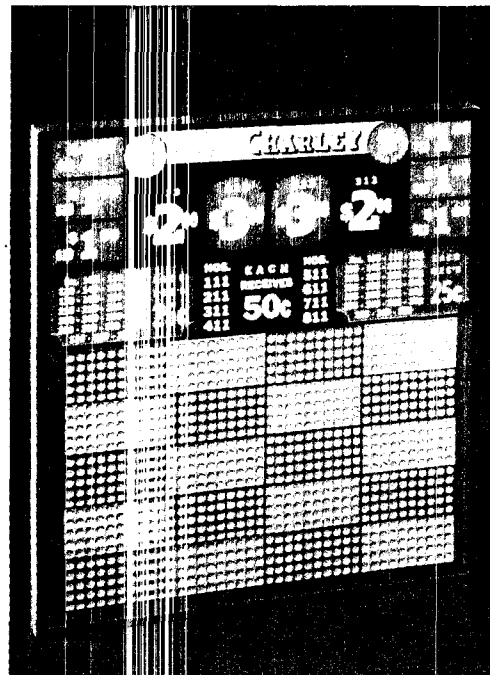
"Sounds like quite a racket," I said.

The bartender chuckled and poured himself a drink. "There's none better!"

The deliberate fraud of discarding punchboards before all, or any, prizes have been won is common practice. And even if operated honestly, punchboards are just as illegal as slot machines. Yet the punchboard racket has been almost totally ignored by government investigations of nationally organized illegal gambling. This doubtless is due to the popular belief that, since punchboards feed on only "small change" gambling and involve no



NICK LAZARNICK



Simplest punchboards have from 200 to 6,000 holes, with chances selling from a penny to a dollar

expensive machinery, their total "take" must be insignificant.

Actually, punchboards have an illicit national take equally as lucrative as that of slot machines—a staggering \$1,000,000,000 a year!

And, largely due to the "genius" of a mysterious multimillionaire, the once lowly punchboard today threatens to rival even race betting and the numbers game, the underworld's top money-grabbing devices.

Unlike the general public, the gangster-operators are well aware of the high importance of punchboards among the rackets—as evidenced by the huge bribes with which they are ever ready to corrupt public officials.

In California, the California Crime Commission recently reported it had exposed, in 1947, a startling deal between representatives of then Attorney General Fred Howser's "office" and the Harlich Manufacturing Company of Chicago, by which that company would have shipped into the state 500,000 "branded" punchboards a month—after the attorney general's men co-operatively had applied "heat" to oust competitors' boards. This "co-operation" was to have been purchased, the commission claimed, through levying on retailers a "protection" charge of \$2 a board to provide a bribe of \$12,000,000 a year! However, although three men, including a Harlich representative, admitted their efforts

to distribute the branded punchboards, they denied connection with the attorney general's office, and a jury acquitted them.

In Illinois's Sangamon County, State's Attorney George Contrakon told me that for years the Capone mob had reaped fat profits similarly, charging \$3 "protection" per board to provide \$300,000-a-year "ice" for local officials.

In Miami Beach, Melvin Richard, a reform city councilman, recently said he'd been offered, to "go along with the punchboard boys," one fifth of their take of "easily \$750,000 a year" (And Miami Beach, except during the winter season, has a population of only 40,000.)

Strong-Arm Methods in New Racket

Carrying on its strong-armed expansion into all gambling fields, the National Crime Syndicate (the coast-to-coast hoodlum organization born of prohibition, today battenning chiefly on gambling) has been fast muscling out independent punchboard operators, or forcing them to fork over sizable cuts. For punchboards, as a racket, have many advantages: They are generally overlooked by civic organizations' antigambling crusades. They entail no costly apparatus to fall victim to raiders' axes. And, as Ferdie "Fishmouth" McGrane, surviving member of the Shelton gang that ruled downstate Illinois

during prohibition, recently told me, "Today, I'd swap all the other gambling rackets for punchboards. There's more dough in 'em!"

Lastly, punchboards, because they are popularly regarded as innocuous, are tailor-made for a specific, vicious purpose. Ex-convict Frank Costello of New York (identified as boss of the National Crime Syndicate, by the Chicago Crime Commission) advised hoodlums in 1949, at a national convention and slot-machine show in Chicago: "Easing in with punchboards is the ideal way to open up closed areas to all forms of gambling."

Nearly every issue of the amusement industry weekly, The Billboard, carries flagrant advertisements of punchboards camouflaged as candy boxes, novels or matchboxes—"suitable for use in closed areas." In the January 1, 1949, issue, the Universal Manufacturing Company, Inc., Kansas City, Missouri, advertised its exhibit at the aforementioned convention: "We are bringing 12 completely new deals especially good for closed territories."

Once punchboards gain a toe hold, they multiply like bacteria. When Sangamon County (population 175,000) was wide open to gambling some years ago, it consumed more than 150,000 punchboards annually, I was told by Robert Irwin, executive secretary of the Springfield Chamber of Commerce. He estimated the average board milked players of \$45. On this basis, punchboards extracted \$6,750,000 a year from that single county, or an average \$138.85 per family (using the Census Bureau's 3.6 persons as the average family).

In Montana (population 500,000), one of the few states where punchboards are legal (the others are Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, Idaho, Washington and Nevada), their take, estimated on the basis of licensing fees, was \$16,200,000 in 1949. Since, it has soared to an annual rate of \$25,000,000—an average of \$180 per family. The Higgins Cigar Store, in Helena, alone uses 50 boards a day.

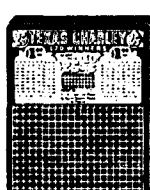
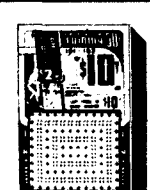
Punchboard manufacturers constantly devise new models to separate the sucker from his cash. Many produce thousands of varieties. However, there are only two general types—"moneyboards" and "salesboards." On both, punches sell from a penny to \$1 each, varying with the individual board.

The simplest moneyboards have 200 to 6,000 holes, in a few of which are "lucky numbers" entitling the customer to a cash prize. A more complicated variant is the "jack pot," really either two, or three, boards combined. Other variants are "tipboards" with detachable numbered tabs instead of holes, the similar "pushcards," and "lucky jars" and "fishbowls" containing loose lottery slips.

Salesboards, the second general type, often are tolerated in communities banning moneyboards, simply because they use as bait not money but merchandise prizes—cheap jewelry, candy, cigarettes and novelty gadgets. Plain boards, a variation, have a blank space instead of the usual list of prizes; the operator writes in whatever goods he wishes to offer.

Finally, there are the so-called "keyed boards," in which some firms specialize. These are 100 per cent frauds. The Sportsman Supply House in Long Beach, California, in a typical circular for operators, promises with each board a "secret key" to "locate winners"—so big prize-winning numbers

AMERICA'S FASTEST SELLING PUNCH BOARDS . . . WILL MAKE YOU MORE MONEY FASTER

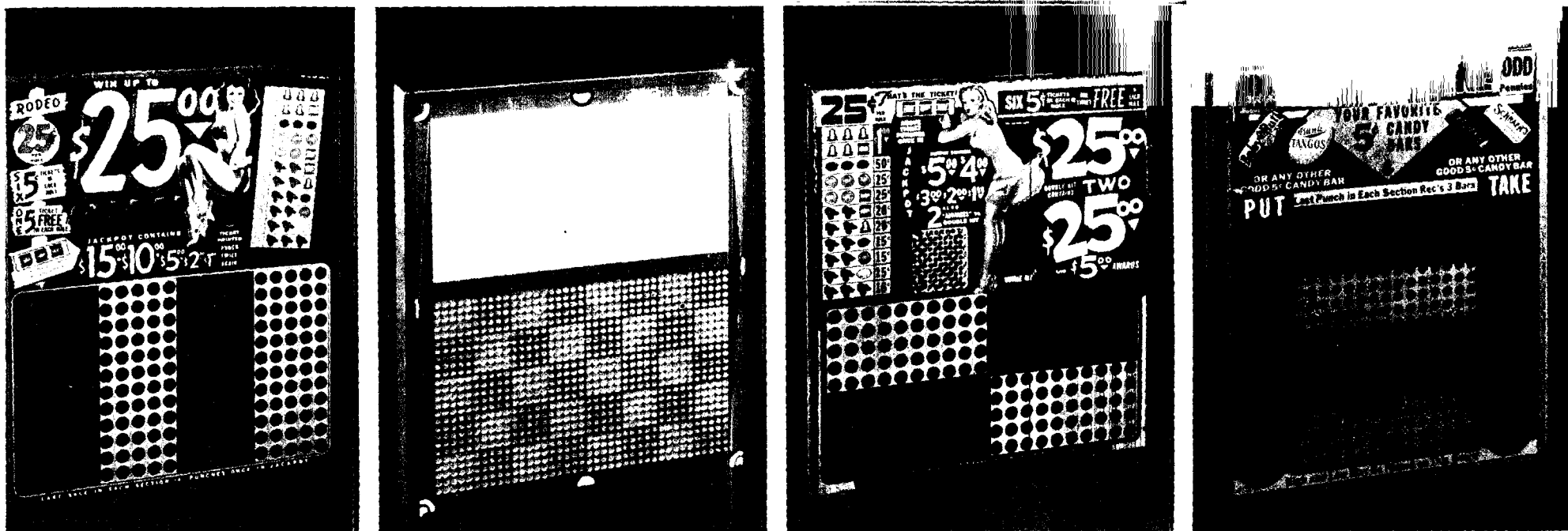
 No. 120 TEXAS CHARLEY 25c PER PUNCH SECRET KEY Locates \$144 Winners TAKES IN \$300 — PAYS OUT \$197.72 — PROFIT \$102.28	 No. 132 DEUCER BOARD 10c PER PUNCH SECRET KEY Locates ALL WINNERS TAKES IN \$40 — PAYS OUT \$32 — PROFIT \$16.40	 No. 123 CHARLEY BOARD 25c PER PUNCH SECRET KEY Locates \$124 Winners TAKES IN \$250 — PAYS OUT \$126 — PROFIT \$124
 No. 111 HALF-BUCK TOMMY 50c PER PUNCH SECRET KEY Locates \$162 Winners TAKES IN \$240 — PAYS OUT \$106 — PROFIT \$134	 No. 125 LUCKY FIVES 25c PER PUNCH SECRET KEY Locates ALL WINNERS TAKES IN \$100 — PAYS OUT \$65 — PROFIT \$35	 No. 133 10c Punch BUBBLE GIRL No. 143 5c Punch BUBBLE GIRL SECRET KEY Locates ALL WINNERS 10c BOARD TAKES IN \$100 — PAYS OUT \$50 — PROFIT \$50 5c BOARD TAKES IN \$50 — PAYS OUT \$25 — PROFIT \$25

Guaranteed Boards...All Boards a Winner—For You Sportsman Supply House, Box 887, Long Beach, Calif.

OUR KEYED PUNCH BOARDS ARE A REAL GOLDMINE ON YOUR COUNTER

CIRCULAR ADVERTISING PUNCH BOARDS WITH "SECRET KEYS" LOCATING WINNING NUMBERS
Sure-Fire Way To Make Tremendous Profits Is For Store Owner To Punch Out All The Big Prizes.

Circulars like this advertise "secret keys" so dealers can punch out most or all of winning numbers before public gets a chance at the boards. Sax does not own Sportsman Supply House



Each. On "jack-pot" boards, a player punches one board for a chance to try another with top prizes

can be punched out *before* the board is displayed. And, demonstrating another "gyp" board, not long ago Fredericksburg, Virginia, police "autopsied" seized punchboards which promised prizes for punches named "New York," "Chicago," "St. Louis," and "Boston." Suckers lost if they punched out "Philadelphia." The police reported all 200 chances on each board were named "Philadelphia."

Even manufacturers who don't design their boards for such crude cheating tricks put out products which—advertisements shout—will reap truly fabulous profits. The May, 1950, Confidential Price List of Superior Products, Inc., Chicago, listed a 400-hole, \$1-a-punch Lucky Tens board at \$2.20, promising a profit of \$160—7,272 per cent profit on the investment.

The DeLuxe Manufacturing Company, Blue Earth, Minnesota, advertised in The Billboard a 1,000-hole, 25-cents-a-punch Texas Charley Seal board for \$1.10, promising a profit of \$102—9,272 per cent profit.

Most punchboard manufacturers sell through small staffs of high-pressure traveling salesmen. A former salesman for Superior Products told me wartime punchboard selling in Ohio, West Virginia and southwestern Pennsylvania netted him \$35,000 a year. He finally retired on his earnings, to open a swank \$250,000 restaurant in Miami Beach.

These manufacturers' representatives usually sell to racketeer-operators, or to jobbers who do so. For, as with slot machines, few punchboards are owned by the storekeepers who display them; most are merely "placed," in restaurants, cigar stores, filling stations and saloons, on a 75-25 or 60-40 percentage basis—with the racketeer-operator taking the big end. Many racketeers have thousands of boards "on locations" and employ stooges full-time to make the rounds collecting profits.

How Billion-Dollar Take Is Split

The gigantic \$1,000,000,000 take of the 25,000,000 punchboards flooding the nation annually (based on Federal Trade Commission figures and information furnished by a former punchboard sales manager and a tax consultant) is split several ways. The largest share goes to the racketeer-operators, many of whom are ex-convicts and take orders from the National Crime Syndicate. A sizable cut, perhaps a third, goes to the owners of premises where the boards are placed. The manufacturers' share is slightly less than 1/50 of the vast sum contributed by the public through their products, but it nonetheless piles up huge profits. For the manufacturers' usual practice is to add to the unit cost of their punchboards a 100 per cent markup, industry executives told me. Currently, the annual sales of the 22 manufacturers is about \$18,000,000.

A popular delusion is that no player ever loses "important money" on punchboards. Yet in town after town I've heard of cases proving punchboards can become as harmful and expensive an addiction as any other gambling. And, since tolerated in candy stores and drugstores, they are involved in many cases of juvenile delinquency. Lieutenant Stanley Mitchell, who heads the Peoria, Illinois, Police Department's Juvenile Bureau, told me of

three teen-age boys who confessed burglarizing grocery stores: "They explained they 'needed the money to play punchboards.'"

In a small Pennsylvania town, I learned of an eighteen-year-old boy who played every punchboard he saw until he was impelled to forge a \$50 check to continue. Unable to face his parents after the forgery was exposed, he blew out his brains with his father's shotgun.

In towns closed to other gambling, I learned of irate women who complained to storekeepers their husbands had "lost their pay checks" on punchboards, only to be told: "Go to the police if you want, lady. But remember, then your husband can be arrested for gambling!"

Tom Reay, managing editor of the La Salle, Illinois, News-Tribune, related how a forty-four-year-old man, a university graduate, after accepting an industrial executive position, soon became infected with the gambling fever. Since he had a wife and three small children to support, he avoided crap games, horse betting and roulette, confining himself to "penny-ante" punchboards and lucky jars. Yet within a year he squandered \$12,000—including \$3,000 embezzled from his employer. As a result, he lost his job, had to sell his home to pay back his boss, and his wife threatened to divorce him.

And the king of the punchboard manufacturing

industry is a multimillionaire mystery figure who bought a large stock interest in a Chicago bank and built a \$5,000,000 Miami Beach hotel with his punchboard profits—and who has set up an elaborate structure of "fronts" to support his pose that he now has absolutely no connection with the manufacturing business.

He is George D. Sax, of Chicago and Miami Beach—a quiet, fat little man with a tight-lipped smile and unblinking, veiled eyes—whose personal fortune is conservatively estimated at between \$10,000,000 and \$15,000,000.

Banking Was His First Ambition

Sax's career is an off-key Horatio Alger tale.

Born 47 years ago in Peoria, Illinois, the second oldest in a family of four boys and four girls, Sax left school after his father was killed in a distillery accident. Hawking newspapers, he met leading Peoria businessmen, was impressed by their affluence, and decided to become a banker. However, unlike most boys with this ambition, he shortly concluded working his way up from a humble job would be a foolish waste of time. Nor did he think much more of the offer of a prominent judge—who'd taken a liking to the hustling young newsboy—to send him to law school. He wanted a short cut to wealth. So he was a pushover when propositioned on selling illegal tipboard tickets for a racketeer-operator.

He made good at once. When only sixteen, he devised a method of balking the "gaffers," or cheats, who recurrently cut into tipboard operators' heavy profits through collecting discarded losing tickets and presenting them later whenever they corresponded to winning numbers. Sax added to the regular numbers on the tickets a serial number which changed with each tipboard, so the combination of numbers never was duplicated. The device since has been adopted by the entire punchboard industry. But his racketeer boss scornfully rejected it. Indignant, young Sax promptly quit, bought a small hand press with his savings, and started in business for himself—printing tipboard tickets with his new numbering system and selling them both to racketeer-operators and directly to storekeepers.

His hand press minted a fortune. Two years later, at the age of eighteen, he was worth \$200,000!

In 1931, with his two oldest brothers, Philip and Maurice, he founded the GAM Sales Company, in Peoria. GAM manufactured tipboards on a large scale and other gambling supplies, including punchboards, lucky-jar tickets, dice sheets, baseball-pool tickets and football-parlay cards.

Sax soon left the management of GAM to his brothers and started his second factory, Superior Products, Inc., in Peoria, to manufacture punchboards exclusively. Soon afterward he moved the plant to Chicago. Within the next few years he set up his third and fourth companies, the Consolidated Manufacturing Company, in Chicago, and the Container Manufacturing Company, Inc., in St. Louis, also to manufacture punchboards exclusively. He established his fifth company, the Emess Sales Company, Inc., in St. Louis, to sell salesboard merchandise (Continued on page 69)



George Sax, Punchboard Manufacturing King, now has a large interest in a Chicago bank

All the King's Horses

By KURT VONNEGUT, JR.

The chessboard was the floor of the throne room. The chessmen were Pi Ying's sixteen prisoners. And the stakes were life and death

COLONEL BRYAN KELLY, his huge figure blocking off the light that filtered down the narrow corridor behind him, leaned for a moment against the locked door in an agony of anxiety and helpless rage. The small Oriental guard sorted through a ring of keys, searching for the one that would open the door. Colonel Kelly listened to the voices inside the room.

"Sarge, they wouldn't dare do anything to Americans, would they?" The voice was youthful, unsure. "I mean, there'd be hell to pay if they hurt—"

"Shut up. Want to wake up Kelly's kids and have them hear you running off at the mouth that way?" The voice was gruff, tired.

"They'll turn us loose pretty quick, whaddya bet, Sarge?" insisted the young voice.

"Oh, sure, kid, they love Americans around here. That's probably what they wanted to talk to Kelly about, and they're packing the beer and ham sandwiches into box lunches for us right now. All that's holding things up is they don't know how many with mustard, how many without. How d'ya want yours?"

"I'd just like to—"

"Shut up."

"Okay, I'd just—"

"Shut up."

"I'd just like to know what's going on, is all." The young corporal coughed.

"Pipe down and pass that butt along," said a third voice irritably. "There's ten good puffs left in it. Don't hog the whole thing, kid." A few other voices muttered in agreement.

Colonel Kelly opened and closed his hands nervously, wondering how he could tell the fifteen human beings behind the door about the nightmarish interview with Pi Ying and the lunatic ordeal they were going to have to endure. Pi Ying said that their fight against death would be no different, philosophically, from what all of them,

except Kelly's wife and children, had known in battle. In a cold way, it was true—no different, philosophically. But Colonel Kelly was more shaken than he had ever been in battle.

Colonel Kelly and the fifteen on the other side of the door had crash-landed two days before on the Asiatic mainland, after they had been blown off course by a sudden storm and their radio had gone dead. Colonel Kelly had been on his way, with his family, to a post as military attaché in India. On board the Army transport plane with them had been a group of enlisted men, technical specialists needed in the Middle East. The plane had come to earth in territory held by a Communist guerrilla chief, Pi Ying.

All had survived the crash—Kelly, his wife Margaret, his ten-year-old twin sons, the pilot and copilot, and the ten enlisted men. A dozen of Pi Ying's ragged riflemen had been waiting for them when they climbed from the plane. Unable to communicate with their captors, the Americans had been marched for a day through rice fields and near-jungle to come at sunset to a decaying palace. There they had been locked in a subterranean room, with no idea of what their fates might be.

Now, Colonel Kelly was returning from an interview with Pi Ying, who had told him what was to become of the sixteen American prisoners. Sixteen—Kelly shook his head as the number repeated itself in his hectic thoughts.

The guard prodded him to one side with his pistol and thrust the key into the lock, and the door swung open. Kelly stood silently in the doorway.

A cigarette was being passed from hand to hand. It cast its glow for an instant on each expectant face in turn. Now it lighted the ruddy face of the talkative young corporal from Minneapolis, now cast rugged shadows over

(Continued on page 46)

"You wish me to have all of you shot right now?" asked Pi Ying. "I must say I find you a rather pathetic colonel. Do all your officers give in so easily?"

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE





1300

Muscovy won ascendancy over states that became Russia



1500

Russia a few years before she gobbled up vast Siberia



1939

Census was 170,467,186 in nation of 8,175,722 sq. miles

Pale areas indicate Russia's great Communist Empire



1950

The RED CZAR

By THOMAS E. DEWEY

New York's governor warns Russia is ready to seize Germany's and Japan's industrial power in the next-to-final step toward world conquest. He demands top-speed U.S. rearming, more aid to Europe

AT LAST the dreams of the Russian czars are coming true. From Ivan the Great, Ivan the Terrible who murdered his own son, through Peter the Great, Catherine and succeeding czars, they schemed and fought their way from a little barbaric barony in the fourteenth century to world power in the twentieth.

Even the crack-up of the dynasty following defeats in World War I made no basic change. With a national total of only 30,000 party members, 3,000 Communists in Moscow seized control of all Russia in November, 1917. A ruthless Red Czar took over from a weakling in ermine.

The Communist revolution actually served to speed the achievement of ancient Russian ambitions. Most of the world had little sympathy for the old Russian czarism. But before long the "New Russia" found friends and apologists everywhere: in magazines, in universities, on the lecture platform and on the radio. Communists and innocents alike hailed the revolution, praised the "advances" of socialized medicine, and touted the virtues of the Russian "Constitution" as if it had force or reality. They explained acts of barbarism as necessary. They excused imprisonment of people for the crime of worshiping God or for holding political opinions. Even the existence of mass slave labor amounting to torture unto death was brazenly denied—though never by the Russians.

The program in the early 1930s communizing all agriculture was explained as Land Reform—in the same way our domestic Communists and fellow travelers explained away the conquering Chinese Red armies just two and three years ago. The cold-blooded liquidation of 10,000,000 landowning Russian farmers—the kulaks—failed to shock or awaken the world.

Stalin emerged from this period as the greatest mass murderer of all history. But nothing deterred or even slowed down the volume of praise and adulation of the Red Czar by his followers throughout the world.

Of course, this attitude of admiration was reflected in some quarters in our own government. It was responsible for the list of fellow travelers, Communists and plain traitors of whom some have recently been exposed and convicted.

This attitude was reflected to some degree in the major strategic commitments made at Yalta, Tehran, Potsdam and since. These include the gift of Outer Mongolia to the Soviet, major concessions to Russian ambitions in Port Arthur, Dairen, extra-territorial rights in railroads and other major facilities in Manchuria, ceding to the Russians the occupation zone surrounding Berlin and similar concessions in Austria.

Whether these decisions were necessary to keep a bristling and tempestuous Russian ally on our side in the war only history can judge. Perhaps the verdict will never be clear.

Right or wrong, the decisions were made. Except for a seaport on the Mediterranean, they gave Russia in four short years what five centuries of czars had longed for but failed to achieve. The maps on

this page show dramatically the gigantic growth of the Russian Empire.

The Red Czar has conquered beyond the dreams of every other czar. Today he is getting set to take the next-to-final step—seizing the rest of the vast industrial skill and resources of Germany, and all of Japan. With this industrial power Stalin would no longer fear American industrial might and, with his vast man power, he would be in position to take the final step of conquering the world.

The most massive postwar Communist success has been in China. First, our government accepted the thesis that Chinese Communists were land reformers. Then, to what must have been Stalin's total astonishment, our government issued an incredible directive in effect inviting the Reds to take all of China. This directive of December, 1945, ordered Chiang to make a total appeasement of the Communist armies and admit their representatives into his government. Failure to obey the order was to mean the end of American aid.

So all the Communists had to do was to bargain, haggle and ever increase their demands. Thus they were able to build up their strength in the full knowledge that sooner or later their demands would become impossible for anyone to accept, and then, having themselves defeated the possibility of the appeasement, they would be free to take all China without effective opposition. This is exactly what happened. Communist Russia gained 450,000,000 additional people.

In the summer of 1949, I made a last despairing appeal in a radio speech, calling for a reversal of our disastrous policy, but to no avail. The administration held to its course, and today thousands of American dead give mute testimony from their graves in Korea to the dreadful blunder.

Does anyone think the Red Czar is going to stop now? Does anyone think he is going to give us time at our present leisurely pace to rearm by 1952 or 1954 or 1960? Victims of Communist killers shout a loud "No" to us from their tortured graves—Masaryk from Czechoslovakia, the betrayed and slaughtered Poles, the decent millions of Soviet-slain men and women from the countries of central Europe, and from Russia herself.

It should be clear at last for all to see that we are confronted not merely by a world-wide armed conquest by Soviet Russia and not merely by a world-wide political revolution under the banner of the Communism of Karl Marx. We are confronted by the unholy marriage of all history—the merger of the brutal expansionism of the ancient czars and the revolutionary drive of the Communist zealot.

This merger is the most powerful force for conquest the world has yet known. Its purpose is to conquer us all. The only thing the men in the Kremlin fear is force greater than their own. They will hesitate only when they think they might lose. They recognize no moral force. They must destroy our freedom or die themselves. They have said this time and time again.

In one sense Russia is not (Continued on page 60)

Collier's for February 10, 1951

Moves to Conquer Us



© KARSH

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY KARSH

Scarlet Runner

By HOWARD and ROGER GARIS

We don't have many murders in our quiet little town. I guess we've never had a Perfect Crime—and maybe now we never will

A LOT of people who have never been here know about our town of Coshon Center, in Vermont. Not that it's big, or rich, or inhabited by famous writers or artists, the way some of those upper Vermont towns are. We made our mark in another way: by our gardens. We have more and prettier gardens per acre than any other township in the whole of New England.

It's not just a fad with us, either. Practically everybody in Coshon Center makes money by gardening, one way or the other. Our nurseries supply plants and trees to property owners as far away as Westchester, in New York State. Our hothouses ship roses by air all over the country. Our farm machinery and seed stores are as good as you can find anywhere. I suppose, if you come right down to it, if it weren't for gardening there wouldn't be any Coshon Center.

That's why it seemed unnatural for us to have anybody in Coshon who didn't give a hang about gardening. But we did have a fellow like that. Anson Walker was his name. He sold real estate—at least he had a real-estate office. There wasn't much actual turnover of land around Coshon. What we had, we kept, and we held off from renting to strangers, so Anson didn't make much money. For all that, he dressed well, sported out at the Club Callalilly on the edge of town, and generally conducted himself as a man of some means. He was just a kid when his family came to Coshon, and then his mother died, and finally his father. They lived in a poor section of town.

That Anson didn't like gardens was doubly strange, because the girl he went with, Kathy Barnes, did like gardening. Her folks didn't have much land. But what little they had Kathy made into a right nice garden. There was something else about her, too. Kathy was the prettiest girl in town. Ever since grammar school Kathy drew boys like an apple pie on a window sill will draw flies. She had big dark eyes and dark hair that came to her shoulders. Yes, Kathy was a prize. And it looked as though Anse Walker was going to win it.

Then one day, before anybody suspected anything, Kathy up and married Luke Manton.

Several of us were in Harvey Muntz's farm-im-

plement and seed store, passing the time, when Tony Angero, who had the barbershop, came in with the news.

"Heard about Kathy Barnes and Luke Manton?" he asked in his shrill voice. (Tony got excited easily.) "They got married! Today! Over to the county seat!"

We figured that, for once, Tony had a right to be excited. Of all the people Kathy might have married, Luke was the most unlikely. About as different from Anse Walker as a plow is from pruning shears, Luke was almost twice Kathy's age; a skinny guy with a long red neck, he got drunk every so often, had a sour disposition, and a bad leg that he'd injured in a farming accident when he was a kid.

We all looked at Harvey Muntz, who was probably the only real friend Luke had in town.

"Oh, well," Harvey said slowly, "I wish 'em luck. I sure wish 'em luck."

Like most interesting bits of news that happen in a town like Coshon Center, this one finally passed from people's minds. Kathy and Luke went to live in a house that Luke built on a corner of his acreage about a mile from town. Nice bit of property it was, too—Luke had had many an attractive offer for it. Kathy stopped seeing Anson Walker, and things went on just as they had before.

Except, that is, for Luke Manton. Not many of us knew it at the time, but he wasn't too happy with Kathy. Luke took to dropping in at Harvey's store (we found out about this later) with a shopping list that Kathy had given him.

"Look at it!" he would say wrathfully to Harvey. "Look at what I got to tote home for her!" And he'd

read: "Three bars beauty soap, two cans asparagus tips, pound of chocolates, a couple of movie magazines, eyebrow pencil, garden seeds—"

"Now, take it easy, Luke," Harvey would say. "I can fix you up with the seeds, anyhow. And I'll tell you: you sit here and mind the store, and I'll shop for the rest of the stuff. Give me a chance to get out. You give me the list and the money, Luke, and I'll do the shopping."

Harvey felt sorry for Luke, with his crooked leg. He felt still sorrier for him when afterward, Luke bought Kathy a nice shiny car—maybe with the

idea that now he wouldn't have to tote so much. But it didn't work out that way. Kathy used the car for joy riding, mostly. And Luke had to go on toting.

Of course Luke could, if he wanted to, have hired someone to do the shopping for him, because he'd always had money salted away, besides owning the property outside of town. But Luke was tight. He never parted with a nickel he could hold on to. He usually wore an old brown suit that needed patching—and Kathy wasn't the girl to mend clothes, even her husband's, as we all knew.

BUT for all Luke's tightness, he saw to it that Kathy dressed in the height of fashion. We sort of wondered about that. Tony Angero may have put his finger on it when he said:

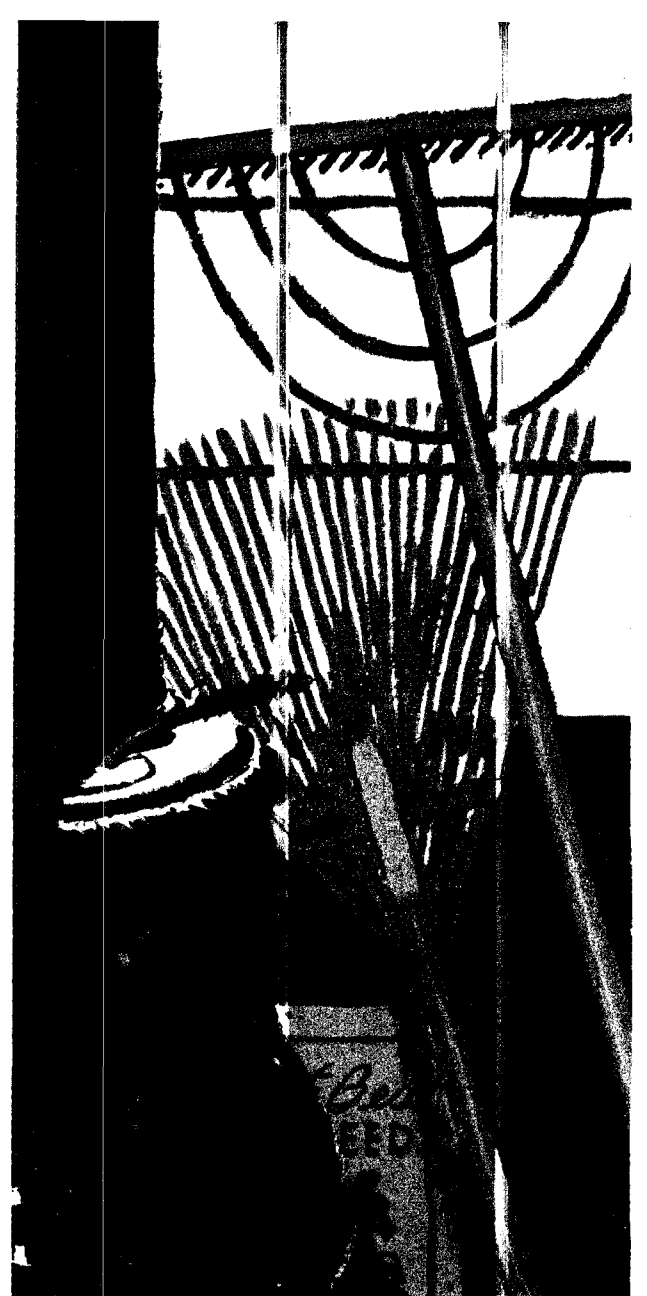
"Spend money on her? Sure Luke spends money on Kathy! Know why? Because he wants to sport his winnings—that's why! He keeps her lookin' like a prize filly to show her off in front of Anson Walker, and anyone else who thought they might have had a chance. Luke's just puttin' her on parade, that's all!"

Whatever the reason was, Kathy always looked like Fifth Avenue. And by this time she had herself a fine garden back of the house. One of the nicest gardens in Coshon. Tended it all herself, too. It was practically the only out-of-doors work Kathy did. Rest of the time she'd sit in the house reading, or, if Luke was out, she'd have a party with her old boy and girl friends. Anson went to some of the parties. Quite a bit of liquor was consumed during the shindigs, we heard.

Things went along that way, with Kathy getting more and more flashy and her husband getting glummer and glummer, when, one misty day in mid-May, Luke stopped in Harvey's store. I wasn't there, but a lot of other people were, and I heard about it later.

Luke had his old brown suit on, and a paper with the list of things Kathy wanted him to get her.

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"He's not sick," Kathy said scornfully. "He took a trip somewhere, and hasn't come back

"Damn!" he was muttering. "Damn! Look at this list! Why couldn't she go after these things herself? She's got the car—she knows I can't drive! And it's fixing to rain—my leg always hurts more when it's going to rain!"

Harvey took the list and soothed Luke down. Said he'd get the things if Luke would tend the store. Luke did, and when Harvey got back, Luke was feeling some better. He checked over the things Harvey had got.

Toilet tissue, writing paper, three pairs of socks, comb and brush set, pick up gloves at cleaners. . . . He went on reading. "Guess that's all. No, it ain't, either. These here seeds for the garden." Harvey gave some seeds to him. Luke had to put them in his pocket loose, because Harvey was all out of the packaged seeds. Luke said he was grateful to Harvey for all his trouble.

Then he pulled out a roll of bills.

"Thousand dollars here," he said with satisfaction. "One thousand dollars, cash."

Harvey's eyes bulged. So did the eyes of the others in the store.

"What's that for?" Harvey asked. "Birthday present for Kathy?"

Luke winced. "Maybe," he said. "Maybe. Well, so long—and thanks again, Harve."

He took his bundles and started home. It was raining by that time, but Luke didn't seem to mind it much.

And that, for the record, was the last time Luke set foot in Harvey's place. For a while us fellows who used to hang around the store thought maybe Luke was laid up on account of his leg. But one afternoon Kathy drove up in her new car. She got out and came in.

"Say, any you fellows seen Luke?" she asked.

She had on a blue suit that fitted her like bark on a tree, so we all got up and moved closer. Harvey Muntz said, "Why, no, Kathy, we haven't. Thought maybe something might have happened to him, like maybe he was sick."

"He's not sick," she said scornfully. "He took a trip somewhere, and hasn't come back yet."

Harvey looked at Kathy curiously. "When did he go?"

"Two or three days ago. Must have taken the bus. I asked at the station, and they hadn't seen him get on a train."

"He was in here," Harvey said, "Tuesday."

"That's when he left. I wanted some things, and I asked Luke—"

"Yeah," Harvey said dryly, "I know."

Kathy shot him a look. She didn't like Harvey much, maybe because she knew Luke did. "Anyhow, he never came home. And I needed those things."

"Too bad," Harvey said. "I'd go to the police, if I were you. Maybe he got hurt while he was walking home."

"Hurt? Not Luke." Kathy pushed her hair up on one side, and glanced at Tony Angero, who was a good-looking kid. Tony grinned back. "Luke'd never get hurt. He's too careful," she said. "Well, thanks."

AFTER several more days passed and Luke didn't show up, Kathy did go to see Chet Hennessey, our police chief. But Chet couldn't do anything besides send out a description of Luke.

We thought that perhaps Hennessey figured the same as we did—Luke had gotten fed up with the whole deal and lit out. None of us blamed him much.

It must have been around July that Anson Walker took up with Kathy again. We'd see the two of them speeding along in Kathy's shiny car that Luke had given her, or sometimes walking together down by Riker's Pond in the evening. Kathy had taken her mother in to live with her, it being lonesome in the house alone, and then Anson left his boardinghouse and moved in with the two women. We didn't think anything much of it as far as decency was concerned, because Kathy's mother was church-

going and wouldn't stand for any nonsense. But we did think that Kathy could have waited a bit longer.

However, that wasn't her way. And one afternoon she paid a call on Judge Ransom. The judge had drawn Luke's will, and Kathy knew the provisions of it. Everything had been left to her.

Kathy talked all around the barn before she came to the point, the judge said afterward, but finally she asked how long she'd have to wait before she could take over Luke's property.

"In other words," Judge Ransom said, "you want to know how long a person has to be gone before he's legally dead?"

Kathy told him she guessed that was it, and seemed sort of shy and sorry that she had to ask the question. The judge said there was no cause to be embarrassed. "It takes seven years," he said. "But if you need any money to go on with—"

Kathy said she didn't need any, that her mother had some. The judge, knowing that Anse was staying at Kathy's place, remarked, "Maybe you'll be wanting to get married, then?"

Kathy blushed—she had red cheeks, anyhow—and said she didn't intend to stay single all the rest of her life. Still, seven years was an awful long time.

Judge Ransom reminded her of Jacob in the Bible, who waited seven years for Rachel. And Enoch Arden, who disappeared and came back to find his wife married to another man.

The last reference didn't sit too well with Kathy, so she bid the judge good day and left.

Whatever the rest of us thought about Luke's disappearance—that is, that he drew a thousand dollars out of the bank and left town to rid himself of Kathy—there was one who wouldn't accept that explanation: Harvey Muntz. Harvey couldn't understand why Luke, being so tight, would simply run away leaving all his money—except the thousand dollars—and his property to Kathy. We tried to tell him that when you wanted to be shut of a woman, no (Continued on page 72)

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT PATTERSON



Carefully chosen Garfinckel models include several Junior Leaguers and the wives of two Air Force generals. In this group (from left to right) are Mari Conover, Betty Gentry, Ann Skora (seated in foreground), "Queen Elizabeth," B. J. Cullen, Frances Winebrinier and Mrs. Seymour Owens

Queen Elizabeth of

These ladies in need of a gown head straight for this up-to-date expert. She is called the President of

FOR 45 years Elizabeth Fairall has been clothing Washington hostesses, from Presidents' wives to career girls, in the process doing more than any other person to bring glamor into capital drawing rooms and cocktail lounges. She has moved a little in advance of the trend all the way from the dressmaker era to the period of the strapless Paris gown.

At seventy Miss Fairall is dean of the fashion buyers in Paris, New York and Los Angeles, and she is as well known for energy in her own field as Eleanor Roosevelt is in public affairs. Not content with her job as Vice-President of Julius Garfinckel & Company, Washington's leading women's store, she does a split week between that city and New York. There she has invaded Fifth Avenue to inject new life into the A. De Pinna Company, which Garfinckel's bought last year.

Garfinckel's also owns the famous old New York house of Brooks Brothers, but she stays away from there. ("That's a man's store.")

Elizabeth Fairall is Garfinckel's to the old em-

ployees (they call her "Queen Liz") and to the old customers. "She's never too busy to see you," said a woman clerk with more than 30 years' service. "I'd hate to think of the store without her." Women who bought their first ready-made clothes from her in 1905 refuse to select their granddaughters' trousseaux without her personal approval. Five generations of some families have been her customers, including almost all the first ladies since Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, and virtually every feminine member of capital high society since the turn of the century.

Garfinckel's, which is to Washington what I. Magnin is to San Francisco and what Neiman-Marcus is to Dallas, owes its fashion standing chiefly to Miss Fairall. It is one of a handful of leading women's specialty stores (which aren't quite department stores because they don't carry heavy household items). Garfinckel's probably has as many big *couturier* names under one roof as you will find anywhere in America—among them Balenciaga, Balmain, Dessès, Dior, Fath, and Heim

from Paris; Hattie Carnegie, Ceil Chapman, Charles James, Nanty, Ben Reig, Nettie Rosenstein, Adele Simpson, Traina-Norell and Trigrè from New York; Adrian and Irene from California.

The founder of the business, Julius Garfinckel, drew a loyal following of women customers from the "cave-dwellers" (old Washington families), the upper bracket government set, and the horsey crowd in the nearby Virginia and Maryland hunt country. When he died in 1936, he left the bulk of his fortune to found The Hannah Harrison school in honor of his Irish mother. Elizabeth Fairall, who had been his right hand in merchandising for 30 years, carried on his insistence on quality and style, and his rule that the customer is king.

Her stamina is the envy of her associates. "I'm a good forty years younger than Miss Fairall," said one of them, "but she wears me out."

This dynamic lady has a deceptive appearance. She is plump, gray, and pleasant. She never raises her voice or appears to be in a hurry. She answers

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Elizabeth Fairall sits with the famous Washington women's store in 1905 as a salesgirl. Now, at 70, she's vice president. She is shown in her office examining new French fabrics.

Garfinckel's

By STACY V. JONES

her own telephone ("Miss Fairall speaking"), and leaves the door of her office open. Anybody from stock boy to a fellow vice-president is free to walk in with his troubles, and most of them do. She tries to give an immediate answer to every question.

Part of the secret behind the great volume of work she turns out daily lies in her hours. She is at her Washington desk at 8:00 A.M., and usually doesn't leave till nearly seven at night. Her responsibilities make it necessary for her to travel extensively, too. Making the rounds of the New York designers' showings can be a grueling job, but she did it one year with a broken ankle—on crutches. Another time, with a mere sprain, she used canes. Two years ago, at sixty-eight, she gave up golf. "The hills got too high," she says.

"Lots of women get to the top by stepping on other people's faces," remarked a woman associate at Garfinckel's. "but Miss Fairall got there by hard work and ability."

Though gentle, she is decisive. The only time she was ever inarticulate was a year ago when she

had laryngitis and couldn't speak a word. Even then she managed to dominate completely a meeting of 10 executives and buyers called to plan the store's handling of the New York clothes designed by Schiaparelli. She did it by nodding, and writing her ideas on slips of paper.

Miss Fairall's last gesture when she leaves the Washington store at night is to inspect the 23 windows, which are her special pride. It is from the corner window—at Fourteenth and F Streets—that many a \$1,000 dress has been sold. "She can see a pin or a dead fly anywhere," says the display manager, who has followed her wishes for 39 years.

They tell of a Washington woman who had been ill for some weeks. The doctor said she could go out the next day, and asked her what she would like most to do. "I just want my sister to take me downtown," she said, "so I can look at the Garfinckel windows."

When Elizabeth Fairall invaded Fifth Avenue last year she had the temerity to behead the man-

nequins in the De Pinna windows. She installed headless, legless and armless figures in the Garfinckel tradition, on the theory that the purpose of the windows is to sell goods, not fixtures. Window display managers along the Avenue, who prided themselves on elaborate *décor*, were thrown into a tizzy. Several were quoted in the trade press as predicting early failure for the innovation. One called it "snob appeal," the resort of a store that couldn't compete by normal means.

On the evening after the faceless figures were installed, Miss Fairall arrived by train from Washington, and held court informally on the De Pinna sidewalk at Fifty-second Street, receiving New York designers who had come to see the novelty.

A Concession to Window Shoppers

The furor in the trade amused Miss Fairall. She pointed to De Pinna's rising sales of women's clothes as the complete answer. And she ordered enforcement of another Garfinckel rule, shocking to New York window artists: Take anything out of a window when a customer wants it, even if it's only a 50-cent boutonniere.

In Paris, less experienced buyers follow her around and try to see—over her shoulder—which Dior, Fath or Balmain designs she is buying. Last year France, through Ambassador Henri Bonnet, made her a chevalier of the Legion of Honor for her long service in presenting French fashions to Washington.

She is quick to spot an innovation that will be popular, and to back it. This means daily decisions. "In retailing you have to accept changes," she says, "or you're out of business." Last fall she brought an entire collection of Pierre Balmain to the United States and showed it at White Sulphur Springs, Washington and New York. That had never been done before. Later she took a Paris-New York collection to Bermuda.

Usually not more than two of any top design are bought for Garfinckel's. Miss Fairall was horrified to learn, just before one Easter parade, that two of Washington's social leaders had bought the same dress, one of Christian Dior's New York collection. Warned by telephone, both said they didn't care.

On both sides of the counter Garfinckel's boasts names with social standing. On the customer side, besides such Americans as Mme. Minister Perle Mesta, Gloria Swanson and Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower, there are Princess Amina Tousson of Egypt, now Mrs. Cornelius Bretsch, and Princess Tawhida Halim, also of Egypt, now Mrs. Frank Rediker. During World War II, Crown Princess Martha of Norway patronized the store.

Prince Dimitri Wolkonsky, whose father was a chamberlain to the court of Czar Nicholas II, is Garfinckel's staff photographer, and his wife, Princess Luba, used to sell Garfinckel hats. Mrs. Helen Wood, wife of Major General Walter A. Wood, Jr., U.S.A. retired, is in chinaware at the main store, and Mrs. Margaret Collins MacDonald, sister of General J. Lawton Collins, Army Chief of Staff, is in millinery at the Spring Valley branch.

The Garfinckel staff of handsome young women models has been built up under Miss Fairall's injunction that "we want a model to be like a member of your family, not a clotheshorse." A candidate must have the attributes of a lady, wear clothes with distinction, and be intelligent and well-spoken. Several are Junior Leaguers, including Mrs. Seymour Owens, widow of a naval officer. Carlota Pardini is the sister of a Panamanian diplomat. Two are wives of Air Force brigadier generals.

Most of the models are tall, in their early twenties, married and perfect 10s or 12s. They must have standard figures, as no alterations are made when dresses are shown. A Fairall fashion show, as put on for charity at hotels and clubs in and near Washington, is a major operation: Involved may be 15 models, a fashion co-ordinator and two assistants, two or three maids, an interior decorator—and a woman detective.

Until she began spending half her time in New York, Miss Fairall personally passed on every Garfinckel complaint of importance. Many times she has sent a fitter 200 or 300 miles to adjust an error.

Elizabeth Fairall was literally born into merchandising. Her father was a wholesale grocer in Baltimore and her maternal (Continued on page 36)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ELLIOT CLARKE

You Want to WATCH A TOURIST Every Minute

It was a tough season for us part-time laborers in the Hollywood vineyards. My plan was to have Charley hit his lady admirer for a generous loan. The rest of us could handle fifty tourists each—I thought

By WILLIAM FULLER

THIS Mountain Vista Inn is one of the few places in Hollywood from which it is impossible to see a mountain, even on smogless days. It is a very crummy-looking joint. Mustard tan, sort of, on the outside. Balconies and cupolas hang all over it. It's a home for actors at liberty, mostly: the would-bes, the has-beens, of pictures. It is said, by those inhabitants of this ancient hostelry who wish to make excuses for the sorry state of their affairs, to be convenient. It is convenient to nothing except the La Brea tar pits.

Four or five of us were sitting around my room in the Mountain Vista one afternoon. We were beefing about conditions, as usual. Every now and then one of us would go to my phone and check in with Central Casting or some shoestring agent. I, being the more practical of the group and having weathered many such a financial storm in my years in show business, was making the best of things. I was cooking corned-beef hash on my hot plate. Potatoes being cheap, the corned-beef hash contained a disproportionate amount of potatoes. As a matter of fact, you could hardly see the corned beef.

It was a tough season for us part-time laborers in the Hollywood vineyards. There was, it seemed, a nationwide motion picture box-office slump. Even the oaters, my babies, were off. I, a veteran of five hundred sheriff's posses, hadn't mounted up in six weeks.

Charley Orens was in my bathroom. He had the door and the window closed and the hot-water taps in the tub and washbasin turned on full force. He was taking a steam bath. He was always taking steam baths to keep in shape for the picture jobs he hardly ever got. The steam was coming out under my bathroom door and condensing and my rug was soggy wet three feet into the room.

I was waiting for Charley to finish his steam bath so that I, with the assistance of Wesley Langley, Milly Rivers and the count, could resume my discussion with him. Charley, it seemed, had the perfect, though temporary solution to our financial problem. But we hadn't, as yet, been able to convince him of it.

Charley had met an old biddy named Zoe Winthrop at a party he'd crashed that week. Zoe was the author of a best-selling novel, *Beyond the Thunder*, which dealt with the trials and tribulations of a bosomy young woman who had had five husbands and a succession of militant lovers.

This novel, which gave Freud a ten-minute head start and passed him in the homestretch like he was standing still, had just been sold to one of the big studios for a very tidy sum. And Zoe had, it seemed—undoubtedly identifying herself with the heroine of her book, a much younger woman—fallen hard for Charley. She had taken him out several times that week. She was leaving for her home in New York that night, but first she was taking Charley out to dinner.

My plan, and it seemed most logical, was for Charley to play upon Zoe's sympathies, then hit her up for a substantial loan. But Charley wouldn't buy it.

Pretty soon Charley came out of my bathroom. He had my last clean towel wrapped around his middle. He sat down. "Now I got it all figured, in my case," he said, taking the lead away from me. "I got it from a man close to the throne at RKO, just for instance, that they're considering me for the second lead in *Adventure in Aruba*. It's just my type stuff. Big and reckless, you know."

Somebody was always just about to sign Charley to a contract—according to Charley. We were used to that. Charley was a big, good-looking kid. For casting purposes, he could be a great lover, an unscrupulous adventurer; but no one seemed in any hurry to cast him.

Nobody was listening to Charley but me. The count and Wesley Langley were arguing, as usual. When times were good they argued about automobiles, politics and so on. When times were bad they argued about food.

"I can eat sixteen bananas," the count said now. "At a sitting."

"I'll be a suck-egg mule if you can do it," Wesley said.

"Skin and all, mind you. Sixteen. I've often done it." The count never raised his voice. He was a tall, mournful-eyed young man with drooping mustaches and beautiful manners. He was typed at Central Casting as Continental Nobility. He said he was a real count, from Austria. This could have been. In Hollywood, you never know.

"I don't know how they do it where you come from, Count," Wesley said, "but in this country we don't eat bananas skin and all. You're ever on a picnic, say with me, please don't embarrass me by not peeling your bananas before you eat them. You like banana skins, well okay. But peel the bananas first. Take and put the skins in your pocket and go somewhere where nobody can see you, and then eat them."

Milly Rivers was sitting cross-legged on my bed reading an old copy of *Billboard*. Milly had red hair, a turned-up nose, big, sulky, green eyes and a figure built for whistles. She was a dancer—one of those cute kids you'd see in the chorus lines in those big color musicals. Unfortunately for Milly, they weren't making any of those big musicals that season. They cost too much.

"Argue!" Milly said to the count. "Argue, argue, argue! What kind of a man are you? Why don't you get a job?"

(Continued on page 56)

I felt fine. I loved these plain folks from the heart of our country. Adele's juke box was playing. The fat man said to Milly, "Come on, honey. Let's dance"

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED STEFFEN





NO DOGS

By OWEN CAMERON

It was the old man's last wish that I should take care of his dog. You can't take care of a dog unless you find it—and all I found was a man and woman who lived behind a wall of meanness, a wall with only one gap

SEVERAL times that winter I told myself I should drive up and see how old man Baker was getting on, but I put it off from day to day, and one February morning there came a letter from the county coroner asking what I wanted done with the old man's body. It was a casual letter: Package consigned to you, and where would you like it delivered? It had been obvious to the coroner that Baker was, if not a pauper, at least a mighty poor relative.

Baker lived on the mountain, in a homemade trailer. I saw him five or six times a year, and was his friend, perhaps his only friend, but he would not send for me even when he knew he was dying, and I felt mean and ashamed for not having gone to see him all winter.

The coroner, who was also an undertaker, showed me Baker in his coffin. The old man's leathery brown cheeks were tinted like a wax apple, and he was no one I had ever known, until I looked at his hands. They were Baker's hands, worn frail and delicate as an old, weathered oak leaf. The coroner was proud of his work, and I said Baker looked very natural.

Baker's heart had stopped, the coroner told me; an easy way to go. A neighbor named Mackay had found the old man dead. I knew Mackay and his wife only to speak to, but theirs was one of the small scattered mountain farms where stubborn people grow fine apples and scrawny pigs. Only the most frugal and hard-working can make a living, and the forest is dotted with old orchards and abandoned fields, but the Mackays had been there thirty-odd years.

From their kitchen window, the Mackays could see old Baker's trailer. Once or twice a month Mackay bought groceries for the old man, but otherwise he and his wife avoided Baker. To earn a harsh living, the two of them worked from dawn to dusk, but I believed they feared Baker might take advantage of any friendliness to beg milk or eggs or vegetables. They needn't have worried, but some people can't see things like that.

One morning Mrs. Mackay noticed that no smoke was rising from the trailer. Baker's blood was so thin that he was cold even in August, but it was afternoon before Mackay spared time to walk across the fields. Baker was on the bunk, dead, and pinned to his door was a short note addressed to me.

The coroner gave me the note, and I read: "In case of anything happening to me would appreciate your looking after things, if not too much trouble, and oblige yr friend Benj. Baker."

By *things*, the old man meant his dog. The words were shaky but clear, and I pictured Baker writing, carefully, sure I would understand. Wasn't I his friend? Then perhaps he had fed the dog extra rations and lain down and died.

I asked the coroner, "Is the dog still up there?" "I don't recall a dog," he said. "Perhaps the neighbors took it. Well, now, did you wish to be responsible for the interment? If it is a county case, the estate goes to the county." He smiled delicately, to show that the word estate had been used jokingly.

I said I would pay to have Baker buried, but I wanted none of his poor possessions except the dog. There was a tiny, neglected cemetery on the

mountain plateau, within sight of Baker's trailer, as a matter of fact. Trees grew all around, and if Baker could have known anything about it, he'd have liked being there. At night, deer looked over the sagging wire fence, and in the timber lonely coyotes howled.

After arranging for the funeral, I walked to Main Street and bought two drinks, one for Baker and one for me. Over the whisky I promised to give the dog a good home and enough affection to keep him happy. Not that I had any use for the animal, but—a little late—it was doing something for Baker.

Next morning I drove into the high country, stopping first at Baker's trailer. I didn't go in, except to make sure the dog was not grieving under the bed. I searched, but didn't find the dog anywhere. I smoked a cigarette, staring across a rocky field at Mackay's house and thinking about Baker.

I knew very little about the old man's past, and I wasn't really curious. He had been married, but his wife had died a long, long time ago, and after that he had drifted around the Western states, as a soldier, rancher, miner, and finally as a trapper, setting his lines mainly for wolf and coyote.

Some years before, his ancient car had given up the ghost on the way across the mountain. Baker had no money, so he decided to stay where he was and make the best of things. He was too old to run much of a trap line, and besides the country had long ago been trapped clean by desperate farmers. That first winter had been a tough one. Baker never spoke of his own hardships, but he told me he'd had to scratch in order to feed the dog, and by that time I knew the dog came first.

Riding after cattle, the next spring, I'd stopped at the trailer. Baker's nondescript dog challenged me, but with his tail wagging. The old man was at first merely polite, but in a few minutes we were on good terms. That happens—you will dislike one man at sight, and with another be friendly after ten words.

So I became Baker's friend; so far as I know, his only friend. Not that he ever spoke of friendship, but he let me see how he felt by making me a deer-horn hunting knife, by tanning a good pelt for a bedside rug for my wife, and in other ways.

That first day I stayed for dinner—fried potatoes, sourdough biscuits and coffee. Baker had trapped two coyotes and there was a five-dollar bounty, so he and the dog were eating real food again, for a little while. It was obvious that the old man was up against it, and next time I was in town, I looked up our county supervisor and asked him to do something to keep Baker from starving to death.

A letter came to me, for Baker. I took it up to him, feeling virtuous. At first he wouldn't accept it. Must be some mistake, he said. Finally he opened the envelope and shook out the grocery order, but I had difficulty persuading him to use it. It was the first time I'd had to beg a man to let me do him a good turn, but Baker was a proud one.

Now the toughest winter of all had come to him, and he was dead. Baker had been gentler than most women, but braver than most men, and would have waited for what was to come without panic, without whimpering. Standing there beside the trailer, I tried to think what else I might have done for him.



"Ben Baker was a good man,"

He wouldn't take money, and I had seen to it that he had food, and what more could I have done? Nothing; and yet I felt a vague remorse, as though someone had waved from the shore of a lonely river, and I had drifted on without pausing.

I stepped on the cigarette and drove to Mackay's. Mrs. Mackay was in the garden, dressed in man's overalls. She was thin, hard, flat-bodied as a board, with sharp blue eyes and a bitter mouth. Mackay was splitting firewood. He said hello, without warmth. There was little warmth in either of them, and all the hill farmers dislike cattlemen.

WHEN I asked Mackay about the last time he had seen Baker alive, he leaned on his ax and spat thoughtfully, glancing at his wife, who had come to stand near by.

"Might've been a week ago."

"Did he complain about not feeling well?"

"Never had much to say about nothing."

"No. How did he look when you found him?"

"They always look peaceful. Well, we all got to go."

"So they say. Who's got his dog?"

Mackay stared at me. "That dog? What for?"

"I'll take him home with me. You've got him?"

Mackay spat again. "Well, I brung him over here, but he wasn't much of a dog. Wouldn't mind having a good stock dog. A good one."

Mrs. Mackay snapped, "Dirty thing!"

"Always wanting in the house," Mackay explained. "Spoiled. Nobody wants a dog tracking through their house."

"What did you do with him?"

"Well, I'll tell you, for all we knowed, that old man might've died from some disease, and the dog

ILLUSTRATED BY HERB C



said. "He never said or did a word about it. He was just going on and going on a little. The world could use a lot more of him."

had it. I wouldn't think you or Mrs. Mackay would have wanted that dog."

"What did you do with the dog?"
The growing tightness in my chest must have changed my voice, because Mackay said, "Don't get sore. How was we to know you'd want him?"

Mackay was defiantly apologetic, but his wife snapped, "He took him out and killed him. What'd you expect? You think we can feed every worthless hound in the country?"

She was a bitter woman, always ready for a fight, though it was plain to see she had not won many, except with Mackay. She was tougher than her husband, as tough in her way as Baker had been in his. I scowled at her, hating her as I remembered Baker, so proud and so gentle, never asking for anything, but only that I'd look after his dog. He would have shared his last crumb with the Mackays, or any distressed man or beast, and she couldn't feed his dog two days. There were all the things I might have done for Baker and hadn't; and the one thing I could do, this woman had spoiled.

And I thought of the dog, wise and worthless, and with a gentle dignity very like Baker's, and dead now because a woman was small and mean. There was no way to hurt her with any of that, no tender place in her you could reach, and no point in hating her or growing angry.

I said, "I have to open a grave for the old man. They told me you'd know how to go about it."

"Dig," said Mrs. Mackay.

"Just anywhere?"

"I'll go over and show you," Mackay said.

His wife glared. "You got that fencing to do."

He told her, irritably, "He's got to know where to dig, don't he?"

"We can't spend the whole day at it!"

She moved toward my car, muttering under her breath, and she rubbed him again. "Always some excuse to waste time!" she said peevishly.

As I started the car, Mackay leaned back, saying enviously, "Pretty nice. Better machine than I'll ever have. When they burying the old man?"

"Tomorrow. Eleven o'clock."

Mackay said, in a tolerant, forgiving voice, "Well, he wasn't bothersome, though once I give him some turnips. I figured he might try to mooch off of us, but he never did."

"And never would."

Mackay glanced at my face. "Well, it's too bad about that dog. But you should've let us know."

I didn't answer.

AT THE cemetery, Mackay said he would try to pick a soft spot, and we wandered among the few graves, all of them untended. They were overgrown with weeds, and instead of grass, the earth was covered with dry pine needles and a creeping thorny plant called squaw carpet. There were only five headstones, the largest made of tin coated to resemble marble. The other graves were indicated by cards in metal holders.

Mackay showed me the double grave reserved for him and his wife. Beside it was a card with his name on it: Thomas Mackay.

Mackay said casually, "Ours. Born sickly, and we never had no more, though the old lady had a couple of miscarriages. Maybe she worked too hard, maybe she's a slinker." (A slinker is a cow that aborts because of some chronic sickness.)

Mackay didn't sound bitter. Crop failed, and he was used to that. He offered to help me with the

digging for a while, though he had work to do. He dug tirelessly, and when I took my turn, he walked about, a man who had never known how to relax, or had forgotten how.

Once he asked, "What'd you want that old dog for? Ain't you got a dog?"

"A couple," I didn't want to talk about it, but he did, and I wondered if his conscience hurt, a little. It seemed unlikely—very unlikely.

"The old lady wouldn't stand him around. Like she said, he wasn't worth feeding, and they eat a lot. Cat can rustle for itself. Dab of skim milk now and then, and cats get fat. But that dog wouldn't hardly drink milk, even if we could've spared it. You know what that old man fed him? Dog food, fifteen cents a can!"

"The dog was all he had."

"Well, a man gets old, he gets funny. Wife's father lived to ninety, but till just before he died he could split wood and things like that. Then he got this stroke, and couldn't get out of bed, or even feed himself. Man must get awful tired, just laying there. And me and the old lady didn't have time to tend him."

"I'll bet you didn't."

"That's right. He couldn't hardly move, or even speak ten words you'd recognize, but there was a spider started a web in a corner, and he got it into his head this spider was tame, like, and knew him. Cried like a baby when the wife swept it down, but she can't have no spider webs in her house—any kind of dirt."

"How long did her father live after that?" The question was barbed, but Mackay had a tough hide.

"I disremember exactly. Week or two."

I said nothing, but (Continued on page 64)

Gene Tunney's Place in Ring

The current heavyweight picture is pretty sad for fight fans, but it offers a golden opportunity for the right candidate. A great former champion sizes up the situation

By GENE TUNNEY

SOMEWHERE in the United States today there is a lucky young man about twenty-one years of age who, within 10 years, can be led to great fortune and fame in the prize ring. He may be a college boy, but he doesn't have to be. (Oddly enough, no college graduates have ever become boxing champs, possibly because they have thought they had too much sense to enter the field.) He may be a lumberjack, plumber, stevedore or clerk. He should have some sports ability—preferably at baseball or basketball, but most likely not at football, for football players often develop overmuscular legs which slow down a fighter.

This young man should be able to take a lot of physical punishment, as well as heaps of verbal and published abuse. He must have the resiliency of foam rubber, to recuperate quickly from a devastating physical onslaught. He should have a sense of humor, without being a clown; possess a modicum of shrewdness, without being a wise guy; and have a good sense of proportion. He must learn to win without bragging and to lose without whining. He should have the all-consuming will to succeed, and the rigid self-discipline to endure strenuous training. And he must forgo many of the social activities enjoyed by most young men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one.

The rest I can teach him. I feel I could make such a man heavyweight champion of the world. I could train six likely candidates chosen through a series of elimination contests around the country and, within two years, know which one was destined to be world heavyweight champion. Possibly in three more, I could lead him to the crown.

Never in the history of prize fighting has there been such a wide-open opportunity. Within five years my candidate would be on the way to a greater fortune than was ever made by Dempsey, Louis or Tunney.

In Tunney's second fight with Dempsey, his share of the take was approximately \$1,000,000. Not bad for one night's work, you say? That's a fallacy. That night was the climax of 10 years' grueling work, during a good part of which Tunney couldn't buy himself an extra suit.

In one decade Tunney made more than \$2,000,000 and he managed to retire with better than half of it. In his day, Uncle Sam didn't take as much of it away as he does now—although parasites and sharpies did do a pretty good job of it.

Just about 30 years ago, Tunney was a young, ambitious stalwart such as I have already described. He was earning a fast \$15 a week clerking in a steamship office. His

family was so poor he could not finish high school. In his spare time, he fought in Greenwich Village sporting clubs and elsewhere in New York City, where he lived. He did it for an occasional one- or two-dollar bill and the glory he got out of it from time to time. He'd even put on furniture-smashing boxing exhibitions in the offices where he worked, much to his boss's distress. And frequently, this well-built, unlettered, gangling brute became embroiled in vicious dock-side set-tos with would-be toughs, whom—luckily—he always bested.

It wasn't until he took up boxing seriously while

a United States Marine private in a camp in France that Tunney himself decided perhaps he was of championship caliber. Several times thereafter it looked as if he'd never make it. Often, he was tempted to forget the whole thing and go back to clerking or stevedoring.

Years later, after Tunney's name vanished from the sports pages of newspapers, he ceased to exist as a prize fighter. He was replaced by a serious-minded, book-loving businessman who settled down to raise a family. Any resemblance between the pugilist and the man today is purely coincidental.

Today, a lot of things about Gene Tunney's career are obvious which didn't occur to him. His weaknesses, his mistakes and the not inconsiderable part that luck played in his career are clear now. But at the time after that memorable rainy night in Philadelphia when Tunney won the heavyweight championship from Dempsey, he couldn't understand why he was such an unpopular champion. It puzzled and angered him to think that the defeated champion—who had also gone through his unpopular period with the public and the press—actually emerged from the Philly fracas much more popular than he had ever been before.

Considering it now, the reasons why Tunney was unpopular seem apparent. Nine out of 10 sports writers had picked Dempsey to mow down Tunney in short time. When they were proved wrong they reacted violently.

Part of Tunney's unpopularity was also due to the highly distorted legend of his consuming passion for Shakespeare, and also to his lack of "killer instinct" in the ring. The sports writers painted him as an aloof, also humorless, machinelike fighter to whom the whole business was a Himalayan bore. One of the first things I'd be sure to get for my young candidate today would be a good press agent. Not until his bowing-out fight, with Tom Heeney in New York, did Tunney have sense enough to hire a crackajack drummer—Steve Hannagan.

But despite his shortcomings, his fears, bad hands, a few bad fights, and troubles with managers, Tunney made the grade. That's another thing—my man today would get the best manager possible, one who is interested in him as a person, not as a meal ticket, and whose loyalty is unswerving.

But, where does Tunney stand in the gallery of all-time champions?

On the record, Gene Tunney is only one of a long line of heavyweight titleholders. Starting with Jack Johnson, whose defeat by Jess Willard ushered in what may be called the modern era of boxing,

Collier's for February 10, 1951



Twenty-two years ago Gene Tunney retired undefeated as world heavyweight champion. Now fifty-three and living in Stamford, Conn., he is president of a building company, director of a bank, an executive of several major corporations, and the world's top authority on Gene Tunney. He is also a talented contributor to magazines of articles on boxing in which he has done a fine job of rating the heavyweight titleholders. But in the past he has deliberately overlooked his own case in the never-ending debate over "Who was the all-time best?" That's why Collier's asked him to do this article. Gene himself chose to use the third-person approach to the subject, on grounds that he could "be more objective that way." It seems to the editors, however, that Author Tunney's prose has not been entirely fair to Champion Tunney, who loses a decision to modesty

there also have been Dempsey, Schmeling, Sharkey, Carnera, Baer, Braddock, Louis and Charles. They all had something on the ball or else they'd never have become champions. But out of the lot, only Dempsey and Louis can be considered really great.

Tunney, however, beat the toughest adversary of all time to capture the heavyweight crown. He was also the only heavyweight champion to retire undefeated.

Granted, he fought only two bouts after winning the crown. But that's to his credit, for he made up his mind to quit after he was almost blinded in one eye and suffered a severe concussion before the second Dempsey match. Tunney knew he had no place else to go but downward, because as inevitably as income taxes, he would eventually have been defeated by a younger, fresher, hungrier fighter. He had all the money he needed and, besides, he wanted to get married and have a family. Why risk losing his eyesight—or worse, the permanent use of portions of his brain tissue? Or having his thrice-broken nose mashed into an unrecognizable pulp?

Although Tunney did right in leaving the prize ring when he did, there is obviously much to be said for the champion who repeatedly defends his title. In this respect, Joe Louis is entitled to a large measure of praise for having successfully staved off 26 challengers, until his defeat by Ezzard Charles.

How He Might Have Defeated Louis

It would be misleading to say that Tunney would have outboxed Louis because Joe didn't do too well with boxers. Tunney might have won, if he didn't get hit. Louis had a habit of sometimes getting behind on points and then unexpectedly landing that mighty right for the kill. Tunney might have escaped it, though I could not be too confident. The Louis defense of his title against Ezzard Charles was just a brave and courageous exhibition of a weary old man. Charles escaped a knockout because of just that.

But, to get back to the incomparable, spindly-legged, black-browed Jack Dempsey, a fighter with the shoulders of a Brahman steer. Dempsey defended his crown against a battery of truly magnificent fighters—Bill Brennan; Georges Carpentier, the Orchid Man; Billy Miske; Tom Gibbons, and Luis Firpo, the Wild Bull of the Pampas. Any one of these bone crushers might have given trouble to Louis if they were fighting during the Bomber's era.

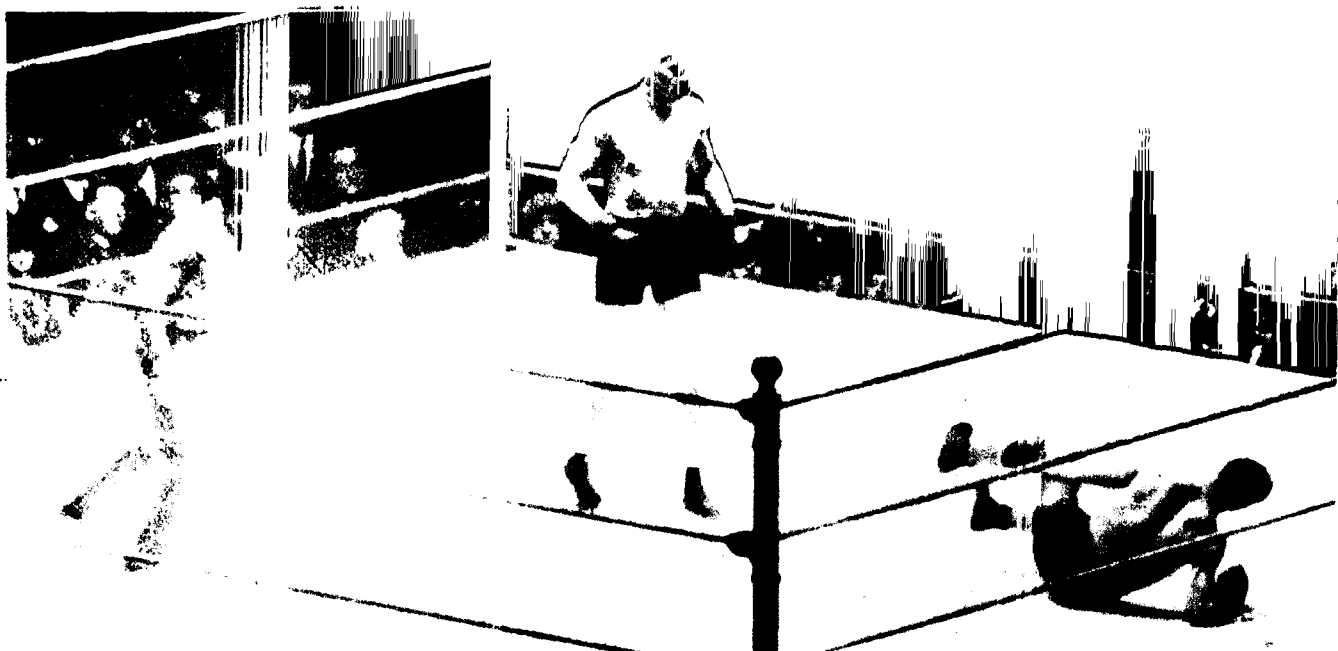
I think that both Dempsey and Louis could have beaten most of the old-time greats—fighters like Jim Jeffries, Jack Johnson, Tommy Burns and Bob Fitzsimmons. I'm not sure how they'd have fared against John L. Sullivan—but I'm certain neither of them would have had a walkaway with Jim Corbett, the Dancing Master. Louis couldn't do much with Conn or Pastor; nor Dempsey with Gibbons or Tunney.

"Gentleman Jim" was one of the few champions who was a pure boxer, never a slugger. A great defensive fighter will always beat a heavy hitter. He must be *great*, however. If he's at top skill, he can stay out of range of haymakers and wear down his opponent until he can land the knockout blow himself or win on points. Tunney borrowed his style from Corbett and became a perfectionist at it. Of all the modern fighters Tunney is the only one who, unquestionably, could have licked Corbett. It must be noted here that Tunney always did well against boxers. For instance, Greb, Carpentier, Tom Gibbons, Charlie Weinert, Battling Levinsky, Tommy Loughran, Eddie O'Hare, *et al.*

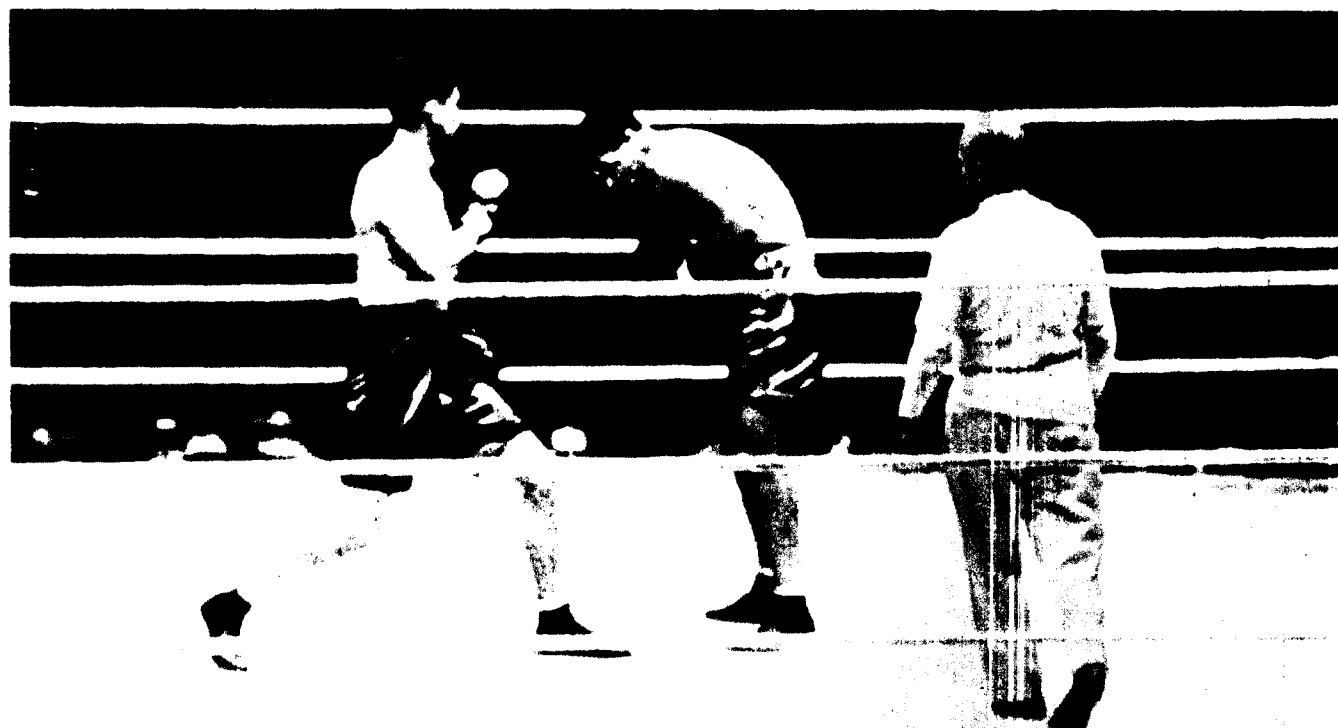
Luck played an important part in Tunney's success. It was his good fortune that Dempsey guessed wrong and chose to meet him instead of Harry Wills in the 1926 title defense. Dempsey had been three years without a bout. As it turned out, Harry Wills's next fight was a sorry exhibition in which he was knocked out.

It is axiomatic in sports (Continued on page 51)

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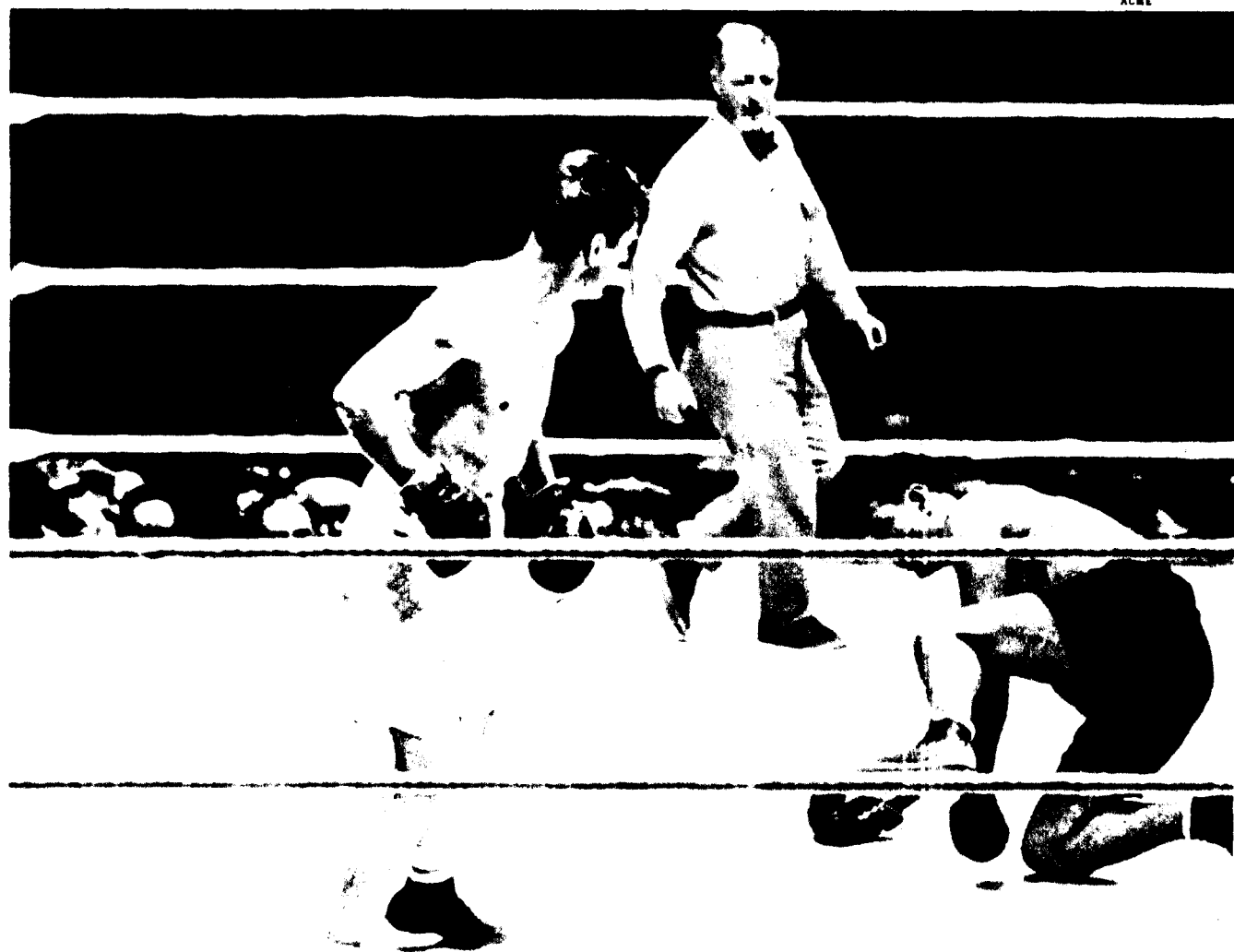


—Tunney beat Greb in 1923 to regain light heavy title. Greb defeated him year before



—Dempsey fight in 1926 followed blueprint Gene set up seven years earlier

—Same pattern was repeated in second Dempsey fight, 1927. Tunney won again





Letter to a Child

By KAREN McKINLEY

The Story: Now, as I wait for you to be born, my child, I must write this document for you someday to read—the story of my life, and my love for MARK SEVILLE—so that you may be able to answer the questions that will inevitably be asked you. I am living in a strange town now, under an assumed name. I am not alone: I have MARGIT and MONTY with me. They are good and wise servants, and good friends. DR. ROBBINS sent them to look after me; and he himself will be here when I need him. Of course, I have no husband; I have had no husband for a long time, and the villagers are curious to know where he is. I must lie to them—for your sake. Dr. Rob will help, too: He says we will always have to do a little lying, and he reminds me that most decency is founded upon a little compassionate lying.

I first met Mark at a showing of my paintings at the gallery of my agent, PEREGRINE. Mark had come with his mother, and she asked me to do a portrait of him. I agreed, and so did Mark—more to please his mother, I think, than because he had any real interest in having his portrait done. He was a restless, unhappy, lonely man, and I blamed his mother for that. I became aware at once that she had arranged his life for him, made him see hardness where he wanted only to see goodness and gentleness.

We had only a short time for the portrait because Mark had to return soon to duty with the Air Transport Command, but it was only a few days before I realized I was in love with him, and that he was in love with me. We were very careful at first; both, I think, a little afraid. And then one day—one terrible day—he let me know he was married. I was stunned. He thought I had known; he supposed his mother had told me. She hadn't told me. Intentionally, I suspect, she hadn't told me.

She had asked me to come out to their house in the suburbs for the week end. Mark asked me not to come. But I thought it might help all of us if I did, and, knowing him, I was terribly curious to meet the woman he had married.

UP UNTIL an hour before I was to meet Mark at the lower level of Grand Central on Saturday afternoon, I kept thinking that I wouldn't go.

But at five ten I was running down the ramp to the lower level of Grand Central just as I knew all day I would eventually be running, and in the crowd waiting for the Bronxville train I saw Mark. Just before I reached him, he bent down and spoke to someone, and I thought for a second that I'd have to turn and run back to safety.

I knew from his face that it was a woman to whom he was speaking. I forced myself to look, and she was everything I had feared.

She was almost as tall as he, and her face had that expensive bronze color to it which comes not from any climate except the climate of leisure. It was well made up, in that glowing way which had been agreed upon that year. Her hair was blond and hung to her shoulders. She had on long cinnamon-colored gloves, and the sleeves of her mink coat were pushed up. She was a picture of my own fear made manifest, for she was everything I am not.

"There she is," Mark said suddenly, and I was caught between them and could not possibly escape.

"You had me worried, Chris," he called out. "People who don't commute regularly don't know how to split the seconds."

We were in one triangle now, and I was looking up at the girl, and had not once met Mark's eyes.

"This is Lyle, Chris," he said.

She took my hand in a frank and engaging way. "I've been meaning to call you, Miss Bruning. I've been tortured with curiosity about the portrait."

I said, "I really hoped you would want to see it."

So, we passed the first moment.

"It's wonderful of you to come to the suburbs with us," Lyle said. "I'm afraid we're a dull household these days."

The train gates opened then, and the commuters moved through them. Mark and Lyle spoke to neighbors in the crowd.

One tall boy said, "Awfully nice to see you back with us." I thought he was speaking to Mark until I realized he was looking directly at Lyle.

Lyle and I sat down beside each other, so Mark sat facing us. His face looked so relieved, because we had found some kind of temporary pattern, that I wanted to weep.

I wanted to say, "It isn't going to be difficult, dear."

The family car met us at the station. Mrs. Seville was eager and charming, and when the four of us were in the car she looked terribly pleased with herself, as if she had stage-managed something most satisfactory.

"You're just as nice as I thought you were," she said to me; "I kept thinking: She's such a nice still person. I wanted to see if you really were."

"But the day I talked to you, I chattered," I said. "I never was less still in my life."

"Inside you are still," she said, "the way we would all like to be. Did you ever see one of those snowstorms in a glass paperweight? My father had one. When I was a very little girl, I'd think: That's the way I'd like to feel inside—all still. So then I'd pick up the glass ball and I'd give it a good shaking."

From the back seat, where he was sitting with Lyle, Mark said, "I bet you would, Millie. A darn' good shaking."

She glanced around at him to see if there was anything malicious in this, but evidently what she saw on his face reassured her.

We were out of the village now, driving through winding roads in the violet dusk. In the houses, big and secure and prosperous-looking, lamps were just beginning to glow.

Mrs. Seville said irrelevantly, "Eve wanted to come, but her camellia hadn't been delivered from the florist. She wants Miss Bruning to admire her."

"Who's Eve?"

"Mark's little sister," Mrs. Seville said. "Eve's fourteen. They're worse than any generation has ever been at fourteen."

"What's the camellia got to do with her coming to the station?" I asked, trying to get some clue to Eve.

"You wait until you see her," Lyle said. "It'll all be clear to you then. Or at least as clear as Eve ever is to any of us."

"She's okay," Mark said. "You don't need to worry about Eve."

"She's no problem," Millie said, "because she just doesn't try to fit into our life at all."

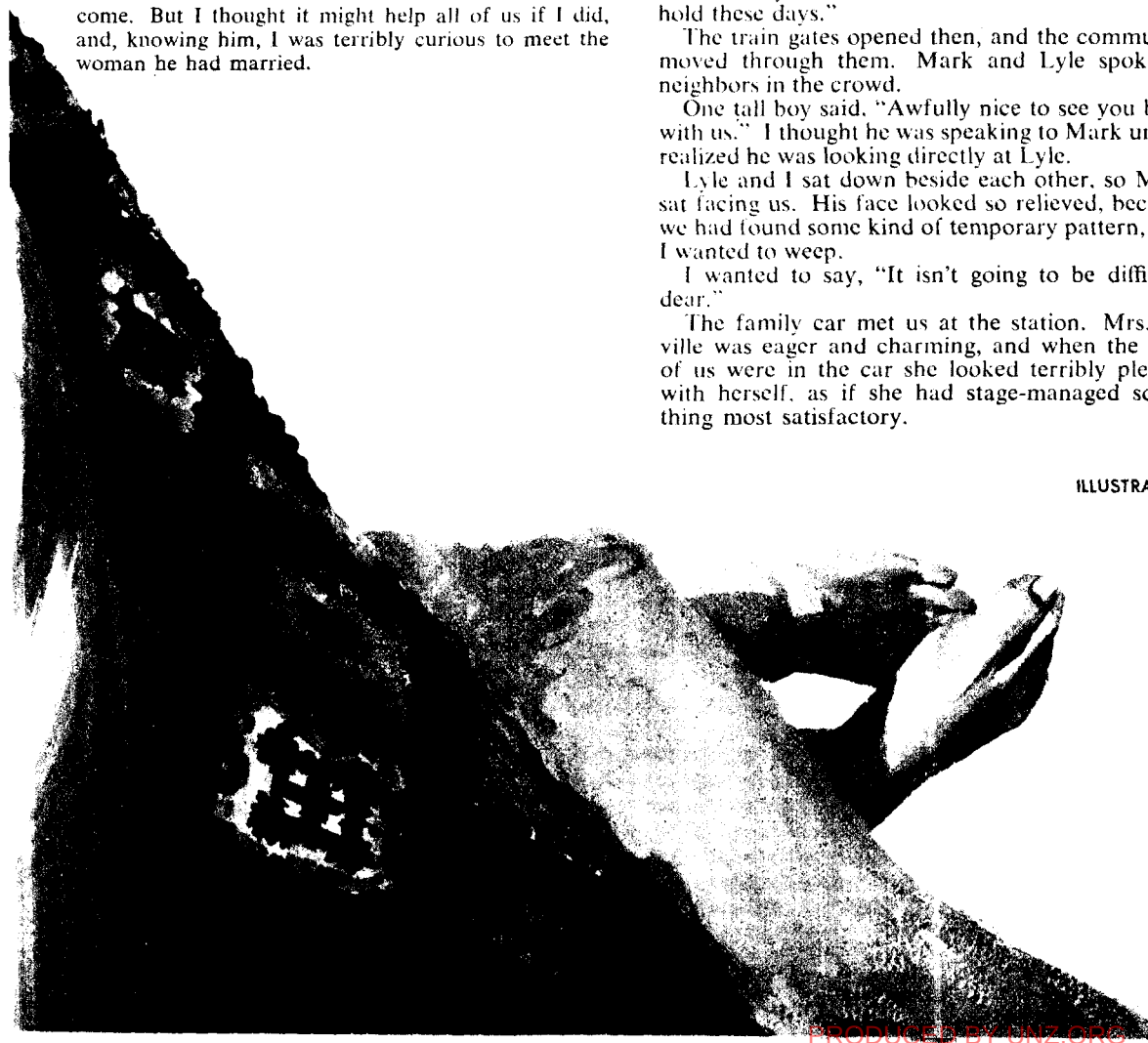
"She's unique in one thing, anyway," Mark said, still teasing Millie in the half-bitter, half-affectionate way which I soon saw was habitual. "She's beyond even your tampering with, my brave, meddling relative."

Then we were driving up a long maple-lined road to a substantial Georgian residence. An elderly housemaid was at the door, and from behind her came Eve and a very long-nosed collie.

"Ophelia herself," Lyle said to me without smiling.

The camellia was pinned on top of the stern cliff of her pompadour which was brushed up from her pale, freckled little face. She was wearing a bulky sweater that matched the pink camellia. Her little body had put forth tiny breasts, and seeing these under the heavy shroud of the sweater, you felt a tug of pathos which (Continued on page 40)

ILLUSTRATED BY LIONEL GILBERT



In my bare feet I ran across the hall to the room where Eve was sleeping. "You better get up," I said, "if you don't want the whole day to slip away while you've got your back turned"



Stars on Tallulah Bankhead's Big Show (l. to r.): Dorothy McGuire, Frankie Laine, Deborah Kerr, Jerry Lewis, Dean Martin, Bob Hope

After a day's work, the comics are too tired to entertain their wives. Left to right are Pattie Lewis, Jeanne Martin, Dean and Jerry



ANYTHING For a Laugh

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, TV and Hollywood's zany comics, go around snipping ties, gluing shoes to ceilings—and making a million a year

MISS SOPHIE TUCKER, one of the *grandes dames* of show business, was walking along the boardwalk in Atlantic City, New Jersey, when she spotted a crowd gathering at a point on the beach. They were watching the waterlogged form of a skinny youth being hauled out of the surf by a handsome young man who apparently was the victim's friend. The crowd closed in while a lifeguard applied artificial respiration. Suddenly, however, the victim looked up, winked broadly at the assemblage, and said, "If you think I'm dying now, come see us entertain tonight at the 500 Club." Then he leaped to his feet and ran gaily down the beach hand in hand with his rescuer.

Miss Tucker chuckled, remembering that the late W. C. Fields once worked as a "drowner" in Atlantic City to attract attention to the entertainment emporium where he was then employed; and she went to see the young comedians that night—July 25, 1946—the first time they worked together. What she saw sent her into such ecstasies of mirth that she rushed backstage to exhort them to remain together. Ten drownings and five performances later, she was ready to make a prediction—as befits a long-time star. She said, "This team of Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis is a combination of the Keystone Kops, the Marx Brothers and Abbott and Costello. They will leave their mark on the whole profession."

There is no question today that Miss Tucker was right—though the "mark" the team has been leaving might better be described as a series of bruises. In three and a half years, the phenomenal young act (comedian Lewis is twenty-four, singer straight-man Martin is thirty-three) has moved to the top in television and movies, and the boys seem to smash attendance records every time they appear in a night club or a theater. Their gross earnings now total nearly \$1,000,000 a year.

But even more than for their on-stage antics, Dean and Jerry are becoming famous for their zany extracurricular activities. Recently, comedian Bob Hope announced, "These are the craziest characters I have known in all my years in this racket."

When the Messrs. Martin and Lewis ride in New York's glass-topped taxis, they stand up, their heads poking through the roof, playing gin rummy on the sliding top. At rehearsals for their television show, they chase the cameras about the stage, holding censorable pictures in front of the lens. On movie sets they climb into the rafters to bind and gag such necessary personages as the chief electrician. And between shows at night clubs, it is not uncommon for them to pursue each other through the crowded customers on the dance floor, clad in nothing more than socks and undershorts.

Once, on a train bound from New York to Chicago, they went through their Pullman car at 3:00 A.M., knocking on all doors and intoning, "We'll be in LaSalle Street Station, Chicago, in 20 minutes." All the passengers were dressed and ready to disembark—in the middle of the night and with Chicago still five hours away.

On a Hollywood street recently, Lewis spotted a youngster who was a dead ringer for himself. He hired the youth to fly to New York and walk into TV producer Ernie Glucksman's office just

two minutes after Lewis had spoken to him on the long-distance phone from California. The timing of the gag went off perfectly; Glucksman nearly fainted.

Whenever Martin and Lewis meet Glucksman on the street, it is their practice to pull the producer's expensive Homburg hat over his ears and stuff the end of his tie over the rim of his eyeglasses. Now, when Glucksman sees Martin and Lewis approaching, he sighs resignedly and automatically pulls the hat down and tucks the tie behind the eyeglasses himself.

On the other hand, they treat their movie producer, Hal Wallis, with exaggerated solicitude—continually offering to perform such menial tasks for him as shining his shoes, polishing his car and mending his socks.

Last year, Lewis grew a beard for a series of gag photographs arranged for by the late publicist George Evans. The stills were to be shot outdoors, but the weather turned bad; to insure that he wouldn't have to go out into the rain, Lewis stretched out flat on the floor of Evans' New York office and stapled his beard to the floor.

A Gag That Brought the Riot Squad

On another occasion in Evans' office, both Martin and Lewis unexpectedly leaned out the eighth-floor window and shouted, "Help! They're killing us!" A noontime Broadway crowd was in the street and a police riot squad arrived in the office a few minutes later. They found the two young men sitting alone on a couch, innocently reading magazines.

Once, at a rehearsal of their TV show, producer Glucksman was talking to Martin when Lewis whipped out a pair of scissors and snipped the left side of Glucksman's suspenders. When the surprised Glucksman turned toward Lewis, Martin cut the right side of the suspenders. When the producer seized his pants with both hands to keep them from falling, Lewis amputated his necktie just below the knot.

Another time, Martin introduced a gray-haired old gentleman to TV director Kingman Moore. "This is my father, King," he said. "Would you mind looking after him for a little while?" Moore politely squired the old gentleman around the studios, and it wasn't until hours later that he learned his charge was a bootblack from down the street.

When orchestra leader Dick Stabile, their music director, rushes into his dressing room for a quick change, he occasionally finds his shoes glued to the ceiling and his suits hanging out the window. At lunch at the Paramount Pictures studio in Hollywood, Lewis has the disconcerting habit of inserting French fried potatoes in his ears and cigarettes in his nose. Often, too, in the middle of the night he will make a long-distance phone call to a friend and the conversation will proceed as follows:

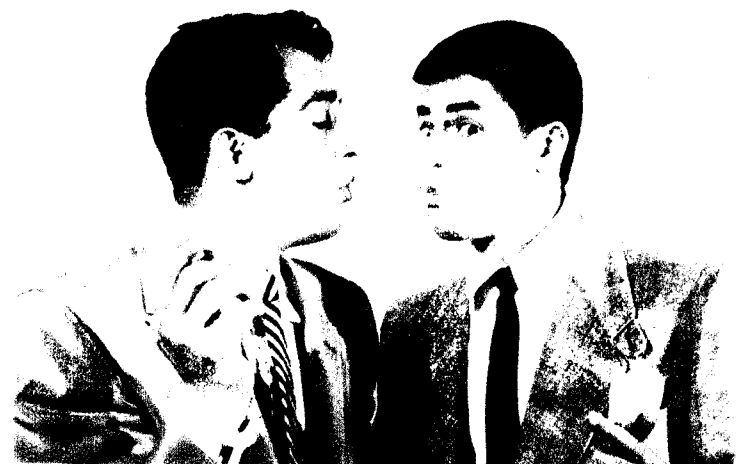
Lewis: "Irving?"

Irving: "Yeah."

Lewis: "I'll be seeing you."

And he hangs up.

Most typical of their appalling lack of respect for show-business (Continued on page 65)



CITY UNDER A DAGGER

By HOWARD BRODIE

Collier's COMBAT ARTIST

Hanoi, Indochina

I HAD expected the capital of Indochina to be somewhat exotic, and I was prepared to see almost anything as I stepped off the Hong Kong plane in Hanoi. But I was astonished almost beyond words at the first sight that met my eyes: a little French girl, perhaps five years old, with a lighted cigarette dangling from one corner of her mouth. I was greatly relieved to see that I was not the only one agape at this spectacle; apparently it was not a common sight, even in Hanoi.

After locating my luggage, I boarded a small, creaky bus along with several Viet-Nameese women laden with bags of vegetables and jugs of wine. The little bus rattled over the rough road leading into town, and as we drove past the airport boundaries I saw the first evidences of war. The fence surrounding the flying field was strung with barbed wire, and from the wire hung thousands of tin cans—a warning device I had first seen in front of the fox-holes of Guadalcanal.

Farther along, big metal casks jutted into the road at intervals, forcing traffic to slow down and zigzag between them. The casks formed a roadblock similar to a deer barrier on a mountain trail. As we started across a long steel bridge spanning the Red River, I could see Senegalese guards posted at regular intervals as protection against *saboteurs*, and the outskirts of town were scarred by gutted buildings, grim vestiges of the Communist-led Viet-Minh uprising of 1946.

And Hanoi itself was strangely deserted when we drove through its streets at about noon; we rumbled by the Bank of Indochina, past the Governor's Palace, and up to the Metropolitan Hotel without seeing more than a scattered few persons. I tramped into the rambling, faded-yellow hotel wondering uneasily if the city had already been evacuated; I felt a little silly when I was told that this was merely the siesta hour, and that the streets would be thronged by midafternoon.

And so they were. Shortly after three o'clock I left my hotel room and wandered through the city. Crossing the street, I was almost run down by a honking automobile, and I had to shoulder my way past operators of the native bicycle-taxis as they insistently solicited fares.

Hanoi's main thoroughfare was a pageant: There were Moroccans in turbans, dark-skinned Senegalese, Indians, French soldiers in wine-colored berets and others in red or blue caps, Foreign Legionnaires in their white kepis—and native Tonkinese women, attired in conical hats and pastel-colored dresses, heavily burdened with baskets slung over their shoulders on poles. There were more blind people than I had ever seen before—

victims of trachoma, which is highly prevalent here—and dozens and dozens of beggars, both children and adults.

The shop windows were filled, but they were just a façade, for many of the stores were almost bare inside. It occurred to me that oranges should be cheap, and I bought half a dozen. Price: two dollars. I examined them more closely. They had been grown in California. A pocket-size bag of Jordan almonds cost me 75 cents, a cup of hot chocolate half a dollar. I decided that this was the most expensive city I had ever seen. I also decided that its inhabitants, almost without exception, were eager to "take" any unsuspecting stranger, and I resolved to be on my guard.

Having located the trap, I promptly fell into it. In the center of town is a lake; in the middle of the lake, a small island. I was starting across the little wooden bridge that connects with the island when a native beckoned to me from the doorway of a rambling building. I am a curious man. I followed him.

We entered a darkened room, and he lighted a handful of sticks which glowed like a bunch of cigarette embers. In the shadows I followed him up a dark stairway, past an alcove containing a gilded idol, then down again into another chamber. Through the gloom I could make out an altar. My guide bowed three times, and planted some of the smoldering joss sticks in an earth-filled bowl. Then he handed me some sticks. I bowed and planted them in the bowl. We came upon another idol and another bowl; and we bowed and planted more sticks. Then still another idol and bowl—and then a flat plate. The time had obviously

come to offer a small contribution.

I put 10 piasters—about 50 cents—in the plate. The man shook his head: 50 piasters would be about right, he indicated. I shrugged. I had entered this dim temple of my own free will, and I didn't want to show disrespect to anyone's religion. Besides, maybe \$2.50 was the proper amount. I forked over. We filed past an alcove containing a large, gilded horse, looking for all the world like the ones on merry-go-rounds, and into more chambers where the altar bowl-joss stick ceremony was repeated. Then we came to a large gong; my host struck it a resounding blow, and pointed to a plate. I refused. He pounded the gong again, and again pointed to the plate. It was blackmail by noise; the price was 20 piasters, and I paid.

By this time I would have been happy to leave, but I didn't know how. He led me to another altar, this one fitted out with idols—and a plate. I balked. We came to another gong; he struck it, and pointed to a plate. "Trop cher," I (Continued on page 37)



A handsome Gothic cathedral looms near the native section of Hanoi



Sentries guard the important buildings. This one is at the Governor's Palace

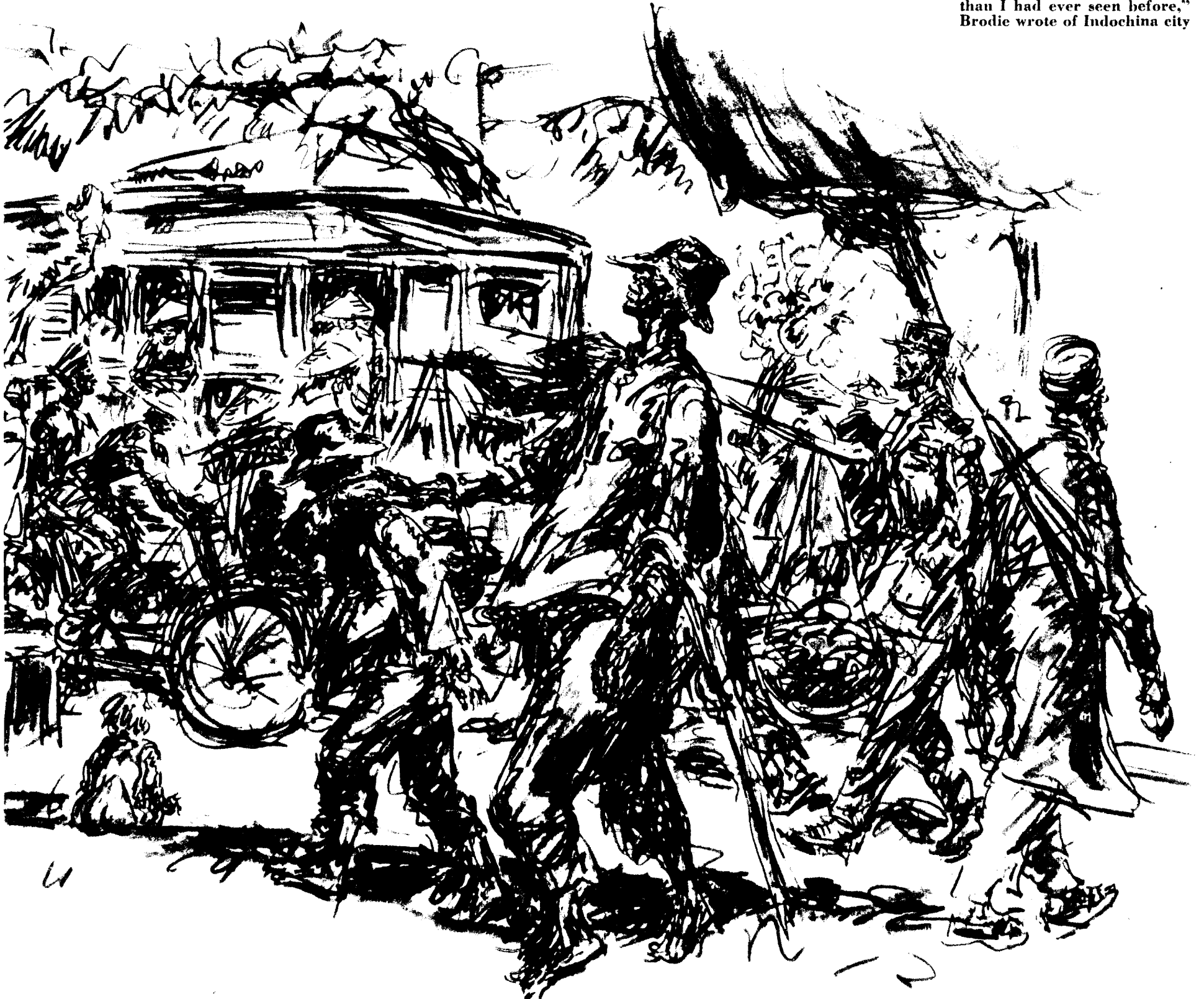


While wandering in Oriental Hanoi, Brodie encountered the Paramount Dance Hall, and was astonished to see Frenchmen jitterbugging with the Viet-Nameese taxi dancers



Arriving in siesta hour, artist feared city had been deserted. But emerging from his hotel in midafternoon, he saw this scene. "Hanoi's main thoroughfare looked like a pageant," he reported

"There were more blind people than I had ever seen before," Brodie wrote of Indochina city





ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS S. GLANZMAN

"Don't you think that's going a little far, dear?" his wife said.

"I do not," Mr. Haskins said.

Mrs. Haskins finished sewing some pants that her husband had snagged during a woodland stroll that day, and laid them aside. "There's a town meeting tomorrow night," she said.

"I know it," Mr. Haskins said, "and I intend to go to it. But not to participate. Simply out of common courtesy."

MR. HASKINS waited until the last possible moment before arriving at the town hall the next evening, and took a seat by himself near the end of a back row.

He listened without interest while the secretary read the minutes of the previous assembly and the chairman made the routine announcements. He was not much more interested when the principal speaker was introduced except that he felt some curiosity about why the young man had only one arm. Mr. Haskins learned later that the other arm had been removed in a field hospital below Cassino. The young man did not bother to explain this. The point he wanted to make was that just now he was officially concerned with civilian defense.

"What's he doing up here?" Mr. Haskins asked himself.

The speaker lost no time in explaining that.

"I've been instructed," he said, "to visit your community and others in this general area to seek your co-operation in the defense of New York. I'm sure you all realize that, though you are not residents of the city itself, you are connected with it very intimately."

He paused. Mr. Haskins glared at him and thought: In the name of God, how?

The speaker smiled. "After all, you live practically on the banks of one of those great reservoirs which provide what might be called the lifeblood of the largest and most important city in our country."

Mr. Haskins shut his eyes. The room faded from his mind. The mountain scenery that had been his background for what now seemed like a very long time melted away. He saw again the towers of Manhattan and the millions who lived in the Five Boroughs.

"In that sense," said the man with one arm, "this community is an integral part of Greater New York. The Ashokan Reservoir is a target of primary importance."

The speaker looked around the audience. "Now the first thing we have to do," he said pleasantly, "is organize a local committee to keep in touch with the defense people in the city and lay plans, and carry them out. I hope that some of you here have had some experience in civilian defense. Is there anybody present who has seen defense operations under real emergency conditions?"

No one responded.

Mr. Haskins remembered the blitz, when the walls were coming down and firemen were dying of exhaustion and children were crying under the rubble.

"Don't be bashful," the speaker said. "The slightest kind of experience would do for a start. Somebody has to be chairman, you know."

Mr. Haskins thought of the mornings he was going to spend on trout streams this spring and the pleasant evenings sitting quietly and irresponsibly beside the rock garden. He looked around at the townspeople, praying that one would volunteer. He saw them leaning forward in their seats, anxious, ill-prepared by their quiet, safe lives. Thus, he thought, the people of London must have looked when the first warnings came. He knew from experience what those same people could do when one among them took on the obligation of leadership, and he recalled, freshly and warmly, the respect and affection he had felt for them.

"Oh, come on," the speaker said. "Hasn't anybody here ever helped put out a fire, for instance?"

Mr. Haskins sighed and stood up. "I have."

"Good," the speaker said. "Could you tell me just a little bit about it? So I can make a report."

"Well, it was in London," Mr. Haskins said. "In 1940."

Somebody with a memory for historic dates began clapping and the rest took it up. Mr. Haskins found himself walking toward the platform, with sinking heart, to accept the chairmanship of the local defense committee.

THE END

Mr. Haskins' Escape

By JACK WEEKS

INEXORABLY, inevitably, we are moving into an area of total darkness. Whatever horrors we may visit upon the enemy will almost certainly be repaid in kind. New York as well as Moscow, London as well as Shanghai can safely be said—unless some unexpected wisdom touches the world's rulers—to be doomed."

Mr. Haskins' favorite columnist seemed this morning to have reached the bottom. Mr. Haskins had followed him faithfully for a good many years but he knew a dead end when he saw one and, though he was fifty-five, he still had a little flexibility. "This is where I get off," he said aloud.

He hadn't meant the remark literally but he acted on it just the same. He threw his morning newspaper to the floor of the subway train and got off at the next stop and started walking back uptown. In a few blocks he came to a little park and sat down on a bench. The park reminded him of London, which he had got to know when the firm sent him over on business in 1940. He had stayed through the blitz to make a survey of industrial defense methods, so he understood something of the horrors referred to in the press. He noticed that he was breathing hard and wondered if he wasn't getting just a little panicky. He hoped not. He hoped the decision he was reaching came from pure logic. Mr. Haskins took out a neat notebook and small gold pencil and began calculating.

In a few minutes he concluded that the decision was sound. There was no earthly reason why he couldn't retire now and get out of this city whose doom was foretold so surely by so many reliable prophets. He and his wife would go away from here, to some place in the Catskills, he thought, where the fishing would be good. The children

could come along, if they wanted, though they were grown now and preferred to take care of themselves. Friends would be welcome, too. But if no one else cared to join the movement, Mr. and Mrs. Haskins, at least, were going.

He spent the rest of the day settling his affairs and that evening he took his wife to dinner at her favorite restaurant. He waited until the brandy before telling her his plan. She sat perfectly still while he talked, not interrupting, and when he finished she covered her face with her napkin. He realized that she was crying.

"What is the matter with you?" he said.

He was afraid that she disapproved of his program and for a moment he was close to rage.

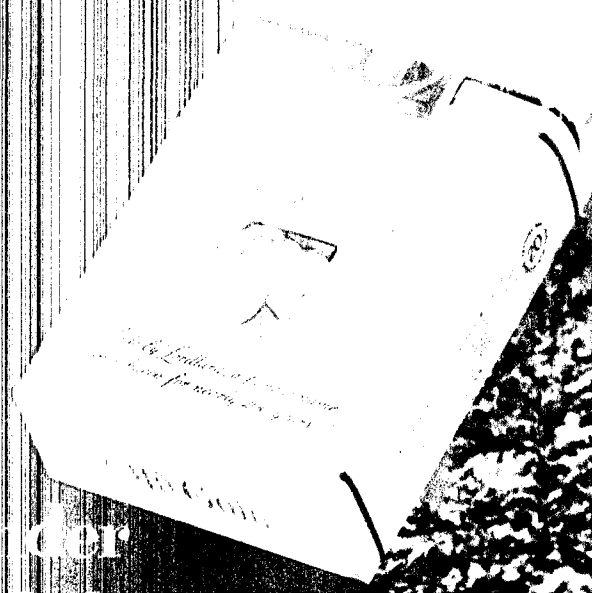
"I'm so relieved," she said. "I've been so worried."

A month later they were in their new home. It was a fine little house, chalet style, tucked neatly at the foot of an old, lonely mountain. A wild stream tumbled past the front door. Mr. Haskins thought of it as a moat. The nearest neighbor was half a mile away.

They were entirely happy. They lived exactly as they pleased, Mrs. Haskins planning her rock garden and experimenting radically in the kitchen; Mr. Haskins tying trout flies and drawing neat maps of the streams he intended to fish. They kept the radio turned off. In the evenings they read a little, but nothing serious. Their attitude was symbolized one night when Mr. Haskins came upon the John Donne passage: "No man is an ilande . . . Any man's death diminishes me because I am involved in Mankind . . ."

"Not any more," he said, and tore the page from the book and threw it into the fire.

We smoke under
written health claims...



...for TREATMENT of a TREATMENT

I smoke **ONE GOAL**



Queen Elizabeth of Garfinckel's

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21



Never neglect a knee scratch

The tiniest injury can become infected. Never take a chance. Always use BAND-AID, the only adhesive bandage that gives you Johnson & Johnson quality.

Always look for the name
on the box



*BAND-AID means MADE BY
Johnson & Johnson

grandfather was proprietor of the general store at Accident, Maryland. She remembers being held up to get a full view of the splendid bustle worn by a niece of President Buchanan.

Bustles were going out by 1905, but skirts still literally swept the floor. Two weeks after he opened his Washington store, Julius Garfinckel hired Elizabeth Fairall as salesgirl. She waited on Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt and her daughter Ethel (later Mrs. Richard Derby) when they came over from the White House three blocks away. There followed Mrs. William Howard Taft (a lady with quiet but very definite tastes); the first and second Mrs. Woodrow Wilson and the Wilson daughters. Indeed, all the White House families—except, for some reason, the Hardings—have been Garfinckel customers.

Miss Fairall resents the tales about Calvin Coolidge being a pinchpenny. "So far as his wife's clothes went, he was the most open-handed President I've known about," she says. "I sold Mrs. Coolidge practically everything she wore in the White House, and in the President's mind nothing was too good for her." He used to window-shop on early-morning walks with the Secret Service men. Later Miss Fairall would receive a call from Mrs. Coolidge asking that a certain dress be sent over, as the President wanted to see it on her.

While Mrs. Coolidge was trying on a dress one day in the White House, the President appeared in a doorway behind her and held up a finger to the Garfinckel fitter for secrecy. Then he walked over quietly behind his wife, and spoke suddenly to her. She turned, and in dismay saw he was standing on the train of her new ball gown. Then she realized he had carefully removed his shoes.

In 1930, during the Hoover administration, Garfinckel's moved to its present nine-story building near the Treasury. Mrs. Hoover, who needed a new outfit, asked if she might be the first customer, and on the Saturday before the public opening Miss Fairall, a salesgirl and a fitter waited on her in the new building. On the following Monday each received a bouquet of red roses from the White House.

F.D.R.'s Fur-Lined Overcoat

She also recalls that the Garfinckel starter recognized Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt one day and offered her a special elevator, but the first lady waved it away and rode with the other customers. The young Roosevelts regularly shopped at the store. On Franklin D. Roosevelt's last Inauguration Day, although the store was closed, Garfinckel executives had to open the storage vaults to get out his fur-lined overcoat.

Margaret Truman went along recently while her mother was buying a Garfinckel hat. "Oh, don't pay any attention to me," she told the salespeople. "I'll just look around." And she did so, as naturally as if she had been in Independence, Missouri.

Garfinckel's third, or glamor, floor is Elizabeth Fairall's particular concern. In Paris she may pay anywhere from \$500 to \$1,000 for original designs, but these are not sold to American customers, as the 90 per cent duty and the profit markup would make the price exorbitant. She brings them over in bond, displays them, and lends them to American manufacturers for copying and adaptation. The American version may be labeled "Original by Fath. Copy by Nanty."

Dresses, suits and furs created by New York designers or by the New York offices of French designers are, of course, bought for resale. By custom, the markup is uniform among the leading specialty houses throughout the country. The scale is a trade secret, but it's less than 50 per cent of the retail price.

Both these and the Paris copies may retail at anywhere from \$89 to \$1,000, depending on the type of garment, the material and other factors.

Standing in her office not long ago, Miss Fairall turned the pages of a book showing the awkwardly corseted figures of 1905. "I hate to think that I sold many of these atrocities," she said. "They're simply incredible."

"Women's clothes become basically more utilitarian season after season," she continued. "This is proved by the demand for tailored suits, short cocktail dresses and 'separates.' Clothes must still be smart and have a great deal of style and beauty, but fundamentally they must be wearable and useful. Slim lines will continue, and skirts must be a becoming length. Women generally didn't like the long skirts of the New Look."

"In choosing a dress, suit or hat," she advises, "remember the important thing is what it will do for you. Judge it as part of you, not as it looks in a window or on a rack."

"If a model displays it, remember that she was probably chosen because she had a perfect figure, and almost anything looks well on a model. It takes a type, for instance, to wear an Adrian suit."

"Vertical stripes don't necessarily make you look thin, nor do horizontal stripes necessarily make you look plumper, as people used to think. It depends entirely on the way the designer handles the material."

"Texture and color are often more important than pattern. Avoid shiny materials if you're afraid you're getting stout. Satin makes a woman look larger than crepe. Generally a plump woman should avoid bright colors unless she's tall. Most women can wear any color they like by changing their make-up."

"Bring your husband along if he has veto power over your purchases. Besides, most men are good judges of fabrics."

"Deal with a reliable store that screens the merchandise and stands behind what it sells. If you're in a strange town and don't know a reliable store, ask for brand names you know. If there is no other way to judge goods, price is not a bad criterion. By and large, you get pretty much what you pay for, in style, wear and store service."

"And if you order by mail, send not only your shoe and dress sizes, but your weight

and the color of your hair. Even if the store has facts about you on file, you keep changing."

Miss Fairall has deep sympathy for the bewildered male, and has always taught her salespeople not to oversell him. "When a garment is shown by a model," she warns men, "don't look at the girl. Think of the article on the recipient. You aren't taking the model home."

"Don't get flustered and pay more than you should. If it's for your wife, chances are she'll bring it back for something more sensible."

"Find out her size. The principal cause of exchanges is a man's tendency to look at the salesgirl, no matter what her height and weight are, and say, 'She's about your size.'"

"And don't feel that you must always buy her perfume. Most women are just as fussy about the scent they wear as they are about their clothes. If you know her well, you know her interests and hobbies. Try something that will fit one of these. If you don't know her well, costume jewelry or a handbag is usually welcome."

Women Are Taller and Thinner

Women are much easier to sell than ever before, Miss Fairall says, because they're clothes-conscious. Even if they're far from city shops they read the magazines. Also, they're getting taller and thinner. Fourteen and 16—misses' sizes—are the most popular dress sizes today; 30 years ago the big demand was for more ample women's sizes.

The reason for the change, Miss Fairall says, is that "the modern woman simply won't let herself get fat."

Skirts, in Miss Fairall's opinion, should be between 13 and 16 inches from the floor, the exact distance depending on the wearer's height and weight. "A woman with beautiful legs can, of course, wear them much higher than her short, fat sisters," she added.

Elizabeth Fairall's counsel for young people planning a career like her own is to stay out of retailing unless they have patience and like hard work. As for herself, she has served notice that she will ignore Garfinckel's current attempts to put her on a five-day week, and that she isn't going to retire.

THE END



"The 7th, 28th, 56th and the 88th Armored Divisions will break through here and liberate the oppressed masses toiling under the Imperialistic yoke. Then the 96th, 97th, 161st, 77th, 66th, 3d, 9th, 112th and 33d Divisions will follow to help keep the people in line"

COLLIER'S

JOHN RUGE

Collier's for February 10, 1951

City Under a Dagger

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

said. "Too expensive." At last he seemed to realize that I intended no more offerings, and he led me out of the building. As I walked down the sunny street, mingled relief and amusement overcame me and I shook with laughter.

After that, I strolled through the Chinese section—to the accompaniment of clattering wooden sandals—and then back toward the European part of town. Suddenly, as I rounded a corner, I came upon a magnificent Gothic cathedral, all coral and black. I pulled out my sketchbook and started to draw. Soon I was surrounded by a milling, gaping throng. I moved away, anchored myself firmly against a nearby wall, and tried again. I was almost mobbed. The people didn't seem malicious, just curious. I smiled. They chuckled back at me.

I slipped my pad into my pocket, entered a store across from the church, and asked permission to use a room upstairs for a while. I was welcomed into an apartment by a serene young Viet-Nameese lady. A picture of Christ hung from one wall; near the window were a table and chair, and a hard, mat-covered bed occupied one corner. I moved the table, sat down by the window and went to work, while my hostess and an older companion sat primly on the bed and knitted.

I stayed there for four hours. Twice I was offered tea, and once coffee. Otherwise I was left entirely alone. Deeply grateful, I tried to pay the gracious young lady; she refused to accept my money. I left with a warm feeling, and a new opinion of the people of Hanoi.

It was when I rejoined my fellow Westerners that I started to become really uneasy in Hanoi. Their conversation carried a foreboding of doom. A correspondent asked me if I owned a weapon, and added: "I don't feel safe around here." Another said he became nervous if he had to ride the native taxis through the shadowy streets at night. A businessman commented that he was sure there were hundreds of Viet-Minh regulars in town. All had advice to offer in the event that Viet-Minh forces attacked Hanoi.

At twilight I went to the post office—and almost snared myself on a single strand of barbed wire stretched across the sidewalk at the building's entrance. Two French soldiers carrying tommy guns and blankets entered with me to stand their night-long guard duty.

I went to sleep that night to the strains of a bugle—a mournful reminder that I was in a city which was under a dagger, waiting for a blow to fall.

THE END

48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

is an icicle remover. Some little time ago, after looking over the roofs and eaves of Effingham, he put an ad in the newspapers saying that for \$1.50 an hour he'd be very glad to clear same of snow and icicles. He's doing a nice business, busy seven days a week. Biggest icicle so far was a six-footer. Says he's thinking of taking the summer off.

★ ★ ★

A fellow pretending to be a friend of ours has just been in to tell us that all this beefing about the inflated cost of living is nonsense. Said he'd just come from Pittsburg, New Hampshire, where he had rested overnight at a plush hotel. Had a beautiful room, dinner and breakfast. Total cost five dollars. At dinner he had a steak two inches thick—"big enough for four hungry men"—potatoes, tomatoes, celery, hot rolls, jam, pie and coffee. For breakfast, wheat cakes, cereal, bacon, eggs, toast and coffee. "Of course," he said, "there's always the danger that coming out of inflation into Pittsburg like that you might make a hog of yourself and get sick. Then you're out of luck. The nearest doctor is 27 miles away; he'll tax you \$16 or \$18 to come over to fix you up. But maybe it's worth it."

★ ★ ★

There's a barkeep in Salt Lake City who, you'll be amazed, has no objection to drinking. Nevertheless, he bought himself a sign and hung it over his bar: "It's all right with me if you drink like a fish—so long as you drink what a fish drinks."

★ ★ ★

In Washington we were planning to drop in on the Honorable Harold O. Lovre, Republican, of South Dakota. As we were about to enter his outer offices, a friend warned us that if we could possibly put off our call for a while it might be better all around. We took the advice because, even through the heavy oaken door, we could hear Mr. Lovre telephoning to the Housing and Home Finance Agency; and we congratulated ourselves that we were not the Housing and Home Finance Agency. Mr. Lovre had just learned that the agency had bought a large number of aluminum roofs for the nice new modern houses the government is erecting for Eskimos whom

they hope to lure out of their ice-domed igloos. At the moment Mr. Lovre was no doubt the most irate congressman in our capital. The gentlest word we heard from him was "asinine." We'll call on him later.

★ ★ ★

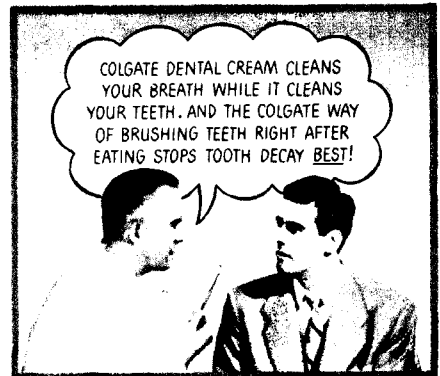
From Kansas to California they're now talking about three categories of farmers—suitcase, sidewalk and rural. A suitcase farmer lives at least 30 miles outside the county where his acres lie. Some several hundred miles. He's not that unpopular figure, the absentee landlord. At regular intervals he visits his farm, spending a couple of weeks. Therefore the suitcase. Sidewalk farmers are fellows who have moved into town, opening up a shop or small business, but not giving up the farm. And of course the rural farmer stays home and just farms. This valuable information comes of painstaking research by Dr. Walter Kollmorgen of the department of geography in the University of Kansas. Says the suitcase and sidewalk classifications are growing disconcertingly fast.

★ ★ ★

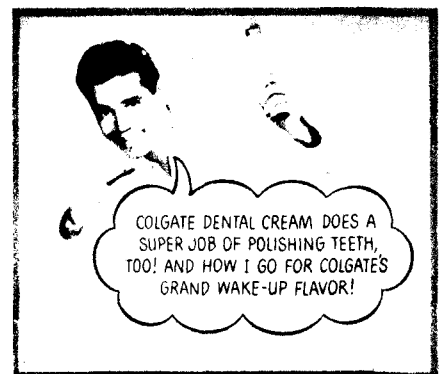
Excuse us, please, while we rush to the aid of the great state of Tennessee. In the capital, Nashville, there is a problem which we can solve in a souped-up trice. They have four portraits of Tennessee war heroes, winners of the Congressional Medal of Honor, for which they can't find wall space in the state Capitol. Our incomparable suggestion is that four portraits of former governors be taken down and those of the heroes substituted. Next step, take down the rest of the paintings of former governors. We'd send all those ex-governors, gilt frames and all, to the next of kin and let each follow the dictates of his conscience. Thus, not only will the interior of the Capitol be hugely improved but future governors will work in much more cheerful surroundings and be better governors for it.

★ ★ ★

Any doubt that you may have had about the seriousness of the world situation should be dispelled by the news that the Town Board of Riverton, Illinois, recently voted the town marshal the right to carry a gun. Bought it for him too.



LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

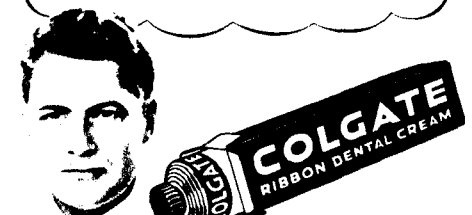
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

MOST THOROUGHLY PROVED AND ACCEPTED HOME METHOD OF ORAL HYGIENE KNOWN TODAY!

Reader's Digest recently reported the very same research which proves that the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed that the Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other toothpaste or powder—ammoniated or not—offers such proof—the most conclusive proof ever reported for a dentifrice of any type!

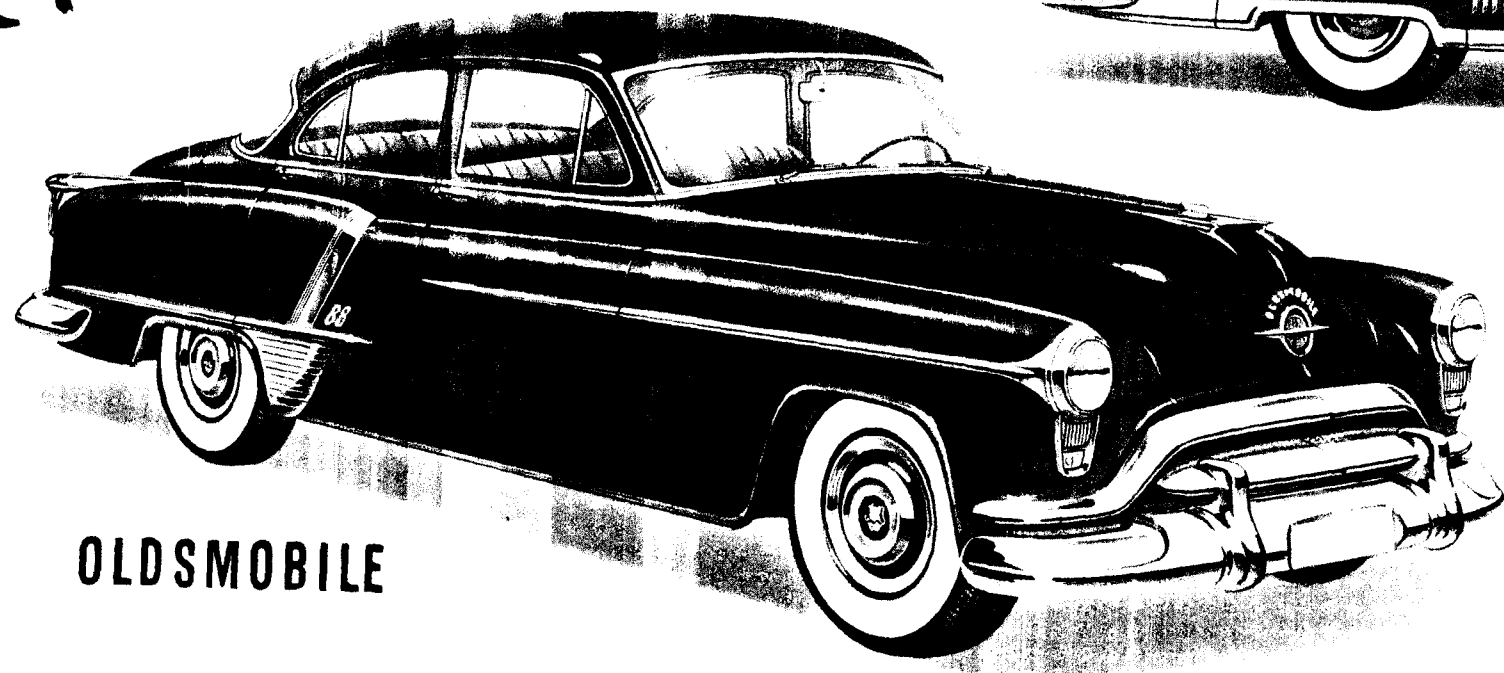
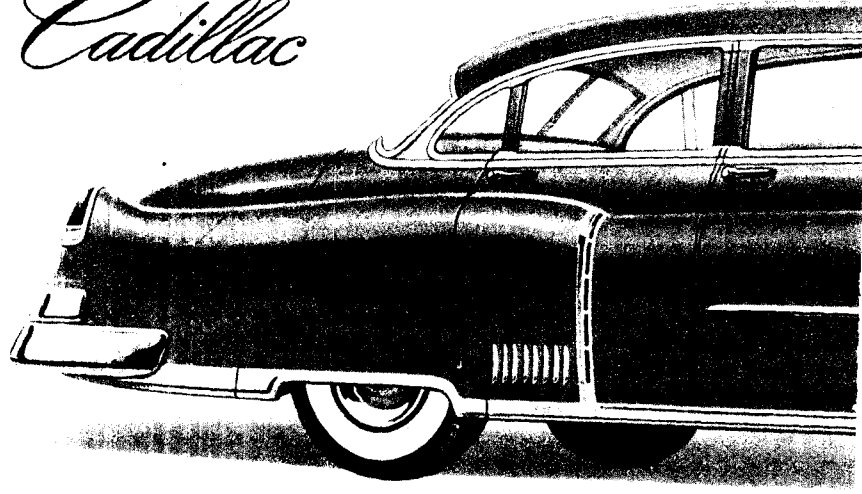
Use Colgate Dental Cream To Clean Your Breath While You Clean Your Teeth—And Help Stop Tooth Decay!



*YOU SHOULD KNOW! Colgate's, while not mentioned by name, was the one and only toothpaste used in the scientific research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.



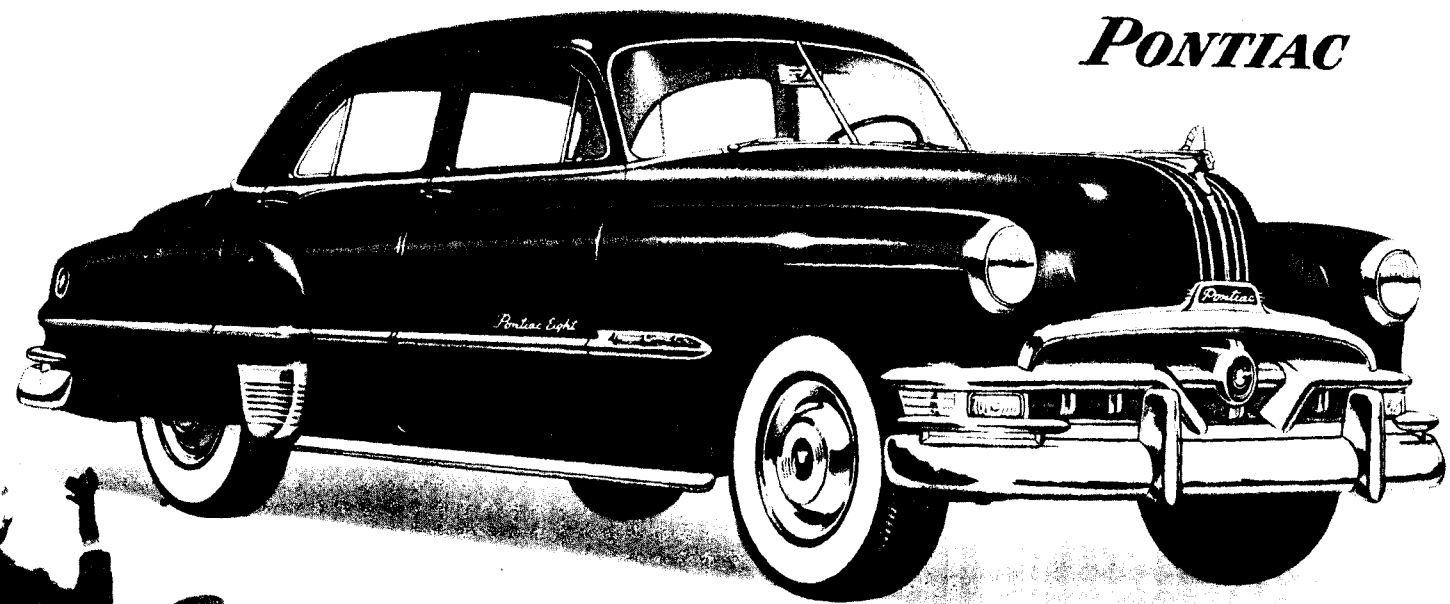
Cadillac



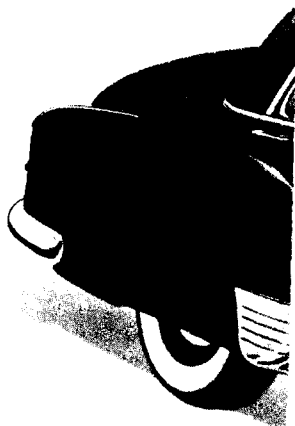
OLDSMOBILE



Everybody's looking at the
KEY VALUES FOR 1951



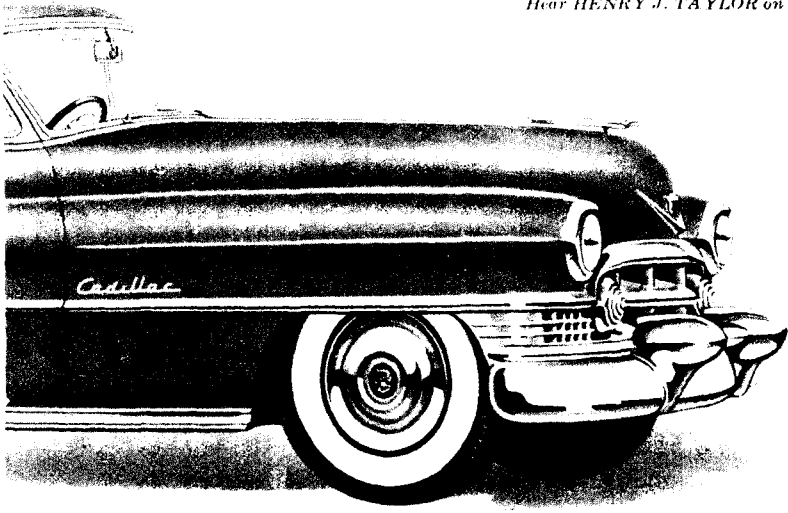
PONTIAC



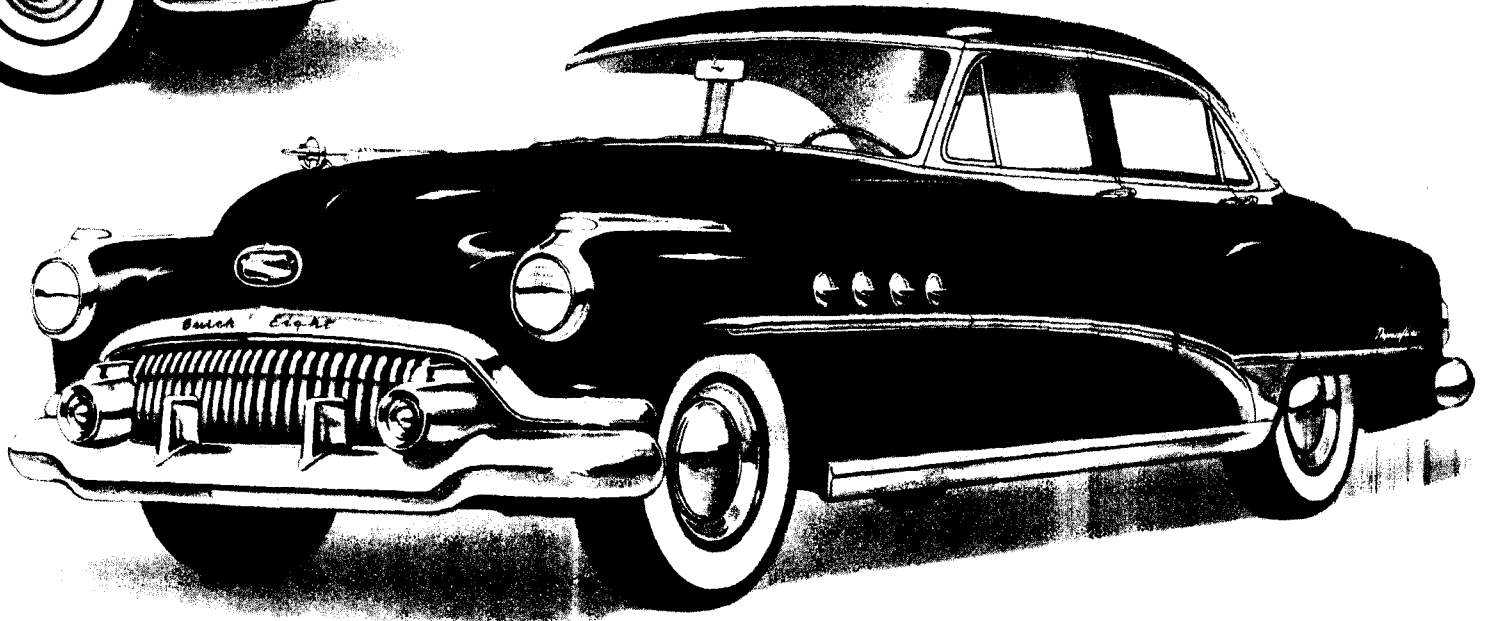
CHEVROLET



Hear HENRY J. TAYLOR on the air every Monday evening over the ABC Network, coast to coast.



Buick



ALL THE NEW GENERAL MOTORS CARS FOR 1951 are now on display.

The finest models yet produced by Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick and Cadillac—they are centers of attraction everywhere.

You will find each as thrilling to drive as it is to behold—each distinguished by important new advances in styling and ease of handling that have been years in the making.

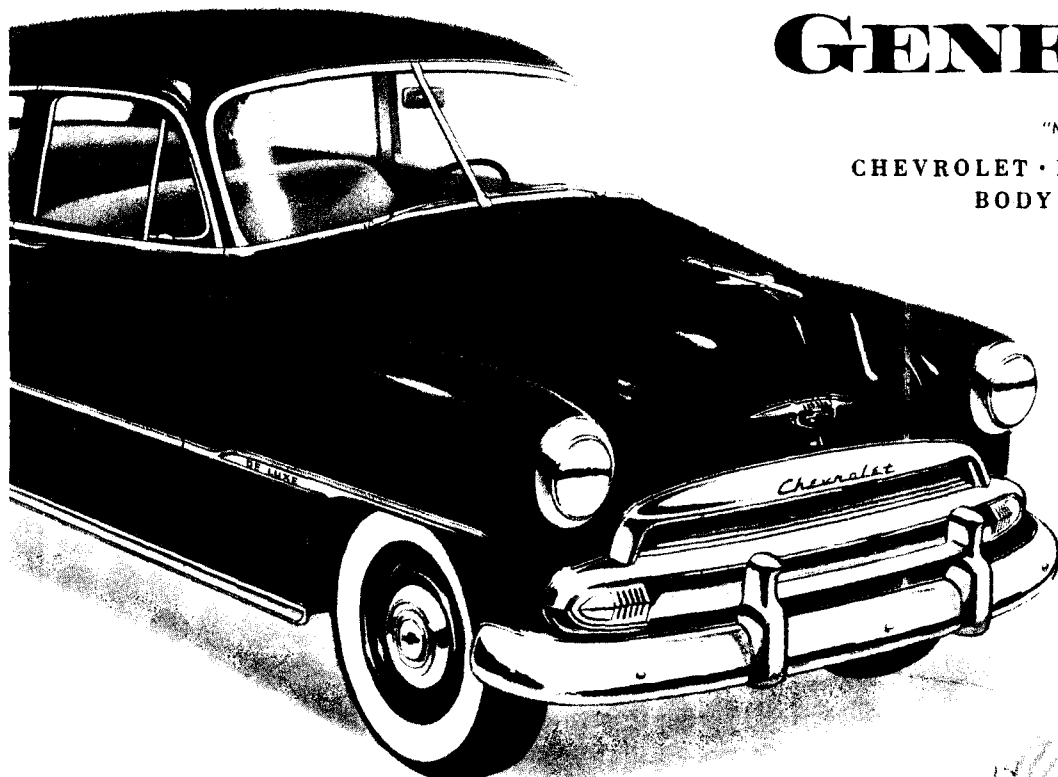
For each has benefited from the continuing program carried on, year after year, by GM's research, engineering and

production staffs to develop betterments in materials and construction for use by all General Motors cars.

This exploration is concerned with a multitude of things—from window glass and finishes to metallurgy and the chemistry of fuels. The net result is the richer beauty, finer quality and superb performance that make the new GM cars the key values for 1951.

We believe they will supply the better transportation millions of Americans still need, and invite your critical inspection—at the showrooms of your local GM dealers.

Standard equipment, accessories and trim illustrated are subject to change without notice.



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"MORE AND BETTER THINGS FOR MORE PEOPLE"

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC
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Your Key to Greater Value

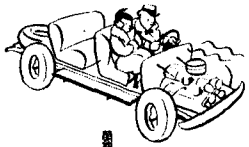
The Key to a



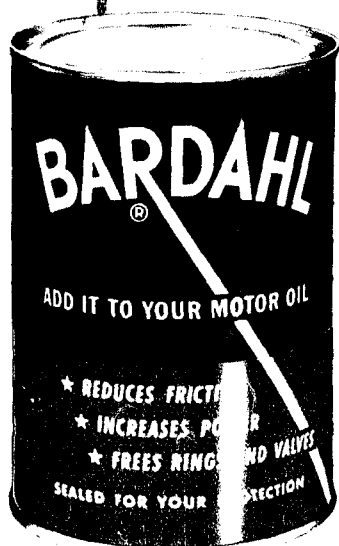
GENERAL MOTORS car



Hey!



Don't let
that engine
START
NAKED



Enjoy Overnight Lubrication
add **BARDAHL**
to your motor oil

Get snappier starts... reduce engine wear... by holding oil in place round-the-clock! Ordinary oils drain back into crankcase during idle hours. With BARDAHL added to crankcase, oil clings to cylinder walls, gives engine 24-hour protection. Result: Faster lubrication... wide-awake engine... fewer repair bills!

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Write to:
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Dept. C-1 • SEATTLE • ST. LOUIS

Letter to a Child

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

translated the whole child into your understanding.

The collie went immediately to Lyle and slipped its nose into her gloved hand. Eve went to Mark, and Mrs. Seville introduced us. The little girl, her eyes almost on a level with my own, looked at me with frank insolence. Then, without warning, she seemed to change her mind about me.

"You're nice," she said in an unexpected, gruff voice. "Millie said you were, but Millie is such a goon about people."

Mrs. Seville laughed delightedly. "You can see how all my children treat me, Chris," she said. "No wonder I have an inferiority complex."

Mark said fondly, "The trouble with you is that we didn't get hold of you young enough."

"Don't ever have any children, Chris," Millie said. "You can fool other people, but—"

"Can you?" Lyle said good-naturedly, and immediately there was a little area of silence around the words, imparting more meaning than her well-bred voice had given them. She and the dog had gone up the steps and were standing in the lighted rectangle of the door, and I suddenly realized that all this playful spoiling of Millie by her family was a form of spotlighting which annoyed the younger woman.

Over the cocktails, I studied Lyle. There seemed nothing she couldn't take in her stride. I could not bear to think of Mark being married to her.

"Watch it, Chris," Mark said suddenly to me from across the room. Nobody else seemed to notice that he had said anything.

But once more I knew that this man and I could open doors into each other's minds. Eve, sitting on a footstool beside my chair, suddenly got up.

"Wanna see my ants?" she asked.

"I'd love to see them," I said too loudly.

EVE'S bedroom told me all her ardent enthusiasms. There was a huge dirty-faced rag doll, a well-made airplane model, and a movie actor's glossy publicity photograph. Next to a shabby chintz rocking chair stood a glistening, incongruous pink satin chaise longue, Mark's latest Christmas gift.

"Imagine Mark giving me such a wonderful thing," she said worshipfully. "I can't imagine how he knew how I feel about it."

"He's probably fond of you," I said.

"You mean—if you love somebody, sort of, you can tell how they feel?" Her skinny little throat was pink at the overwhelming wonderfulness of talking about love. For after all, she was in love with a chaise longue, and a dirty-faced rag doll, and a square-jawed movie hero, and her brother.

"Lyle says it gives me a delusion of power, knowing I can shake up the jar and destroy their world," she said. "Lyle says it's morbid. Do you think it's morbid?"

"No, I don't think so."

"I say it's very normal of me," Eve went on. "And besides we couldn't live if we didn't have some delusion of power. And where would I get it in this house, if I didn't have ants or something?"

I didn't try to keep from laughing. "Eve, it isn't power that makes people happy. The whole thing is finding out in time what you enjoy, instead of taking somebody else's word for it."

She looked at me thoughtfully. "I believe that's exactly what Mark thinks. He says that's what gripes him most about Millie. She always wants to tell people what they enjoy. I ought to warn you—"

"Wonder if I'd look well with a pompadour?" I said quickly.

She forgot her warning and looked at me critically. "It's not your type," she said. "You're the absent-minded type. You'd know, to look at you, you were different."

"But I don't want to be different. I'd like to be like your sister-in-law."

She held her nose inelegantly. "Anybody can be like Lyle. Anybody who is sap enough to work at it."

There was a stir at her door, and then it was pushed open and the collie came in. But it was Mark's voice that said, "What's all the profundity going on in here?"

Eve grinned at him admiringly. "I simply love you," she said.

"You're nauseating," Mark said.

"That's the way he talks to me," Eve said. "He doesn't want me to guess he cares."

Mark wiped the back of his hand at her. But she reached out and caught his hand, and held it against her face with an indescribably young and pathetic gesture.

Her eyes suddenly were dark and tragic. "Oh, Mark, why does everybody in this house have to be unhappy?"

Mark's attitude softened to tenderness. He caught her to him roughly. "Nobody's unhappy, Eve," he said.

"Yes, we are. I can tell because we're all so darned full of merriment in this house. We act like juke boxes." Almost in shame because she was unexpectedly out of her depth, she muttered, "I hate this living business, Mark."

"Don't hate it, Eve," he said. "It's just being a kid that makes you feel you'll die of loneliness and stuff."

"Did you feel like that, Mark?"

"Yes, I did, Eve. But you hold on a couple more years. You'll see." . . .

Sunday was a blur to me. Now after five years, when I try to think back over it, it is only a pain which my mind refuses to feel.

Everything in that house looked so right—the people, casual and fortunate, laughing and lounging in their chairs about the table long after dinner; the gleam of old silver on sideboards; the garnet eye in the wine; the brushing murmur of the wood fire—and yet there was tenseness in this house. We were all too merry, as Eve had said.

All day I had a feeling that Lyle wanted to get me off somewhere and find out about me; all day I was afraid someone would leave me alone with her.

It never occurred to me that she might have some discomfort about me.

I think they are often the ones who need the help—the beautiful fortunate people whom nobody can quite forgive for being beautiful and well off and sure-looking.

Toward Mark, Lyle was extremely courteous. But I could not tell whether she loved him very much or not at all. I could not tell because my own love for him was so outrageous that I didn't see how anyone could possibly be in a room with him and not realize how wonderful he was.

What he felt about Lyle was a black abyss into which I dared not peer.

Everyone had assumed that I would be staying Sunday night, but suddenly when the afternoon tide of neighbors had gone out and the evening tide was beginning to drift in, I knew I could not stand any more of it.

I asked Millie if there wasn't a taxi that could take me to the station, and mumbled something about an appointment early tomorrow. Then Lyle's voice spoke behind me, cool and courteous. "I'll drive you in to town, Chris. I'm staying in town tonight anyway," she added, and that settled it.

WHILE I was back in the guest room putting things in my little bag, Millie came in and flung herself in one of the fire-place chairs, and hung her legs over the arm exactly as Eve would have.

"I found out just what I wanted to know," she said.

"Oh?"

"You're just as much of a child as I knew you were. But just as nice."

"I think I must be a disappointing guest," I said. "I really haven't any parlor tricks, Mrs. Seville."

"What I wanted to tell you," she said, "is this: If you ever want me for a friend, Christine Bruning—"

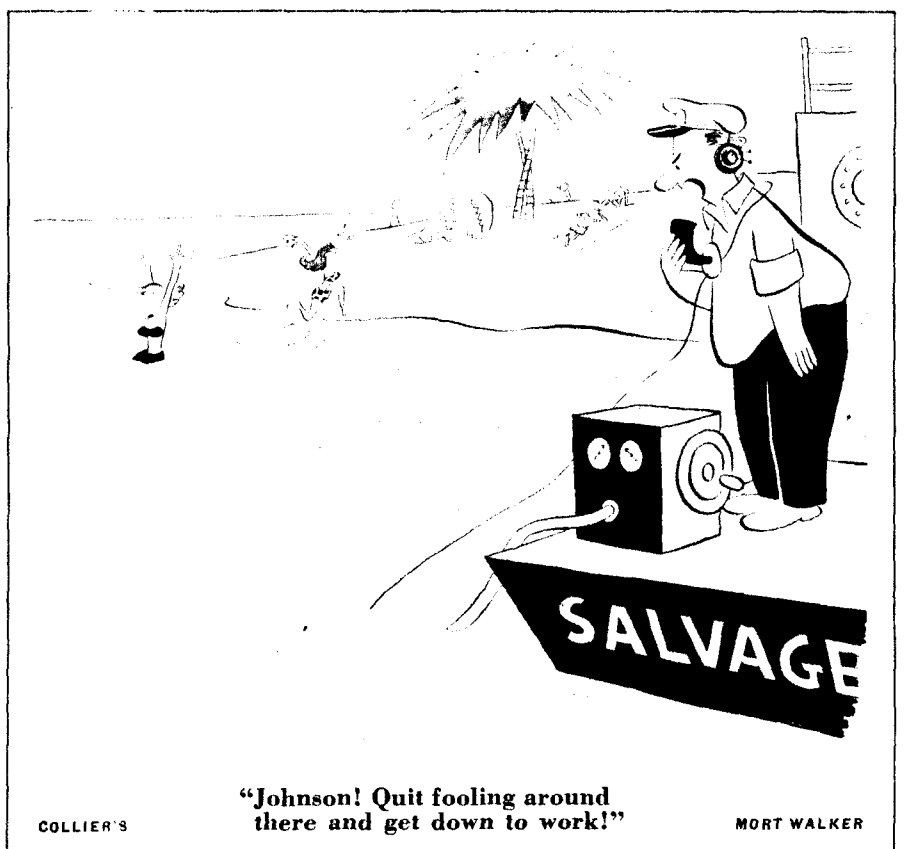
It was the first time I had seen her momentarily disconcerted about anything. "I mean, no matter how things go from here—"

"Go?" I said stupidly.

She got up and left the bomb hanging in the air. "Well, anyway, I got it said."

All the warnings, spoken and implied, which I had been given about Millicent Seville came back to me. I remembered the half-irritated, half-playful way Mark had talked to her coming up from the station, and Lyle saying something pointed about Millie and her managing. So now she was offering to take me within the circle of her dangerous solicitude.

Millie put her arm around me as we started down the stairs together. "I just



"Johnson! Quit fooling around there and get down to work!"

COLLIER'S

MORT WALKER

wish I'd found you four years ago. We'd all have led a different life, Chris."

Mark was standing at the bottom of the stairs. I looked up into his face, and over me like a huge wave surged all the contradictions between that merry boyish man who had watched the seals, and this tight-lipped person. "About Tuesday," he said. "Isn't that my next sitting, Chris?"

I knew while he was saying it that he would not have a sitting then. Nor any day. And I could see he knew it, too.

I tried to look as if I were considering my afternoon's plans. "Why, yes—yes, indeed."

"Okay, then."

We were both so hearty and explicit. But I felt as if I would never see him again. And he was looking down at me as if he felt it, too.

Lyle's car, an open convertible, was

scene, like most of the scenes involving this ardent, ridiculous child, was terribly touching to me.

"Listen, Eve," I said. "We wouldn't get much out of this anyway."

"But it's mostly that I don't want to leave you alone with—"

Lyle said impatiently, "Get in, Chris. This kind of thing can go on for half an hour, once Eve gets the spotlight."

We drove off without another word, and I looked back at the two in the driveway. At that moment I loved them more than any two people on earth.

At that moment, too, I realized that Lyle and Mark had not spoken to each other, not even to say good-by.

Lyle said, "Let me see, you live somewhere on the East Side, I think Mark said."

"Just leave me anywhere that's convenient," I said. "I love walking."

"Nonsense. Nobody loves walking," Lyle said. Then she slanted a long look at me. "No, I believe you really do!"

We drove along, and the wind made wings brushing against our ears. Gradually I loosened a bit and began timidly to study Lyle. There was a stillness about her face now that was not arrogant at all, but sad.

She was asking me about my painting, with that gentle courtesy of hers which was at the same time supercilious and ingratiating.

"I used to write poetry," she said, smiling disparagingly, "and of course I wanted to be an actress. As who doesn't?"

"I never wanted to be an actress."

"No? You're quite unique, aren't you? You like to walk and you never wanted to be an actress." She was mimicking me to torment me a little now, but I did not resent it, for I understood why. I wanted to say to her, "Don't bother to hurt us, Lyle—the little pains don't keep the big ones from happening."

She said, "If Mark doesn't come back, for any reason, I may give acting a whirl again." She didn't mean that, of course. She said the sentence only as a sheath to hold the dagger of the first five words. What she actually had said was, "What I do in the future depends completely on Mark, for his future belongs to me."

We were coming down the river drive now, and I was almost sorry we were nearly at my house. If I had been an older woman—if I had been the

woman who is writing this—I could have helped her. "I won't come up," she said reassuringly. "I know you don't want me to look at my husband's portrait."

I got out of the car, thanking her for the drive. But my legs were trembling.

She looked at me carefully. Then a slow smile spread over her wide mouth, a shrewd smile. "As a matter of fact, Christine, Eve was quite wrong about us."

"Of course," I said, uncertain of what she meant.

"We're amazingly congenial. In one way, particularly."

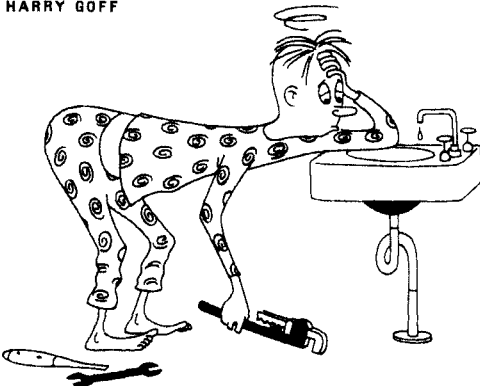
"What way, Mrs. Seville?"

"I also fell in love with a man who was not in love with me," she said. "But in my case, it was a bit different. I knew exactly how to handle the whole thing."

I could understand her wanting to be cruel. But this was some higher refinement of cruelty. I knew that she meant Mark. And I knew that she meant she had no intention of giving him up. . . .

I remember that it was raining on that Monday I must tell you about now. But not this cozy kind of rain we know here in the country where I await your coming, my

HARRY GOFF



NOW HEAR THIS!

I

VACUUM CLEANER. MEEEE—EEEE—IIII—suzzle-suzzle (edge of rug)—EEEE—AAAH—OOOOM—MMMM—tik (a pin)—OOOOOO—MMMMMM.

DRIPPING FAUCET. glop—glop—glop—GLIP—gloglop—GLIPPLE—GLOP—glop—gloglop—glop.

CREAKING DOOR. REEEE—ick!

POURING FROM A CARAFE. GUGGLE—GOGGLE—GOOGLE—GAGGLE—GEGGLE—GIGGLE—GIG—GIG—gig—gig—gig—guh. (Empty.)

—PAULINE GALE

standing in the drive and Lyle was already at the wheel, talking to a figure bundled in a flapping coat.

"But I think I have a right," a high, excited voice was saying. I realized it was Eve, once again in some crisis within her own dimension of drama.

"Oh, for God's sake," Lyle said. "We're only taking an hour's drive. This isn't a world cruise, you know."

Then they both saw Mark and me. "Hi, Chris," Lyle called out. "One of your conquests here wants to drive in to New York with you, and come back by train. Maybe both of them would like to do it."

Eve threw herself on Mark. "It isn't important, of course," she cried, "but I've just got to drive in with Chris."

"They're so congenial," Lyle explained.

"Well, we are. You wouldn't know anything about that," Eve said angrily.

"Wouldn't I, baby?" Lyle said with utter gentleness. "Happens I would, honey."

"What have you and Chris got to be congenial about?" Eve asked insultingly.

"Plenty," Lyle said briefly.

"Okay, Eve," Mark said. "I guess that'll do for this round." Eve was crying now, unbearably humiliated and furious. The whole

Collier's for February 10, 1951



Model Illustrated AW 462

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Each piece washed individually! Every piece of your wash is given individual washing action to get it clean.

Clothes are pressure-cleansed, with this new Instinctive Wringer. Stops by a mere tug at clothes!

Shuts off automatically! Or you can set it to HOLD position for a continuous washing action.

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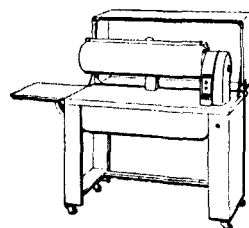
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Takes the "hard work" out of ironing!



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The large ironing roll takes the biggest pieces of your laundry. Automatic operation . . . adjustable ironing temperatures. Model AR 60 illustrated.

Iron in comfort with G-E ROTARY IRONERS

FOR "QUICK-CLEAN" WASHING AND "SIT-DOWN" IRONING

GENERAL ELECTRIC

child. Rain in New York, especially on a day you are forlorn and lost, is an unfriendly element.

After that week end with Mark's family, I felt crushed and humiliated and afraid of what lay ahead. I had gone over Lyle's words a hundred times.

My mind ran round and round a dizzy spiral of unhappiness. I did not stir from my rooms. All day long it rained, a whipping noisy rain.

BY NIGHT I was tired. I brushed my hair and braided it in two fat curly little stubs of braids. I put on my faded gingham pajamas at a child's bedtime hour, and then I realized that I was very hungry.

I heard steps coming up my stairs, and a knock at my door, and I knew it was Mark.

We just stood and looked at each other when I opened the door.

"I just thought I'd better come and tell you that I can't come tomorrow for the sitting."

"That's all right," I said. "I can finish the portrait for your mother without another sitting."

"You understand, don't you?"

I only nodded my head. Then, feeling the ridiculous stubby braid bobbing against one cheek, I reached up and pulled off the red ribbon knotted on the end of the braid, and flipped my fingers through my hair.

"We'd never go through any ghastly gagging mess of politeness," he said harshly.

"People do it to help each other," I said in a whisper. "I think it does help, Mark."

After my day of being lost and bewildered, I felt now a comforting inner presence, something there for Mark's peace as well as for my own.

"Oh, Chris, how could I get along without you?" He asked it as a simple question, and there was no answer to it, except the answer the long years ahead would give.

"How could I get along, now that I know?" he said again. "Before, when I didn't have anything, it was bad enough. But I thought that was just the Big Hoax. I thought that was just probably what life is for everybody—things looking fine outside, and inside everything hollow. But now I know how it *could* be, Chris."

He picked me up in his arms, and all that was within me twisted in a slow twining like a tendriled vine turning and turning in its mysterious spiral of growth. He put me gently in the chair, and then, not speaking, he dropped down on the hassock and rocked back and forth like a man in pain.

He looked up into my face. Then he got up quickly because of something about me he had seen.

"Listen, my young friend," he said. "You know what you've got on?"

I looked down at myself guiltily. The faded gingham pajamas, rumpled and innocent.

"I've got a robe somewhere," I said unsteadily.

"That's hardly the remedy. Can't you get into some clothes? Fact is—"

"Fact is, I'm starving to death," I said. "Maybe you'd invite me out somewhere to dinner, if I were properly dressed."

Outside, the rain had stopped and the moon was out and the air was sweet.

"Air? In New York?" Mark said, sniffing noisily. He put my hand in his pocket and we swaggered along recklessly. We hadn't solved anything, but we walked boastfully as if we had won some great victory.

We found a little blue-fronted Swedish shop, a mere pocket of a place on First Avenue. It was long past closing time, but inside an old man was scrubbing the floor with a mop. We rapped on the glass door and he shook his head, but all the time he was coming over and unlocking the door. A whiff of warm bread and some delicious soup came wafting over his shoulder.

"I must have my own dinner. I have no place for customers," he said, but all the time he was saying it, he was laying three places at a bare, scrubbed table. The three of us, leaning our elbows on the table, after

the good simple food was eaten, gave a reassurance that somehow brought back into safe balance the danger that teetered between Mark and me.

We walked along the river after we had finished our dinner. I turned my back on the water and rested my elbows on the fence, looking up at Mark.

"How much of it do you want to hear?" he said abruptly.

"None of it, Mark."

"You've got to hear it sooner or later," he said. "Even if I never see you again."

"I don't need to know."

"Is that fear? Or sureness, Chris?"

"Sureness."

He looked down at me, and turned my face up to the light so he could see me better.

"I suppose nobody can account for things," he said. "Gets you either into blaming somebody or making excuses. So maybe it's better not to try to explain."

back. Millie thought she could fix everything. So then, I was leaving anyway, and besides—"

"Mark, none of this concerns me."

He said nothing at all then. There was nothing either of us could do. We had known each other such a little while. It was only fair that we both should go apart and consider what had happened to us. If it was as real as it felt, it would wait.

I knew now that talking would never make any of this easier between us. I had been weary all day, and now my very skin was creeping with fatigue.

"Let's go back," I said. "It's cold out here, Mark."

"Yes. It's cold as hell," he said shortly, and I knew I had hurt him.

We walked along the steep little street up from the river, and there was no rhythm in our walking together now.

"Chris, don't marry anybody while I'm gone," he said unexpectedly. "You don't

his face was bland and cautious. He was making up his mind whether he would just brush them off, or whether I was worth scolding and hurting so that I would wake myself up and try harder.

Then he turned around quickly and looked at me with pity. "Go away, Christine, and take a little rest."

"I am going away," I said with dignity. "I thought I'd go up to Ogunquit."

"No sea painting, please," he said. "Some nice cool little houses, some children in a daisy field."

"You're talking to somebody else," I said as impudently as I could; "this is Christine Bruning, Peregrine."

"That's what you think!" he cried testily. He lighted a cigarette and smoked nervously for a minute. That calmed him a little, and he grew wheedling.

"Listen, darling, why don't you maybe go out and find some nice boy and go dancing in some cool place? You know, the young spirits, the kicking up of the heels."

"Leave the heels out of this," I said. But I dabbed with my bare fingers at my eyes.

"I'll take my vacation," I said in a shamed mutter. "Then I'll start painting again, and you'll see."

SEVERAL times Millicent Seville telephoned to me about the portrait. "I don't like to seem to nag you, my dear," she said. "But I'd love to have it."

"I couldn't let it go in this state." But I knew I would never give the portrait to her, nor to anyone else.

Then, one hot afternoon, I opened the door to a rap, and there was Mrs. Seville, tanned and beautiful in a white linen suit. She had a large decorative basket in her hand, filled with tomatoes and cucumbers and ears of corn.

"Hope I don't look too much like Little Red Ridinghood visiting her grandmother, Chris," she said. "I've brought you some of our wonderful homemade vegetables."

"Do come in." As usual with her I was aware of the inadequacy of bare feet in straw sandals, paint-smeared blue shorts, and an indifferent chiffon handkerchief knotted around my hair. I said quickly to myself, "Don't apologize for your appearance. That always puts you off on the wrong foot."

She was bubbling along, not too much at ease. Her eyes had quickly taken in my studio. "What a delightful place!" she cried, going over to my window and looking up at the bridge.

I admired the vegetables.

"Eve picked them," Millie said, "so you can see why they are practically valentines."

Suddenly I realized there was something rather touching in her coming, dressed so scrupulously and bringing her gift, then reinforcing the gift with Eve.

"I haven't come about the portrait," she said quickly. "You needn't even show it to me if you don't want to."

"I never show unfinished work," I said.

"All right, darling. Whenever you get ready." She crossed her elegant legs, and lighted a cigarette. "I really came to ask a favor of you."

"Oh?"

"Mark says I always seize what I want out of people by first asking them for favors." She was still playing for time.

But, unaccountably now that she was in the room, I wanted to show her the portrait. Before I could change my mind, I went over to it, and turned it around facing the room.

"Look, Mrs. Seville. I'd like to have you see it."

For a few minutes she stood there, saying nothing at all. Her chin was quivering. I knew it was because she loved this son of hers more than Mark realized.

"Oh, Christine, you've painted something in his face that nobody else has ever seen there."

"I think it's quite a good likeness," I said falteringly.

"It's much more than a good likeness."

SISTER



"Events explain themselves if you can just wait long enough, Mark."

"Besides, unhappiness never does make any sense unless you'll accept it as a stage toward growing up. Nobody had ever really loved me before, Chris, except Dr. Rob and a servant or two of Millie's. I've never been an easy person to love, Chris."

I kept myself from saying, "You've been easy for me to love."

"That's why I understand Eve," he explained. "Unless people have love sort of woven into them when they're made, they seem to fight off the very thing they're starving for."

"Yes. They want it so much they're afraid of it. They wanted it way back there where they can't remember, way back before they were born, and then it failed them, and injured them, and now before it has a chance to happen again, they beat it off."

He accepted that most elementary fact thoughtfully.

"So after a while," he said at last, "I thought marriage would give it to me. Then, after that was over—" He was stumbling along. "I wanted you to see Lyle. She's everything that's admirable. You could see that. You know what I've often wished? I've wished I was in love with her, and she hated the sight of me."

As obliquely and delicately as he had given me the original poison when we stood looking at the Irish glass, now he gave me the antidote.

There wasn't much I could say. I kept my head bent in the shadow. The wind was chill on the back of my neck.

"She wanted a divorce, and then the war came, and Millie persuaded her to come

know me yet. You think I'm just a moody guy whining about my marriage. Well, just forget me, will you?"

"All right, Mark."

"But don't get mixed up with anybody else. Just give me until I get back here. Let's start again. I'll get the wreckage cleaned up, Chris, and when you meet me again—"

THE hot summer days went by. Ten times a day I ran downstairs to look for mail, and ten times I crept back up to my studio. Of course Mark had not written me. It never would have been Mark's way to write to me while his affairs were in chaos.

As the weeks went on, I became sure that he had come to his senses about me. Who was I, after all? A serious, simple girl with nothing enticing about me. What had I to offer him?

"Naturally, he's come to his senses," I said a hundred times a day. But I could not come to mine.

I painted that summer. But I knew before I took my work in to Peregrine that something had happened to my painting. He helped me out of a taxi, and carried the wrapped canvases into his gallery, wagging all over with anticipation.

"Um-hum . . . five? Six? Um-hum . . ."

He stood up the first one along the ledge in his gray office.

"Um-hum. A little impatient?" he suggested gently.

He stood up the second one and crumpled his face down into a scowl to look at it.

"Please—the bones show too much on the houses."

Then he put up the rest quickly, and now

Guard Against Throat-Scratch

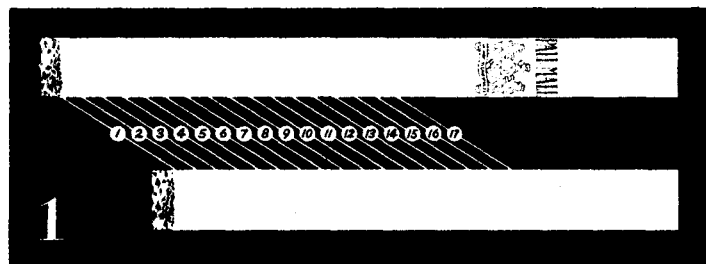
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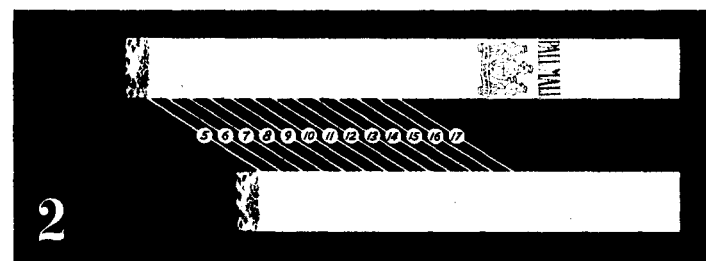
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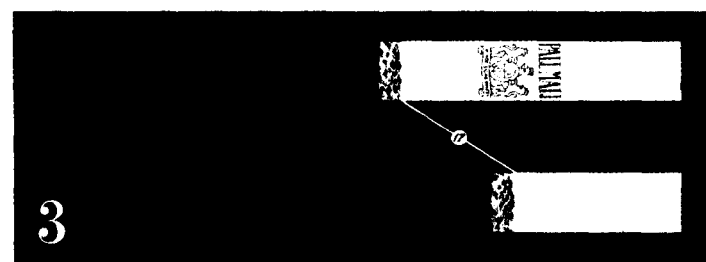
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The further your cigarette filters the smoke through fine tobaccos, the milder that smoke becomes. At the first puff, PALL MALL's smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette.



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Wherever you go today, you will see more and more people smoking PALL MALL—the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.

Outstanding—and they are mild!

she said with a slow earnestness I never had heard in her before. "It's Mark as he could be if—"

She took a little navy linen handkerchief out of her breast pocket, and dabbed at her eyes.

"Chris, I can't talk about it."

She went back to the chair, and sat down. This time she wasn't a pert young thing with elegantly crossed legs; this time she was a woman of fifty.

"It makes it easier for me to ask you," she said at last.

I felt my whole being withdrawing within me, and a quick nausea swept up into my throat. I could not discuss Mark with her. "But, Mrs. Seville—"

She was still stumbling along, helplessly. "I've just never got over the idea that life ought to be happy for people," she said. "I've worked at being happy all my life, and it seems to me I've never accomplished anything except to confuse myself and annoy other people."

She was crying now. "I've always pretended everything was wonderful."

"You know what I think, Mrs. Seville," I heard myself saying in a cold impersonal voice which didn't seem to belong to me. "I think you are one of the most badly spoiled women I've ever known. And being spoiled is unhappy business, because it uses everybody else around you. So whatever it is you want of me—"

"But it's not for myself," she said in a kind of whimper. "God knows I've wanted very little for myself, Chris."

"Well, stop wanting things for other people," I said. "Try letting people do their own wanting, Mrs. Seville. Try keeping your hands off."

If she had gone blundering on then and had begged me in some way to do something about Mark, I think I would have said no, and made myself free. Free, and robbed forever.

BUT I shall never know about that. Suddenly the conversation veered off at a totally unforeseen angle, for it wasn't Mark she had come to talk about.

She nodded slowly. "You have some secret in you, Chris. All of us felt it. Even Lyle."

"I haven't any secret," I said wearily. "I'm as open as a book." I felt myself mounting into hysteria. How could anyone have any secrets around her—a woman with bold fingers prying into every shut thing she saw?

"You know how to live your own way," she was saying. "I suppose you couldn't tell anybody how to do that—but for somebody to be with you a while, just living your life a bit—"

I looked in horror at her now. "Mrs. Seville, I haven't the least idea what you're talking about."

"I'm talking about Eve. Chris, please help us with Eve."

"Eve!" I cried, almost hilarious with the unexpectedness of this. "What on earth can I help Eve about?"

"We've had such a ghastly experience this summer," she said. "We sent her to a very good camp. She didn't want to go, of course. But then she didn't want to stay home either. She's so difficult!"

"And?"

"Eve—my Eve—has been caught stealing. Money and jewelry. I still can't believe it. And I still don't know how I've lived through the shock." The words came tumbling out now. There was no mistake about it. Miss Whitney had sent her home. They had taken her to a psychiatrist. Eve said she'd kill herself; they were afraid to leave her alone.

"What can I do about it?" I said, against my better judgment.

"I've got it all worked out," Millie said, quite characteristically. "If you'll just take Eve away from here for a few weeks—just the two of you—before she has to go back to school."

"I see," I said dully. "You mean you want me to go as a kind of nursemaid?"

Then she really began to cry. "It was too

much to expect, I suppose. But if only you could . . ."

I kept protesting that I didn't know anything about children.

"Eve doesn't need a psychologist, or a nurse or a teacher," Millie said. "Eve needs what we all need in my family. Somebody who will love us, and show us how to live a little more bearably. Chris, you know how. It sticks out all over you, the way you—"

I started to say, "I haven't known how this summer, Mrs. Seville." Then I remembered that I dared not say that to her. The memory of the last arid weeks rushed over me, and I thought: What have I to give any child? What secret have I left to give anyone? I cannot even help myself.

But larger than all this was the sudden remembered sight of Mark and Eve standing in the driveway of their house as Lyle drove me away in her car.

For the first time in many weeks, some feeling stirred in me. The vision of the child was not waving now, but beckoning. Just as Eve had reached for something in me that night, and had not been allowed to find it, she was reaching now.

THE Sevvilles had an old seaside farm on the bay side of Cape Cod, and it seemed a good place for Eve and me to spend our vacation.

Eve didn't care where we went or what we did. She was defiant and indifferent.

A few days later, while we were driving up through Connecticut, she said with an embarrassed smirk, "I s'pose we might as well get it over with early, Chris."

"Get what over with?"

"I know my mother's told you all about me and everything. I suppose you know I'm practically a juvenile delinquent. I suppose you left your watches home, and everything. Well, you don't need to worry. I'm not going to steal anything."

"I know you're not, Eve," I said, not looking at her, but keeping my eyes carefully on the road. "Because for a couple of weeks you're going to have everything you want. There'll be nothing to steal about."

She thought this over sullenly, and then she said, "I'd like to have heard Millie down

on her knees begging you. Just for curiosity's sake, which one of her arguments made you decide to take me over?"

"None of them. I said no to everything Millie said."

"No kiddin'?"

"Yep. I didn't want any part of it," I assured her.

"Well, what did make you finally say yes?"

"I said yes because I like you, and I think you're a good egg, and I believe we could have fun together."

"Gosh," she said, and she slipped down in her seat in a long relaxed slump. "Gosh. I don't believe anybody on earth ever said they liked me before. Except Mark."

That touched me, for I knew it was probably quite true.

After a few minutes I said, "Your mother spends a lot of her time thinking about things to do for you, Eve."

"You know that isn't the same thing," she said gruffly. "Oh, sure. She kneads me like bread, that woman. Only I don't stay kneaded."

"Let's don't talk about Millie," I said. "It's too nice a day, chum."

Then we looked at each other and we both grinned.

We got to the old house just before dark. The Cape Cod cottage hugged the cliff as if it were afraid it might be blown into the sea, and it was a house you couldn't help loving on sight.

"I haven't been here since I was ten," Eve said. "Seems to me the house was bigger then."

The white door opened then and a grim-looking, angular woman came out on the stoop.

"Why, for mercy's sake! I been expectin' you people since about two o'clock." Her black eyes were kinder than her voice. I jumped out of the car.

"You're Mrs. Crannich. Mrs. Seville told me what a good neighbor you've always been."

We both stood there smiling at each other; then she said, "For mercy's sake, come on in. I got a nice clam chowder all ready for your supper."

"We're starving," I said.

In a rasping undertone she said, "Is that Miss Millicent's girl? Not much for looks, is she?"

The house was just what you might have expected. Millie had probably inherited it from some maiden aunt, and then in a frenzy of originality she had built two stories down the face of the cliff. The beautiful upper rooms were furnished with old maple and cherry furniture, and round hooked rugs on the wide wavy boards.

A circular stairway spiraled downward to the two lower floors, which must have been Millie's hobby and sport for a summer or so. There seemed an unlimited number of bedrooms in a bewildering succession of bright colors.

"Millie used to keep people here," Eve said shortly. "Let's just keep the downstairs closed."

And that's what we did, until Mark came.

I WOKE early to the whirling cries of the gulls. My room in morning sunlight was innocent and lovely. Along the mantel of the fireplace stood four daguerreotypes framed in red velvet and gilt. I got out of bed and ran over to look at these. Yes, there was a tall, stern-faced man in uniform who could have been Mark's great-grandfather, and a wispy-waisted belle with a firm chin.

I tried to make up my mind, then and there, that I would not spend this visit searching for crumbs about Mark.

In my bare feet I ran across the hall to the room where Eve was sleeping. Her pompadour was a mess, with metal curlers at the ends, and I gave myself two days to make her forget to put her hair up. When she was sure enough of herself she wouldn't bother.

She woke up then, and stretched up her bony young arms.

"Gosh, we're here, aren't we?" she said with a sleepy grin.

"No doubt about it. And you better get up, if you don't want the day to slip away while you've got your back turned."

She lay a while longer, quite still except that her toes were clapping and unclapping.

"Last one down on the beach is a ring-tailed monkey," she said suddenly, and hopped up and dragged the covers with her.

The whole day was like that. Young and insane, but good for both of us. We ate pancakes (not quite as good as Eve thought they were) in a sunny little circle of sandy grass just outside the grape arbor.

After breakfast we went clammimg, squatting with blissful absorption over the quickly filling holes in the sand. After luncheon Eve took a nap on the sand while I did a lazy water color. And then it was time for dinner. We ate in the kitchen, standing beside the refrigerator.

"I like meals informal, or else simply stinking with good manners," Eve said.

"You like meals, period," I said, being fourteen years old myself after such a day.

We played records before we finally went to sleep again. Eve didn't bother washing her face; simply too worn out, she said.

"Besides, it can't be too dirty. We live such a clean wholesome life, don't you think?"

"You don't have to wash it for two weeks if you don't want to."

But she did manage to put up the pompadour in the crimpers. You can't quite ignore the amenities. Natch.

There were twelve of such days, and our skin smelled sunny and salty, and Eve's eyelashes and brows were bleached a bit, and I suppose mine were too.

And gradually I came to know that all the loneliness and despair which had choked me day and night since last I had seen Mark had eased. At last I was myself again. Whatever the child had found here on this lovely shore, I had found myself, the welcomed-back friendship of myself for me.

Could it be possible that some big-sister archangel had arranged all this? If I consented to help the child, then should I find my peace again?

(To be continued next week)

Collier's for February 10, 1951



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All the King's Horses

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

the eye sockets and heavy brows of the pilot from Salt Lake, now bloomed red for a second at the thin lips of the sergeant.

Kelly looked from the men to what seemed in the twilight to be a small hillock by the door. There, his wife Margaret sat, with the blond heads of her sleeping sons cradled in her lap. She smiled up at him, her face misty white. "Darling—you're all right?" Margaret asked quietly.

"Yes, I'm all right."

"Sarge," said the corporal, "ask him what Pi Ying said."

"Shut up." The sergeant paused. "What about it, sir—good news or bad?"

KELLY stroked his wife's shoulder gently, trying to make the right words come—words to carry courage he wasn't sure he had. "Bad news," he said at last. "Rotten news."

"Well, let's have it," said the transport pilot loudly. Kelly supposed he was trying to reassure himself with the boom of his own voice, with brusqueness. "The worst he can do is kill us. Is that it?" He stood and dug his hands into his pockets.

"He wouldn't dare!" said the young corporal in a threatening voice—as though he could bring the wrath of the United States Army to bear on Pi Ying with a snap of his fingers.

Colonel Kelly looked at the youngster with curiosity and dejection. "Let's face it. The little man upstairs has all the trumps." An expression borrowed from another game, he thought irrelevantly. "He's an outlaw. He hasn't got a thing to lose by getting the United States sore at him."

"If he's going to kill us, say so!" the pilot said explosively. "So he's got us cold! What's he going to do?"

"He considers us prisoners of war," said Kelly, trying to keep his voice even. "He'd like to shoot us all." He shrugged. "I haven't been trying to keep you in suspense, I've been looking for the right words—and there aren't any. Pi Ying wants more entertainment out of us than shooting us would provide. He'd like to prove that he's smarter than we are in the bargain."

"How?" asked Margaret. Her eyes were wide. The two children were waking up.

"In a little while, Pi Ying and I are going to play chess for your lives." He closed his fist over his wife's limp hand. "And for my four lives. It's the only chance Pi Ying will give us." He shrugged, and smiled wryly. "I play a better-than-average game—a little better than average."

"Is he nuts?" said the sergeant.

"You'll all see for yourselves," said Colonel Kelly simply. "You'll see him when the game begins—Pi Ying and his friend, Major Barzov." He raised his eyebrows. "The major claims to be sorry that, in his capacity as a military observer for the Russian army, he is powerless to intervene in our behalf. He also says we have his sympathy. I suspect he's a damn liar on both counts. Pi Ying is scared stiff of him."

"We get to watch the game?" whispered the corporal tensely.

"The sixteen of us, soldier, are the chessmen I'll be playing with."

The door swung open. . . .

"Can you see the whole board from down there, White King?" called Pi Ying cheerfully from a balcony overlooking the ornate, azure-domed chamber. He was smiling down at Colonel Bryan Kelly, his family, and his men. "You must be the White King, you know. Otherwise, we couldn't be sure that you'd be with us for the whole game." The guerrilla chief's face was flushed. His smile was one of mock solicitude. "Delighted to see all of you!"

To Pi Ying's right, indistinct in the shadows, stood Major Barzov, the taciturn Russian military observer. He acknowledged Kelly's stare with a slow nod. Kelly continued to stare fixedly. The arrogant,

bristle-haired major became restless, folding and unfolding his arms, repeatedly rocking back and forth in his black boots. "I wish I could help you," he said at last. It wasn't an amenity but a contemptuous jest. "I am only an observer here." Barzov said it heavily. "I wish you luck, Colonel," he added, and turned his back.

Seated on Pi Ying's left was a delicate young Oriental woman. She gazed expressionlessly at the wall over the Americans' heads. She and Barzov had been present when Pi Ying had first told Colonel Kelly of the game he wanted to play. When Kelly had begged Pi Ying to leave his wife and children out of it, he had thought he saw a spark of pity in her eyes. As he looked up at the motionless, ornamental girl now, he knew he must have been mistaken.

"This room was a whim of my predecessor,"

was gone. Now he recognized the eerie calm—an old wartime friend—that left only the cold machinery of his wits and senses alive. It was the narcotic of generalship. It was the essence of war.

"Now, my friends, your attention," said Pi Ying importantly. He stood. "The rules of the game are easy to remember. You are all to behave as Colonel Kelly tells you. Those of you who are so unfortunate as to be taken by one of my chessmen will be killed quickly, painlessly, promptly." Major Barzov looked at the ceiling as though he were inwardly criticizing everything Pi Ying said.

The corporal suddenly released a blistering stream of obscenities—half abuse, half self-pity. The sergeant clapped his hand over the youngster's mouth.

Pi Ying leaned over the balustrade and

your king's pawn," said Pi Ying. "If you haven't chosen one, Colonel, I'd like to recommend the noisy young man down there—the one the sergeant is holding. A delicate position, king's pawn."

The corporal began to kick and twist with new fury. The sergeant tightened his arms about him. "The kid'll calm down in a minute," he said under his breath. He turned his head toward Colonel Kelly. "Whatever the hell the king's pawn is, that's me. Where do I stand, sir?" The youngster relaxed and the sergeant freed him.

Kelly pointed to the fourth square in the second row of the huge chessboard. The sergeant strode to the square and hunched his broad shoulders. The corporal mumbled something incoherent, and took his place in the square next to the sergeant—a second expendable pawn. The rest still hung back.

"Colonel, you tell us where to go," said a lanky T-4 uncertainly. "What do we know about chess? You put us where you want us." His Adam's apple bobbed. "Save the soft spots for your wife and kids. They're the ones that count. You tell us what to do."

"There are no soft spots," said the pilot sardonically, "no soft spots for anybody. Pick a square, any square." He stepped onto the board. "What does this square make me?"

"You're a bishop, Lieutenant, the king's bishop," said Kelly.

HE FOUND himself thinking of the lieutenant in those terms—no longer human but a piece capable of moving diagonally across the board; capable, when attacking with the queen, of terrible damage to the black men across the board.

"And me in church only twice in my life. Hey, Pi Ying," called the pilot insolently, "what's a bishop worth?"

Pi Ying was amused. "A knight and a pawn, my boy; a knight and a pawn."

Thank God for the lieutenant, thought Kelly. One of the American soldiers grinned. They had been sticking close together, backed against the wall. Now they began to talk among themselves—like a baseball team warming up. At Kelly's direction, seeming almost unconscious of the meaning of their actions, they moved out onto the board to fill out the ranks.

Pi Ying was speaking again. "All of your pieces are in place now, except your knights and your queen, Colonel. And you, of course, are the king. Come, come. The game must be over before supertime."

Gently, shepherding them with his long arms, Kelly led his wife and Jerry and Paul to their proper squares. He detested himself for the calm, the detachment with which he did it. He saw the fear and reproach in Margaret's eyes. She couldn't understand that he had to be this way—that in his coldness was their only hope for survival. He looked away from Margaret.

Pi Ying clapped his hands for silence. "There, good; now we can begin." He tugged at his ear reflectively. "I think this is an excellent way of bringing together the Eastern and Western minds, don't you, Colonel? Here we indulge the American's love for gambling with our appreciation of profound drama and philosophy." Major Barzov whispered impatiently to him. "Oh, yes," said Pi Ying, "two more rules: We are allowed ten minutes a move, and—this goes without saying—no moves may be taken back. Very well," he said, pressing the button on a stop watch and setting it on the balustrade, "the honor of the first move belongs to the white men." He grinned. "An ancient tradition."

"Sergeant," said Colonel Kelly, his throat tight, "move two squares forward." He looked down at his hands. They were starting to tremble.

"I believe I'll be slightly unconventional," said Pi Ying, half turning his head toward the young girl, as though to make sure that



sors, who for generations held the people in slavery," said Pi Ying sententiously. "It served nicely as a throne room. But the floor is inlaid with squares, sixty-four of them—a chessboard, you see? The former tenants had those handsome, man-sized chessmen before you built up here and order servants to move them about." He twisted a ring on his finger. "Imaginative as that was, it remained for us to hit upon this new twist. Today, of course, we will use only the black chessmen, my pieces." He turned to the restive Major Barzov. "The Americans have furnished their own chessmen. Fascinating idea." His smile faded when he saw that Barzov wasn't smiling with him. Pi Ying seemed eager to please the Russian. Barzov, in turn, appeared to regard Pi Ying as hardly worth listening to.

THE twelve American soldiers stood against a wall under heavy guard. Instinctively, they bunched together and glared sullenly at their patronizing host. "Take it easy," said Colonel Kelly, "or we'll lose the one chance we've got." He looked quickly at his twin sons, Jerry and Paul, who gazed about the room, unruffled, interested, blinking sleepily at the side of their stunned mother. Kelly wondered why he felt so little as he watched his family in the face of death. The fear he had felt while they were waiting in their dark prison

pointed a finger at the struggling soldier. "For those who run from the board or make an outcry, a special form of death can be arranged," he said sharply. "Colonel Kelly and I must have complete silence in which to concentrate. If the colonel is clever enough to win, then all of you who are still with us when I am checkmated will get safe transport out of my territory. If he loses—" Pi Ying shrugged. He settled back on a mound of cushions. "Now, you must all be good sports," he said briskly. "Americans are noted for that, I believe. As Colonel Kelly can tell you, a chess game can very rarely be won—without sacrifices. Isn't that so, Colonel?"

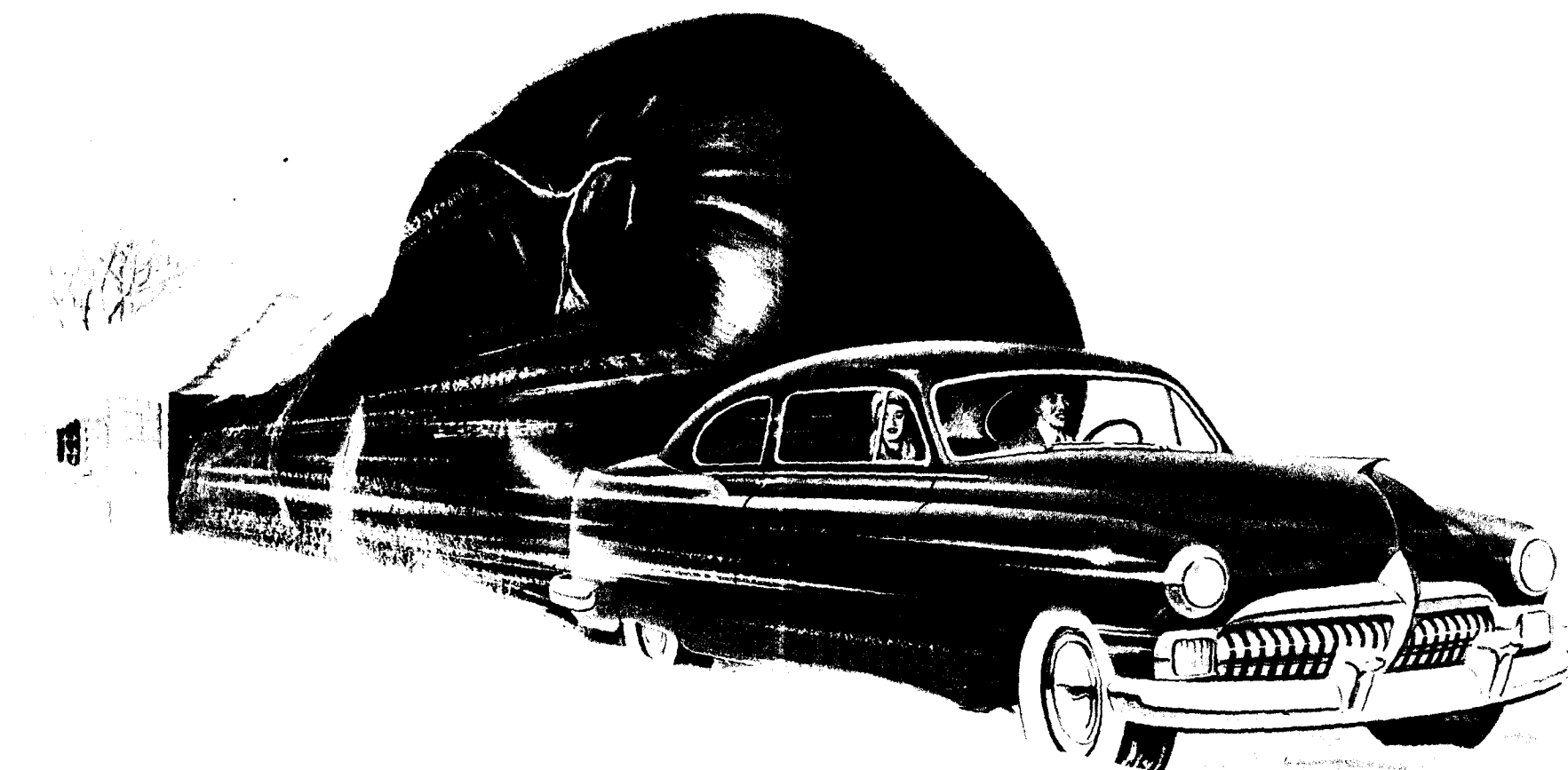
Colonel Kelly nodded mechanically. He was recalling what Pi Ying had said earlier—that the game he was about to play was no different, philosophically, from what he had known in war.

"How can you do this to children!" cried Margaret suddenly, twisting free of a guard and striding across the squares to stand directly below Pi Ying's balcony. "For the love of God—" she began.

Pi Ying interrupted angrily: "Is it for the love of God that Americans make bombs and jet planes and tanks?" He waved her away impatiently. "Drag her back." He covered his eyes. "Where was I? We were talking about sacrifices, weren't we? I was going to ask you who you had chosen to be

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she was sharing his enjoyment. "Move my queen's pawn forward two squares," he instructed a servant.

Colonel Kelly watched the servant slide the massive carving forward—to a point threatening the sergeant. The sergeant looked quizzically at Kelly. "Everything okay, sir?" He smiled faintly.

"I hope so," said Kelly. "Here's your protection . . . Soldier," he ordered the young corporal, "step forward one square." There—it was all he could do. Now there was no advantage in Pi Ying's taking the pawn he threatened—the sergeant. Tactically it would be a pointless trade, pawn for pawn. No advantage so far as good chess went.

"This is very bad form, I know," said Pi Ying blandly. He paused. "Well, then again, I'm not so sure I'd be wise to trade. With so brilliant an opponent, perhaps I'd better play flawless chess, and forget the many temptations." Major Barzov murmured something to him. "But it would get us into the spirit of the game right off, wouldn't it?"

"What's he talking about, sir?" asked the sergeant apprehensively.

Before Kelly could order his thoughts, Pi Ying gave the order. "Take his king's pawn."

"Colonel! What'd you do?" cried the sergeant. Two guards pulled him from the board and out of the room. A studded door banged shut behind them.

"Kill me!" shouted Kelly, starting off his square after them. A half-dozen bayonets hemmed him in.

IMPASSIVELY, the servant slid Pi Ying's wooden pawn onto the square where the sergeant had stood. A shot reverberated on the other side of the thick door, and the guards reappeared. Pi Ying was no longer smiling. "Your move, Colonel. Come, come—four minutes have gone already."

Kelly's calm was shattered, and with it went the illusion of the game. The pieces in his power were human beings again. The precious, brutal stuff of command was gone from Colonel Kelly. He was no more fit to make decisions of life and death than the rawest recruit. Giddily, he realized that Pi Ying's object was not to win the game quickly, but to thin out the Americans in harrowing, pointless forays. Another two minutes crept by as he struggled to force himself to be rational. "I can't do it," he whispered at last. He slouched now.

"You wish me to have all of you shot right now?" asked Pi Ying. "I must say that I find you a rather pathetic colonel. Do all American officers give in so easily?"

"Pin his ears back, Colonel," said the pilot. "Let's go. Sharpen up. Let's go!"

"You're in no danger now," said Kelly to the corporal. "Take his pawn."

"How do I know you're not lying?" said the youngster bitterly. "Now I'm going to get it!"

"Get over there!" said the transport pilot sharply.

"No!"

The sergeant's two executioners pinned the corporal's arms to his sides. They looked up expectantly at Pi Ying.

"Young man," said Pi Ying solicitously, "would you enjoy being tortured to death, or would you rather do as Colonel Kelly tells you?"

The corporal spun suddenly and sent both guards sprawling. He stepped onto the square occupied by the pawn that had taken the sergeant, kicked the piece over, and stood there with his feet apart.

Major Barzov guffawed. "He'll learn to be a pawn yet," he roared. "It's an Oriental skill Americans could do well to learn for the days ahead, eh?"

Pi Ying laughed with Barzov, and stroked the knee of the young girl, who had been sitting, expressionless, at his side. "Well, it's been perfectly even so far—a pawn for a pawn. Let's begin our offensives in earnest." He snapped his fingers for the attention of the servant. "King's pawn to king three," he commanded. "There! Now my queen and bishop are ready for an expe-

dition into white man's territory." He pressed the button on the stop watch. "Your move, Colonel." . . .

It was an old reflex that made Colonel Bryan Kelly look to his wife for compassion, courage. He looked away again—Margaret was a frightening, heartbreaking sight, and there was nothing he could do for her but win. Nothing. Her stare was vacant, almost idiotic. She had taken refuge in deaf, blind, unfeeling shock.

Kelly counted the figures still surviving on the board. An hour had passed since the game's beginning. Five pawns were still alive, among them the young corporal; one bishop, the nervy pilot; two rooks; two knights—ten-year-old frightened knights; Margaret, a rigid, staring queen; and himself, the king. The missing four? Butchered— butchered in senseless exchanges that had cost Pi Ying solid blocks of wood. The other soldiers had fallen silent, sullen in their own separate worlds.

"I think it's time for you to concede," said Pi Ying. "It's just about over, I'm

stood behind him, fitting a cigarette into an ornate ivory holder. "It's a very distressing thing about chess," said Barzov, admiring the holder, turning it this way and that. "There isn't a grain of luck in the game, you know. There's no excuse for the loser." His tone was pedantic, with the superciliousness of a teacher imparting profound truths to students who he was sure were too immature to understand.

Pi Ying shrugged. "Winning this game gives me very little satisfaction. Colonel Kelly has been a disappointment. By risking nothing, he has deprived the game of its subtlety and wit. I could expect more brilliance from my cook."

THE hot red of anger blazed over Kelly's cheeks, inflamed his ears. The muscles of his belly knotted; his legs moved apart. Pi Ying must not move his queen. If Pi Ying moved his queen, Kelly would lose; if Pi Ying moved his knight from Kelly's line of attack, Kelly would win. Only one thing might induce Pi Ying to move his knight—a fresh, poignant opportunity for sadism.



afraid. Do you concede, Colonel?" Major Barzov frowned wisely at the chessmen, shook his head slowly, and yawned.

Colonel Kelly tried to bring his mind and eyes back into focus. He had the sensation of burrowing, burrowing, burrowing his way through a mountain of hot sand, of having to keep going on and on, digging, squirming, suffocated, blinded. "Go to hell," he muttered. He concentrated on the pattern of the chessmen. As chess, the ghastly game had been absurd. Pi Ying had moved with no strategy other than to destroy white men. Kelly had moved to defend each of his chessmen at any cost, had risked none in offense. His powerful queen, knights and rooks stood unused in the relative safety of the two rear rows of squares. He clenched and unclenched his fists in frustration. His opponent's haphazard ranks were wide open. A checkmate of Pi Ying's king would be possible, if only the black knight weren't dominating the center of the board.

"Your move, Colonel. Two minutes," coaxed Pi Ying.

And then Kelly saw it—the price he would pay, that they all would pay, for the curse of conscience. Pi Ying had only to move his queen diagonally, three squares to the left, to put him in check. After that he needed to make one more move—in- evitable, irresistible—and then checkmate, the end. And Pi Ying would move his queen. The game seemed to have lost its piquancy for him; he had the air of a man eager to busy himself elsewhere.

The guerrilla chief was standing now, leaning over the balustrade. Major Barzov

"Concede, Colonel. My time is valuable," said Pi Ying.

"Is it all over?" asked the young corporal quizzically.

"Keep your mouth shut and stay where you are," said Kelly. He stared through shrewd, narrowed eyes at Pi Ying's knight, standing in the midst of the living chessmen, the horse's carved neck arched, nostrils flaring.

The pure geometry of the white chessmen's fate burst upon Kelly's consciousness. Its simplicity had the effect of a refreshing, chilling wind. A sacrifice had to be offered to Pi Ying's knight. If Pi Ying accepted the sacrifice, the game would be Kelly's. The trap was perfect and deadly save for one detail—bait.

"One minute, Colonel," said Pi Ying.

Kelly looked quickly from face to face, unmoved by the hostility or distrust or fear that he saw in each pair of eyes. One by one he eliminated the candidates for death. These four were vital to the sudden, crushing offense, and these must guard the king. Necessity like a child counting cenny, meeny, miney, mo around a circle, pointed its finger at the one chessman who could be sacrificed. There was only one.

Kelly didn't permit himself to think of the chessman as anything but a cipher in a rigid mathematical proposition: if x is dead, the rest shall live. He perceived the tragedy of his decision only as a man who knew the definition of tragedy, not as one who felt it.

"Twenty seconds!" said Barzov. He had taken the stop watch from Pi Ying.

The cold resolve deserted Kelly for an instant, and he saw the utter pathos of his position—a dilemma as old as mankind, as new as the struggle between East and West. When human beings are attacked, x , multiplied by hundreds or thousands, must die— sent to death by those who love them most. Kelly's profession was the choosing of x .

"Ten seconds," said Barzov.

"Jerry," said Kelly, his voice loud and sure, "move forward one square and two to your left." Trustingly, his son stepped out of the back rank and into the shadow of the black knight. Awareness seemed to be filtering back into Margaret's eyes. She turned her head when her husband spoke.

Pi Ying stared down at the board in bafflement. "Are you in your right mind, Colonel?" he asked at last. "Do you realize what you've just done?"

A faint smile crossed Barzov's face. He bent forward as though to whisper to Pi Ying, but apparently thought better of it. He leaned back against a pillar to watch Kelly's every move through a gauze of cigarette smoke.

Kelly pretended to be mystified by Pi Ying's words. And then he buried his face in his hands and gave an agonized cry. "Oh, God, no!"

"An exquisite mistake, to be sure," said Pi Ying. He excitedly explained the blunder to the young girl beside him. She turned away. He seemed infuriated by the gesture. "You've got to let me take him back," begged Kelly brokenly.

Pi Ying rapped on the balustrade with his knuckles. "Without rules, my friend, games become nonsense. We agreed that all moves would be final, and so they are." He motioned to a servant. "King's knight to king's bishop six!" The servant moved the piece onto the square where Jerry stood. The bait was taken, the game was Colonel Kelly's from here on in.

"What is he talking about?" murmured Margaret.

"Why keep your wife in suspense, Colonel?" said Pi Ying. "Be a good husband and answer her question, or should I?"

"Your husband sacrificed a knight," said Barzov, his voice overriding Pi Ying's. "You've just lost your son." His expression was that of an experimenter, keen, expectant, entranced.

Kelly heard the choking sound in Margaret's throat, caught her as she fell. He rubbed her wrists. "Darling, please—listen to me! He shook her more roughly than he had intended. Her reaction was explosive. Words cascaded from her—hysterical babble condemning him. Kelly locked her wrists together in his hands and listened dumbly to her broken abuse.

PI YING'S eyes bulged, transfixed by the fantastic drama below, oblivious of the tearful frenzy of the young girl behind him. She tugged at his blouse, pleading. He pushed her back without looking away from the board.

The tall T-4 suddenly dived at the nearest guard, driving his shoulder into the man's chest, his fist into his belly. Pi Ying's soldiers converged, hammered him to the floor and dragged him back to his square.

In the midst of the bedlam, Jerry burst into tears and raced terrified to his father and mother. Kelly freed Margaret, who dropped to her knees to hug the quaking child. Paul, Jerry's twin, held his ground, trembled, stared stolidly at the floor.

"Shall we get on with the game, Colonel?" asked Pi Ying, his voice high. Barzov turned his back to the board, unwilling to prevent the next step, apparently reluctant to watch it.

Kelly closed his eyes, and waited for Pi Ying to give the order to the executioners. He couldn't bring himself to look at Margaret and Jerry. Pi Ying waved his hand for silence. "It is with deep regret—" he began. His lips closed. The menace suddenly went out of his face, leaving only surprise and stupidity. The small man slumped on the balustrade, slithered over it to crash among his soldiers.

Major Barzov struggled with the Chinese

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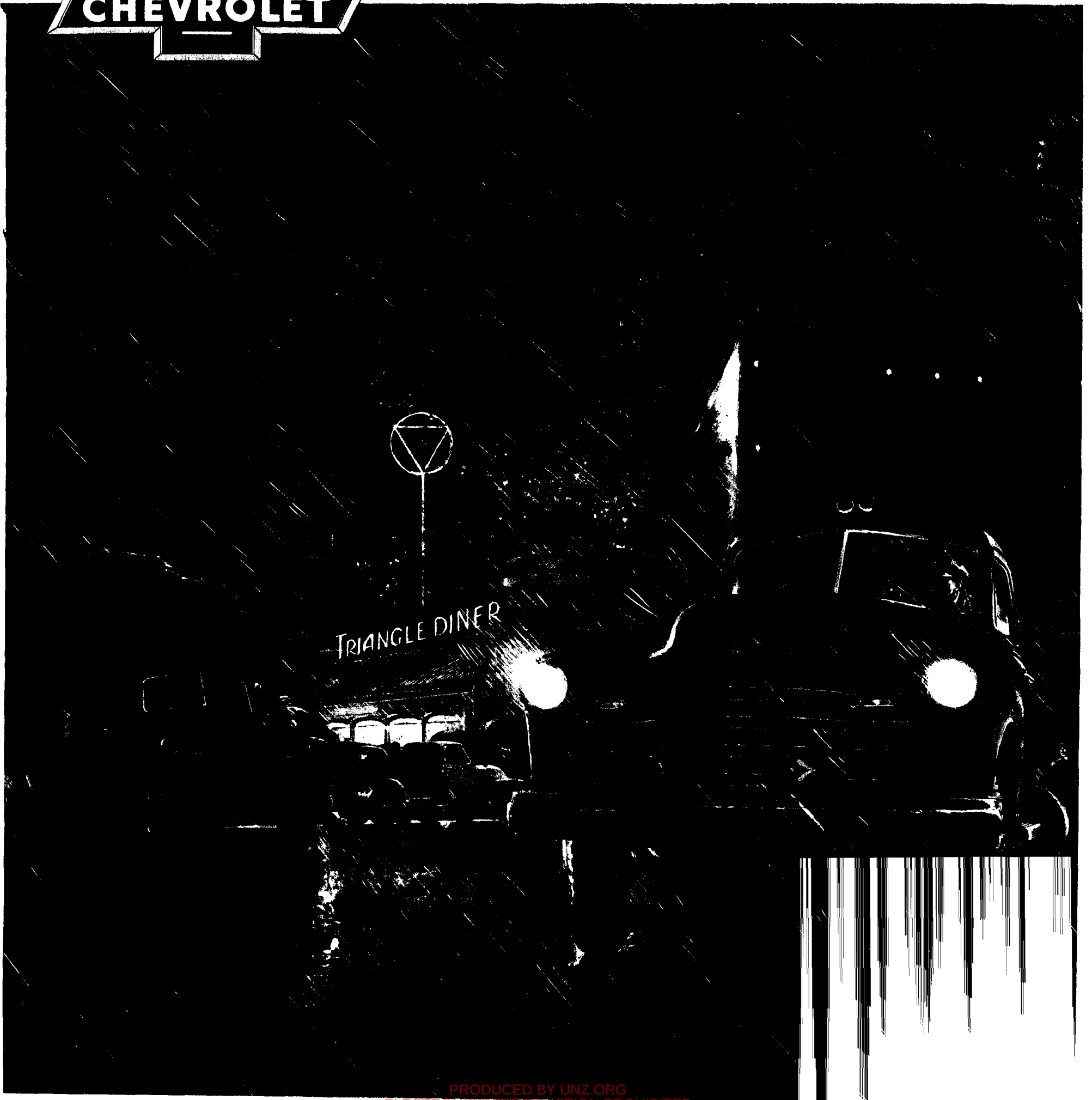
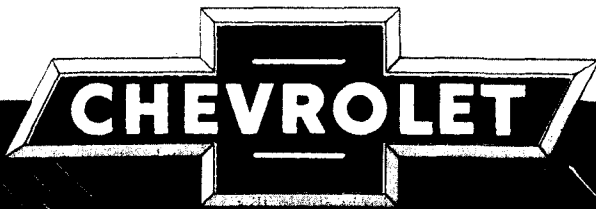
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girl. In her small hand, still free of his grasp, was a slender knife. She drove it into her breast and fell against the major. Barzov let her fall. He strode to the balustrade. "Keep the prisoners where they are!" he shouted at the guards. "Is he alive?" There was no anger in his voice, no sorrow—only irritation, resentment of inconvenience. A servant looked up and shook his head.

Barzov ordered servants and soldiers to carry out the bodies of Pi Ying and the girl. It was more the act of a scrupulous housekeeper than a pious mourner. No one questioned his brisk authority.

"So this is your party after all," said Kelly.

"The peoples of Asia have lost a very great leader," Barzov said severely. He smiled at Kelly oddly. "Though he wasn't without weaknesses, was he, Colonel?" He shrugged. "However, you've won only the initiative, not the game; and now you have me to reckon with instead of Pi Ying. Stay where you are, Colonel. I'll be back shortly."

He ground out his cigarette on the ornamented balustrade, returned the holder to his pocket with a flourish, and disappeared through the curtains.

"Is Jerry going to be all right?" whispered Margaret. It was a plea, not a question, as though mercy were Kelly's to dole out or to withhold.

"Only Barzov knows," he said. He was bursting to explain the moves to her, to make her understand why he had had no choice; but he knew that an explanation would only make the tragedy infinitely more cruel for her. Death through a blunder she might be able to understand; but death as a product of cool reason, a step in logic, she could never accept. Rather than accept it, she would have had them all die.

"Only Barzov knows," he repeated wearily. The bargain was still in force, the price of victory agreed to. Barzov apparently had yet to realize what it was that Kelly was buying with a life.

"How do we know Barzov will let us go if we do win?" said the T-4. "We don't, soldier. We don't."

And then another doubt began to worm into his consciousness. Perhaps he had won no more than a brief reprieve. . . .

Colonel Kelly had lost track of how long they'd waited there on the chessboard for Barzov's return. His nerves were deadened by surge after surge of remorse and by the steady pressure of terrible responsibility. His consciousness had lapsed into twilight. Margaret slept in utter exhaustion, with Jerry, his life yet to be claimed, in her arms. Paul had curled up on his square, covered by the young corporal's field jacket. On what had been Jerry's square, the horse's carved head snarling as though fire would burst from its nostrils, stood Pi Ying's black knight.

Kelly barely heard the voice from the balcony—mistook it for another jagged fragment in a nightmare. His mind attached no sense to the words, heard only their sound. And then he opened his eyes and saw Major Barzov's lips moving. He saw the arrogant challenge in his eyes, understood the words. "Since so much blood has been shed in this game, it would be a pitiful waste to leave it unresolved."

Barzov settled regally on Pi Ying's cushions, his black boots crossed. "I propose to beat you, Colonel, and I will be surprised if you give me trouble. It would be very upsetting to have you win by the transparent ruse that fooled Pi Ying. It isn't that easy any more. You're playing me now, Colonel. You won the initiative for a moment. I'll take it and the game now, without any more delay."

Kelly rose to his feet, his great frame monumental above the white chessmen sitting on the squares about him. Major Barzov wasn't above the kind of entertainment Pi Ying had found so diverting. But Kelly sensed the difference between the major's

demeanor and that of the guerrilla chief. The major was resuming the game, not because he liked it, but because he wanted to prove that he was one hell of a bright fellow, and that the Americans were dirt. Apparently, he didn't realize that Pi Ying had already lost the game. Either that, or Kelly had miscalculated.

In his mind, Kelly moved every piece on the board, driving his imagination to show him the flaw in his plan, if a flaw existed—if the hellish, heartbreaking sacrifice was for nothing. In an ordinary game, with nothing at stake but bits of wood, he would have called upon his opponent to concede, and the game would have ended there. But now, playing for flesh and blood, an aching, ineradicable doubt overshadowed the clean-cut logic of the outcome. Kelly dared not reveal that he planned to attack and win in three moves—not until he had made the moves, not until Barzov had lost every chance to exploit the flaw, if there was one.

"What about Jerry?" cried Margaret. "Jerry? Oh, of course, the little boy. Well, what about Jerry, Colonel?" asked Barzov. "I'll make a special concession, if

could be no out for Barzov. This was it—the last of the three moves.

"Well," said Barzov, "is that the best you can do? I'll simply move my queen in front of my king." The servant moved the piece. "Now it will be a different story."

"Take his queen," said Kelly to his farthest-advanced pawn, the battered T-4.

Barzov jumped to his feet. "Wait!" "You didn't see it? You'd like to take it back?" taunted Kelly.

BARZOV paced back and forth on his balcony, breathing hard. "Of course I saw it!"

"It was the only thing you could do to save your king," said Kelly. "You may take it back if you like, but you'll find it's the only move you can make."

"Take the queen and get on with the game," shouted Barzov. "Take her!"

"Take her," echoed Kelly, and the servant trundled the huge piece to the side lines. The T-4 now stood blinking at Barzov's king, inches away. Colonel Kelly said it very softly this time: "Check."

Barzov exhaled in exasperation. "Check indeed." His voice grew louder. "No credit to you, Colonel Kelly, but to the monumental stupidity of Pi Ying."

"And that's the game, Major." The T-4 laughed idiotically, the corporal sat down, the lieutenant threw his arms around Colonel Kelly. The two children gave a cheer. Only Margaret stood fast, still rigid, frightened.

"The price of your victory, of course, has yet to be paid," said Barzov acidly. "I presume you're ready to pay now?"

Kelly whitened. "That was the understanding, if it would give you satisfaction to hold me to it."

Barzov placed another cigarette in his ivory holder, taking a scowling minute to do it. When he spoke, it was in the tone of the pedant once more, the wielder of profundities. "No, I won't take the boy. I feel as Pi Ying felt about you—that you, as Americans, are the enemy, whether an official state of war exists or not.

I look upon you as prisoners of war.

"However, as long as there is no official state of war, I have no choice, as a representative of my government, but to see that all of you are conducted safely through the lines. This was my plan when I resumed the game where Pi Ying left off. Your being freed has nothing to do with my personal feelings, nor with the outcome of the game. My winning would have delighted me and taught you a valuable lesson. But it would have made no difference in your fates." He lighted his cigarette and continued to look at them with severity.

"That's very chivalrous of you, Major," said Kelly.

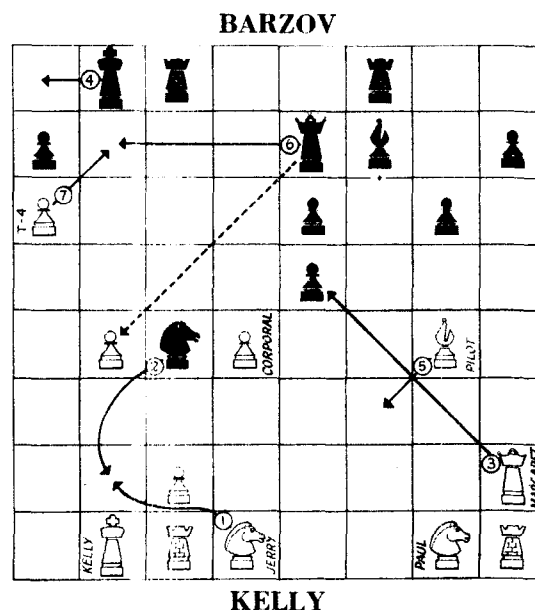
"A matter of practical politics, I assure you. It wouldn't do to precipitate an incident between our countries just now. For a Russian to be chivalrous with an American is a spiritual impossibility, a contradiction in terms. In a long and bitter history, we've learned and learned well to reserve our chivalry for Russians." His expression became one of complete contempt. "Perhaps you'd like to play another game, Colonel—plain chess with wooden chessmen, without Pi Ying's refinement. I don't like to have you leave here thinking you play a better game than I."

"That's nice of you, but not this evening."

"Well, then, some other time." Major Barzov motioned for the guards to open the door of the throne room. "Some other time," he said again. "There will be others like Pi Ying eager to play you with live men, and I hope I will again be privileged to be an observer." He smiled brightly. "When and where would you like it to be?" "Unfortunately, the time and the place are up to you," said Colonel Kelly wearily. "If you insist on arranging another game, issue an invitation, Major, and I'll be there."

THE END

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you like. Would you want to take the move back?" The major was urbane, a caricature of cheerful hospitality.

"Without rules, Major, games become nonsense," said Kelly flatly. "I'd be the last to ask you to break them."

Barzov's expression became one of profound sympathy. "Your husband, madame, has made the decision, not I." He pressed the button on the stop watch. "You may keep the boy with you until the Colonel has fumbled all of your lives away. Your move, Colonel. Ten minutes."

"Take his pawn," Kelly ordered Margaret. She didn't move. "Margaret! Do you hear me?"

"Help her, Colonel, help her," chided Barzov.

Kelly took Margaret by the elbow, led her unresisting to the square where a black pawn stood. Jerry tagged along, keeping his mother between himself and Kelly. Kelly returned to his square, dug his hands into his pockets, and watched a servant take the black pawn from the board. "Check, Major. Your king is in check."

Barzov raised an eyebrow. "Check, did you say? What shall I do about this annoyance? How shall I get you back to some of the more interesting problems on the board?" He gestured to a servant. "Move my king over one square to the left."

"Move diagonally one square toward me, Lieutenant," Kelly ordered the pilot. The pilot hesitated. "Move! Do you hear?"

"Yessir! The tone was mocking. "Retreating, eh, sir?" The lieutenant slouched into the square, slowly, insolently.

"Check again, Major," Kelly said evenly. He motioned to the lieutenant. "Now my bishop has your king in check." He closed his eyes and told himself again and again that he had made no miscalculation, that the sacrifice had won the game, that there

Gene Tunney's Place in Ring History

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

that champions always choose their conquerors: they look like the softer touches beforehand.

It occurs to me that Tunney, because of his style, would have had a much better chance than most fans think to defeat Dempsey if they could have been matched at their respective peaks. Conversely, Dempsey with comparative ease liquidated tough opponents who would have raised Cain with Tunney. So, on balance Dempsey was a far greater fighter.

Jack's value to the game, too, was greater than that of any other champion. Dempsey and World War I increased public interest in prize fighting and made millions of new fans. Military training awakened the young men to the value of boxing as a sport and spectacle and, fortunately, Dempsey was there to provide the spectacle.

Boasts Mask Secret Fears

As for Gene Tunney, I've been asked for an objective evaluation of the man. I know him so well. I know, for example, that he had his moments of fear—and when they occurred, to help build up a barrier against his anxiety, he resorted to brave utterances within earshot of sports writers. He boasted that he would lick Dempsey, probably in two or three rounds. (Such effrontery.) It made headlines.

Fear is a common emotion experienced by prize fighters. At least once in most champions' careers, and oftener with less capable fighters, they experience almost overpowering fear which frequently helps them lose. Jim Jeffries was afraid of Jack Johnson; Firpo was afraid of Dempsey—that's why he banked everything on a swift, crushing onslaught, which almost succeeded. Carnera was afraid of Max Baer, and Max was scared witless of Joe Louis. I doubt, however, if either Dempsey or Joe Louis was ever afraid of anyone—certainly Dempsey was far from afraid of Tunney.

Tunney had the wondrous knack of thinking of a fight as a noble cause. Accordingly, like a crusader of old, he put his heart and very soul into the winning. He would rather have been killed in the ring than to have lost to Greb in the second fight, or to Dempsey in either fight. It takes considerably more than mere skill and strength to defeat that spirit. My pugilistic protégé would have to have this faculty.

Typical of Tunney's turn of mind, he decided that he would topple Dempsey from his throne seven years before he actually did it. To him it was as simple a decision as making up his mind to buy a new suit when he got out of service.

It came to Tunney while he was talking to Corporal Jack McReynolds, the company clerk, while the two were leaning on the rail of a boat sailing down the Rhine. Tunney was one of a group of A.E.F. fighters sent to Germany to entertain the occupation forces. Tunney asked McReynolds, who had been a sports writer before the war, if he had ever heard of Dempsey. As it happened, McReynolds had refereed one of Dempsey's fights, in addition to covering a few for his newspaper.

"He'll murder Jess Willard and take the championship away from him," McReynolds predicted. "But Dempsey can be defeated by speed, defense and scientific form. When Dempsey loses, it won't be because he's outfought, but because he's outboxed." Tunney told McReynolds then and there, on the Rhine in 1919, that someday he was going to lick Dempsey.

When he finally got within hailing distance of the crown, Tunney started laying the groundwork for the clash with Dempsey. In 1921, the ex-Marine was matched in a prelim battle with Soldier Jones of

Canada, preceding the main event at Boyle's Thirty Acres in Jersey City—Dempsey versus Carpentier. Tunney had put on a lot of weight since his previous fight, and it slowed him down so he couldn't get out of his own way, no less that of Soldier Jones. Several of the Jones boy's wild swings landed on Tunney's jaw in the first round.

Gene's career could very well have ended ignominiously that day. There probably weren't three people among the 90,000 souls who witnessed that dismal spectacle who would have taken a 100 to 1 bet that the sluggish Tunney with the powder-puff punch would later defeat both of the principals in the main bout.

After this mediocre exhibition, Tunney stayed near the ring, still clad in trunks and robe, to watch the main event. He studied closely Dempsey's famous shifting, weaving, crouching, the shuffle-in, blazing speed and tremendous wallops. In the second round Tunney spotted what he was looking for—the chink in Dempsey's armor. Carpentier got in there, without feinting or jabbing to produce an opening, and landed a smashing right blow on Dempsey's cheek. It rocked Dempsey on his heels and for a moment he was dazed. Far from a knock-out, but it told Tunney volumes. Gene made a mental note—Dempsey could be hit with a straight right and hurt. This was later proved again in the famous bout with Firpo, when the Wild Bull of the Pampas, clumsy as an inebriated pachyderm but packing a terrific wallop, sent Dempsey sprawling out of the ring with an unannounced, ponderous right smash.

Gene had the perfect plan but not the weapons to carry the plan out. His hands were tender and easily bruised. Since he couldn't rely on landing a KO punch against Dempsey, he had to perfect his boxing technique. He figured that Dempsey would depend on his own brain-numbing punches to stop Tunney and would neglect his boxing practice.

To repair his battered hands, he worked for a few months in a Canadian lumber camp, chopping down trees. After months of ax swinging, his knuckles mended and his hands were sound. He still wasn't going to rely entirely on them.

Meanwhile, the newspapers helped Tunney's game by constantly playing up his brittle hands and the fact that he would probably indulge in a running boxing match. It's fair to assume that Dempsey made his plans accordingly.

Studying Dempsey's Defense

Tunney went to every Dempsey bout after the Carpentier battle to memorize the champion's every stance and move. He obtained motion pictures of training-camp activities and earlier battles, as well as of those he himself had seen. He ran them over and over again, studying them for weak points in Dempsey's defense. Convinced that only a straight right, with everything behind it, would floor Dempsey, he practiced sharpening his blows with heavy and fast punching bags. Tunney's plan was to land his long-practiced blow as early as possible in the first round. If it didn't work, he'd box his way to victory on points.

When he got into the ring, he was relaxed. Dempsey on the other hand was tense and nervous. Tunney increased Dempsey's tension by taking his time as his hands were taped.

The fight started precisely as Tunney had figured—as all of Dempsey's fights had started. Dempsey rushed in ready to floor Tunney, who fended him off. He charged a second time, and again Tunney eluded him and clinched to heighten the impression that he wanted to make it a waltz con-



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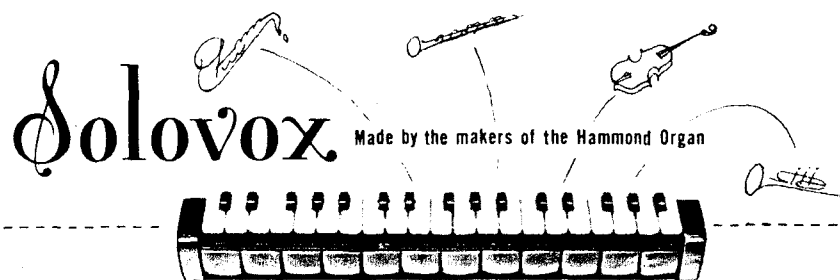
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test. Dempsey came in for the third rush, readying a wide left hook, his head down as always.

Tunney stepped in, as he had practiced so many times, caught his right heel in a depression in the canvas which gave him just the right leverage and unleashed a pistonlike straight right—the punch he had learned from Carpentier. It missed Dempsey's jaw but smashed against his cheek. Jack was stopped in his tracks, his knees sagged. Tunney could see he was badly hurt.

Perhaps if that blow had met Dempsey's chin, it would have knocked him out. In any case, it won the fight for Tunney. It took all the steam out of Dempsey, and it was comparatively easy for Tunney to sail along for the rest of the fight and cut the champion to ribbons. At the end—instead of people trying to figure out what was right about Tunney, they were all muttering: "What was the matter with Dempsey? He didn't fight his fight. There was something wrong with him." Sure there was, Tunney said; it was that straight right in the first round—the unexpected blow—which dazed Dempsey and paved the way for his defeat.

Tunney did have one weakness which could have cost him his career at an early stage. He was a sucker for a sob story. When he fought Battling Levinsky in 1922, Bat pleaded with Tunney in the final round not to knock him out. Tunney took him seriously and slackened his efforts. This was what Levinsky was waiting for, and he immediately let loose a savage blow designed to pulverize Tunney. But Bat's cunning was greater than his prowess and the ruse didn't work.

Twice again, Tunney heeded pleas of badly battered veterans not to finish them off—once against the very man who had previously given him the worst beating of his career, the incomparable Harry Greb.

His first meeting with Greb was easily the most bloody slug fest ever put on in New York City in modern times. During the fight, Doc Bagley, Tunney's manager, to stop the flow of blood from a broken nose, repeatedly filled the palm of his hand with adrenalin chloride and had Tunney snuff it up his nasal passages. He used up six bottles in all, which made Tunney violently ill by the twelfth round.

The Only Time He Passed Out

Besides his smashed nose, both eyes sported cuts three inches long which refused to stop bleeding despite adrenalin; and his torso was a kaleidoscopic hunk of bent ribs and raw flesh. After he was dumped into his bed at the hotel, Tunney passed out cold, for the first and only time. Normally, after his fights he felt the extreme tension he kept under control before the battle, and had trouble sleeping.

This fight was also the beginning of his breakup with Doc Bagley. When Bagley came to see him at the hotel the next day, still too weak from the punishment he had taken to rise early, all Bagley could say was, "What trouble you caused me last night trying to keep you on your feet." Not a word of sympathy or encouragement. Tunney had bad luck with his next manager, too. Billy Gibson, who though lovable proved quite irresponsible.

Tunney lacked the ability to hate, which might have imbued him with the killer instinct so noticeably lacking in his make-up. He was severely criticized for this "shortcoming," particularly after the Carpentier fight, which he took easily though he made no great effort to put the Frenchman to sleep. Even his stanch friend, W. O. McGeehan, wrote with great reluctance that he feared Tunney lacked this essential quality of a truly great fighter.

Dempsey and Joe Louis were endowed with the killer instinct to a high degree, as were many lesser champions; it made them spectacular and, accordingly, good newspaper copy, therefore more popular.

The nearest Tunney ever came to hating an opponent was when he was preparing to



fight Jack Hanlon, a Wall Street runner, shortly after being discharged from service. A friend of Tunney's told him that Hanlon was being free with publicly voiced references to "that bum Tunney." When they met in the ring, Tunney went at Hanlon like a gored bull. Within 30 seconds, Hanlon was on the floor, senseless, blood streaming from his mouth, his jaw broken. Perhaps if Tunney had shown more of this capacity for viciousness stemming from anger in later, more important battles, he would have been more popular with the press and public.

Tunney always had, and still has, the greatest respect and admiration for Jack Dempsey. And for Harry Greb, the man who gave him the worst licking of his life. Greb, who was later beaten four times by Tunney, was one of his best friends.

Tunney made his share of mistakes, too, proving at least that he was human, some sports writers to the contrary. One of his earliest bloopers, which could have blasted him from the ladder leading to the championship, involved the then Italian champion, Erminio Spalla. It happened at Yankee Stadium in 1924.

In the first round, Tunney found himself at the wrong end of a barrage of swings. He was astonished. He thought he knew Spalla's style well. They had trained together for months and had boxed with each other countless times. Yet there was Tunney taking all the punishment and giving none. In the brief minute between the first and second round, Tunney ruminated on this strange and perplexing state of affairs. He realized that Spalla was out to make the kill but how come Tunney couldn't stay out of his way? He managed to figure it out—every time he feinted, Spalla pressed in with lefts and rights. And in feinting, Tunney would pull back, supposedly out of his reach. It was an orthodox maneuver, but that put his head in position to receive a long secondary barrage following Spalla's original misses.

In the second round, Tunney changed his tactics—after each feint, instead of drawing his head back, he leaned forward and brought it down. Spalla's swings tattooed the top of his noggin—and for the rest of the fight, none of the intended hay-

makers landed. Tunney won the fight by a technical KO in a few rounds.

Tunney was surprised at the to-do made over the fact that he could read higher literature. The way feature writers put it, an artistic nature and boxing ability rarely are teammates. Yet, for example, Spalla, who had a fine singing voice and cherished ambitions to be an opera singer, was one of a long list of contradictions to this theory. John L. Sullivan acted in *Honest Hearts* and *Willing Hands*. Jack Johnson played a part in *Aida*. Jim Corbett played the title role in *Cashel Byron's Profession*, George Bernard Shaw's novel about early nineteenth-century prize fighting, inspired by an Irish prize fighter, Gentleman Jack Burke. Shaw himself was once an amateur boxer—his sparring partner was a famous poet—and he was a great booster of Tunney's. (Shaw had predicted that Tunney would beat Dempsey after he saw the movies of the Tunney-Carpentier bout.) George Hackenschmidt, a onetime great European wrestler, wrote a book of philosophy after he retired which earned high praise from Shaw. Jack London was noted for his boxing ability. Among contemporaries, Max Baer is still a successful actor; Mickey Walker is a passably proficient fine-artist; and Ernest Hemingway is highly esteemed as a boxer who sometimes writes. Obviously, brains and brawn make excellent matchmates.

Although Tunney read a lot of books as a youth, his brush with higher literature was the result of his friendship with Corporal McReynolds, the company clerk of his Marine outfit. McReynolds gave him a book of Shakespeare's works. Their camp life was so boring—their major assignment was to play nursemaid to a hangar full of blimps—that Tunney had plenty of time to read and reread the Bard. It took him several perusals to begin to understand *A Winter's Tale*. He trained for the A.E.F. championship on *Hamlet* and *Othello*.

When Harry Greb first heard that Tunney invariably read a heavy novel before each fight, he told him: "You're crazy." That was the general attitude.

While he was training in the Adirondacks for the first fight with Jack Dempsey, Tunney read Samuel Butler's *The Way of*

All Flesh. One day, Brian Bell of the Associated Press dropped in for an interview and spotted the book. He pumped Tunney and learned of his particular fondness for Shakespeare. Tired of the routine stories coming out of the training camps, Bell went back and filed a highly dramatized story of how the Fighting Marine had become the Great Shakespearean.

Sports pages everywhere picked it up with wisecracks and silly jeers. People everywhere scoffed—"How can a prize fighter train on a book?"

This was exactly what Tunney wanted, for it helped Dempsey to underestimate him. Mike Trant, Dempsey's bodyguard, enhanced the illusion by reporting to Dempsey: "The fight's in the bag. That s.o.b. is up there reading a book!"

A Case of Mutual Gratitude

For the second fight with Dempsey, Tunney trained on *Of Human Bondage*. When Tunney met Somerset Maugham some time later, he thanked him for the help his novel had given him in licking Dempsey the second time.

"My dear fellow," Maugham replied phlegmatically, "I want to thank you for the most free advertising I ever had."

A short while after the second fight with Dempsey, Tunney lectured on *Troilus and Cressida* at Yale. When Dempsey heard from newspapermen that Tunney had given this lecture, he pondered for a while, shrugged his shoulders, then cracked: "If it helps his racket, I'm for it."

For his last fight, with Tom Heeney, the game New Zealander, Tunney trained on *Thoreau*, which may have given him the urge to retire to bucolic peace with his books and memories. For 16 months after he retired, which time was spent in Europe, he led the life of a traveler voracious for knowledge. But Tunney soon discovered that a vigorous young man can't live on books and travel alone. So, he dispatched the book-loving pugilist to the nether world, returned to the U.S.A. and has imitated the businessman ever since.

During my extensive travels then and since, I have observed firsthand the esteem in which people the world over hold prize-fighting champions. Because of the universality of the sport, they are held in higher regard than any other type of athlete. Our other sports are not as popular in other countries. Accordingly, the great names, for instance, of football, baseball, basketball and the like are practically unheard of. But in even the remotest countries, ring gladiators are appreciated.

Everywhere in the world (and I have visited practically all of it) my receptions have been enthusiastic and large, with one exception. Even as late as 1944, in Montevideo, Uruguay, 16 years after retiring as champion, the greeting accorded me in the streets was filled with good will and affection. But in one major European capital, which I visited in 1931, not one person met me at the station or paid any attention to my arrival, although the station was teeming with people. All during our three-week stay, not a soul acted as if I were anybody other than a visiting American salesman. That was in Moscow. Tokyo and Shanghai were complete contrasts. The enthusiasm was unbounded.

These more or less random reminiscences should give the young man I spoke of at the beginning of this article an indication of what is in store for him. It should give him an idea of the kind of fame and calumny, riches and stretches of indigence, exaltation and depression he can expect to have. And at the end of his career, with me, he might think: "A sporting life may not be noble, but it's never dull." THE END

Next Week

The Personal Memoirs of Herbert Hoover

The Last Word on Holmes

MY NAME is Dr. Watson, and for more than 50 years I have been hanging about the Baker Street lodgings of my friend Sherlock Holmes, taking his guff and all that. Back at the turn of the century when Holmes was at his peak, he could size up any client in a trice. "You, sir," he used to say, "had bloater for breakfast: I know because your cravat still smells like Brighton Beach. No, no, don't tell me your name. I am quite aware I am addressing Ludwig Tadpole Tophaven, fifth Duke of Wassail-Pippin." He has slowed up a lot since then.

Modern man has become so difficult to figure out that today even a trained psychiatrist must prod for hours just to find out a patient's home address so he knows where to send the bill. In our vague new world, Holmes has need of greater stimulants than needle candy and violin concertos to keep with deducing. He finally has lost his grip, and I shall endeavor to recount the events in what I purpose to call The Singular Case of the Plural Twosome.

Our visitors had taken their leave so rapidly that on the way out they bowled over Mrs. Hudson, our landlady. Holmes watched them off from our picture window. Then quietly plunging himself full of Benzedrine, the great man turned to me.

"Well, Watson," he said, "what do you make of them?"

"Really, Holmes," I sputtered, "the woman was magnificent. Didn't think much of him though. Blighter looked like something won in a raffle."

"You have eyes, but you see not, Watson," Holmes said. (That Holmes! He thinks he knows everything. Well, just wait till those liver spots catch up with him. Then we'll see who's the straight man in this act!)

"Obviously," he continued, "the man is the owner of a television set."

"Amazing!" I responded. "However did you know?"

"By the way he answered my questions without once turning his head. People who watch television a lot acquire this habit. It comes from being forced into conversation by a guest at the very moment one must keep one's eyes glued to the screen so as not to miss a bit of Kukla, Fran and Ollie. I might also add his place of business is many miles from his home."

"You mean the man is a commuter?" I asked.

"Yes. And an unsociable fellow to boot."

"Come, come, Holmes," I cried. "Now you are twitting me!"

"I was never more serious, my dear Watson," Holmes tugged at his long white fingers. "Did you notice how our man sat down directly in the center of the sofa, taking up all the room? That is a typical commuter's trick, squatting oneself in the middle of a carriage seat so as to have space to open up one's newspaper."

"But why brand him unsociable?" I demanded.

"Had he been a sociable chap, he would have turned the sofa around and sat with his back to us."

"But why on earth why?"

"So that he could ride backwards and enjoy a rubber of bridge with the chaps in the seat opposite. Another thing I deduced is that both the man and the woman go shopping together at the supermarket." Holmes smiled so patronizingly that I could stand it no longer.

"I gather you gathered that," I began, "from their entrance when they so carefully skirted your end tables as if fearful of tipping over a pyramid of Canned Corn Specials? Or possibly because the lady kept picking up and examining your bric-a-brac in the manner of one accustomed to reading the labels on tapioca boxes so that she doesn't get laundry starch by mistake? Or was it because the gentleman walked about with his arms extended, unconsciously slipping into the behavior pattern of a husband long addicted to pushing basket carts?"

"Precisely!" Holmes exclaimed, clapping me on the shoulder so smartly that I slipped a pectoral. "You are improving, Watson!"

"Not only am I improving, Holmes," I said, "but you are getting lousier. While you sat over there fingering your violin and deducing away like mad, I engaged the young lady in conversation, thereby

Collier's for February 10, 1951

CARL ROSE



The sofa springs are broken down in the middle, so he winds up in the cave-in

By W. F. MIKSCH

getting the facts firsthand, just as Michael Shayne or Sam Spade would do it. The truth is, you were wrong on every count!"

Holmes pooh-poohed the idea, but I out-poohed him.

"The man is not a commuter," I pointed out, "they do not own a video, and whether or not they shop at the supermarket has no bearing whatever on their actions. They simply are a couple who for long months have been trying to build a home. His habit of staring into space results from weeks of peering through open studding, searching for some sign of the contractor who had promised to be around with the window sashes the first week of January if not sooner. Tiring of this lonely vigil in his half-finished house, our gentleman went out and rented a floor-sanding machine just for something to do. He has been running it all today, which accounts for the peculiar way he holds his arms."

During my recital, Holmes's chagrin was touching, but I went doggedly on, destroying our beautiful friendship and enjoying every minute of it.

"The reason the woman pounced upon your bric-a-brac, Holmes, is quite rudimentary. She is searching for something she can give the painters, some bit of color sample that is just the exact shade she wants for the dining room. Naturally, being a lady, she hasn't yet found it."

"But how about the way he sat on the sofa?" Holmes gasped.

"Elementary, my dear Holmes. While waiting for their house to be completed, they've taken up residence in a furnished room. The sofa there is broken down in the middle—springs, you know—so that no matter which end he starts out sitting down on, he eventually winds up in the cave-in anyway. Hence the poor chap has conditioned himself to sitting in the center of seats to begin with."

Holmes clapped an artistic hand to his high forehead. Since I had awaited this moment for fifty years, I admit I gloated.

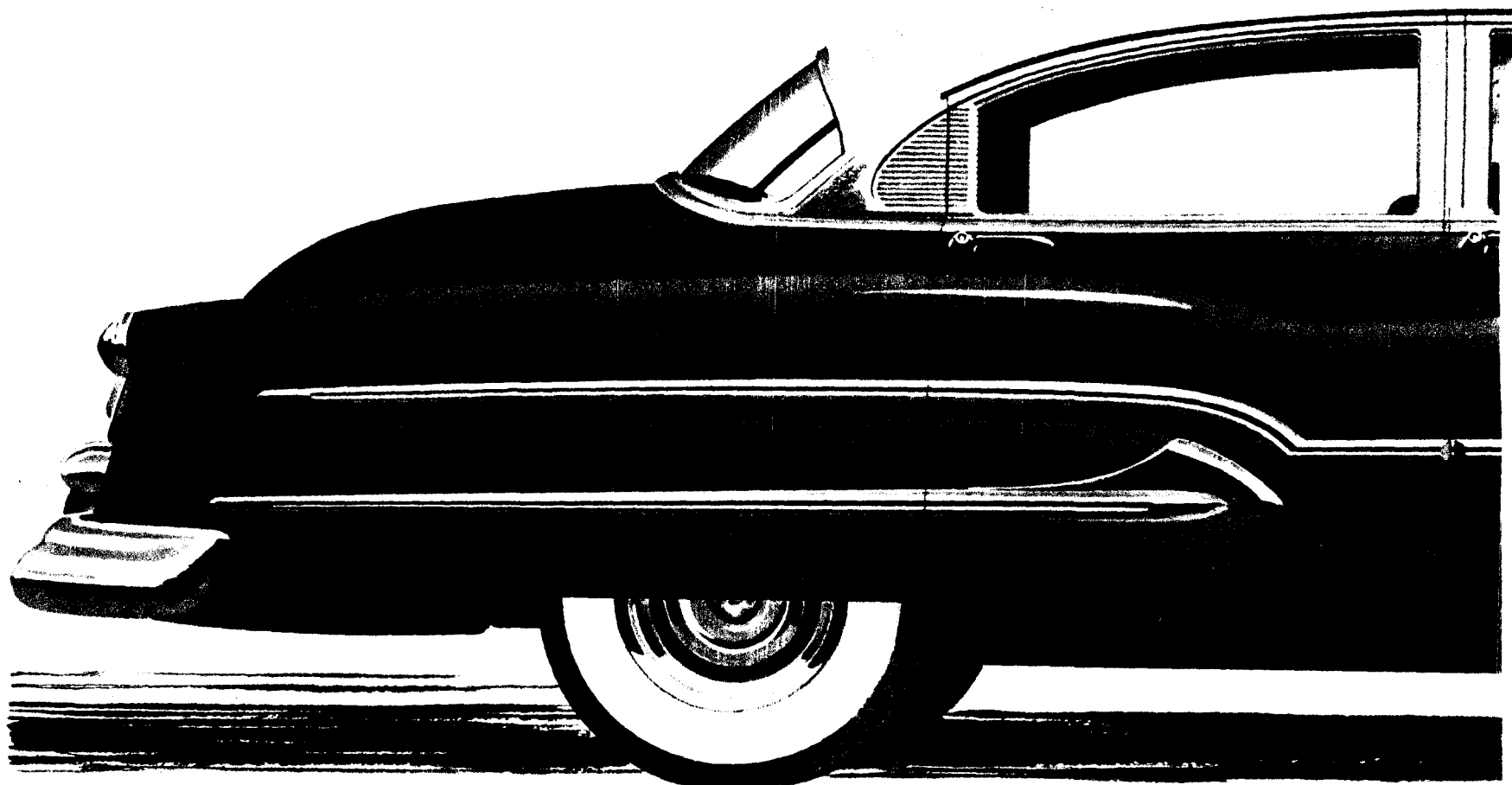
"Ah, I must be getting old!" Holmes cried.

"Yes, Holmes—and too small for your britches," said I.

THE END

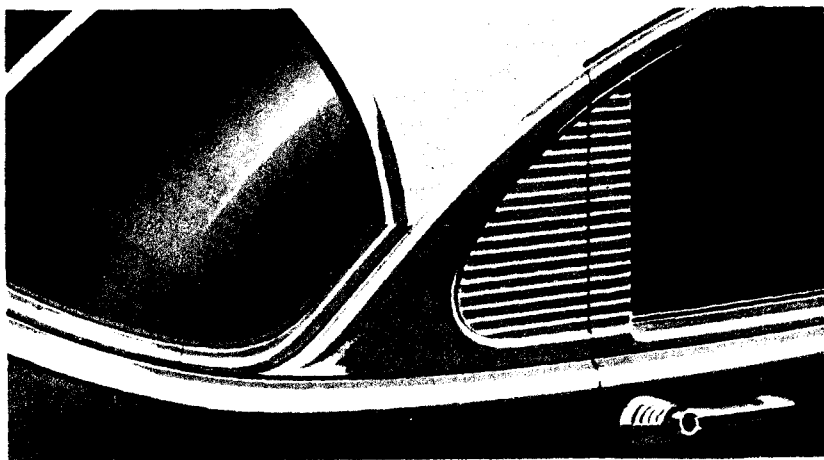
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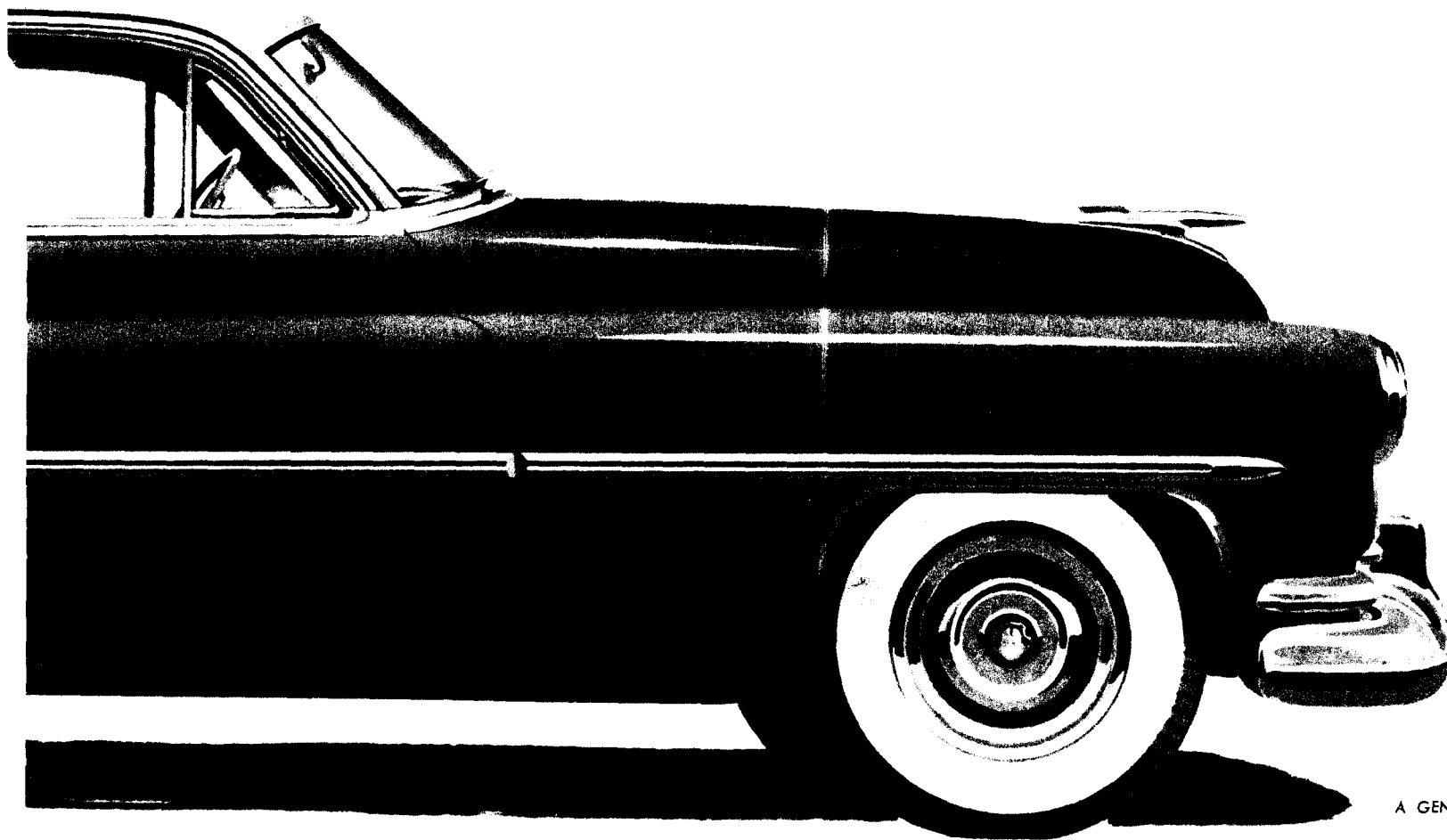
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You Want to Watch a Tourist Every Minute

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

The count gazed at Milly with sad, adoring eyes. "I can't do anything," he said.

"I guess you're right," Milly said. "Somebody's got to do something," I said, looking at Charley. "We've got a buck eighty-five in the kitty." I forgot about Charley for the moment. "This certainly is a lousy time for you to lose your allowance for a month, Wesley!"

"You can't make me feel any worse," Wesley said.

Wesley was a tall, stooped, leathery-faced old man. He had been a barber back in Social Center, Georgia, before his daughter Adele Langley had become one of the highest-paid actresses in Hollywood. Adele had done her best to train him, but the old man was always getting out of line. Adele's punishment was always the same: no allowance for a month. Wesley spent a good deal of time with us at the Mountain Vista. He seemed to feel at home there. He loved to play pinocle with me and he loved to argue with the count. When we were working—any of us—it did not matter whether or not he was on his allowance. And when he was on his allowance it didn't matter whether or not any of us were working. This time, it was serious. Wesley couldn't have appealed to Adele for mercy, even if he'd wanted to. She had closed her Beverly Hills house and had gone East for a month.

"You're sure there's no more food at Adele's?" I asked Wesley.

"Positive. The count and I cleaned the cupboard bare."

WESLEY had a key—he had the run of the house when Adele wasn't mad at him—and he and the count had moved into Adele's pantry with gunny sacks the first week she'd been gone. We had eaten high on the hog for a while.

"Then it comes right back to you, Charley. You've got to hit this old babe Zoe for that loan. Say maybe a couple of hundred. We can pay her back later out of Wesley's allowance."

"But there's my pride," Charley said. "Like I told you."

"Pride, my friend," the count said, "is an insidious thing."

"Shut up, Count," I said.

"How far gone is she?" I asked Charley. "What'd you do yesterday afternoon?"

"Well, we ride around town in this car she's rented. Her and me and a big feisty dog named D. H. Lawrence. Along about drink time she takes me up to her suite at the Knickerbocker. She orders up ice for drinks and two pounds of rare roast beef out of the kitchen for D.H.'s supper. Then she goes in her bedroom to change clothes. The roast beef comes and I eat half of it and give the other half to D.H., just to keep him quiet. Zoe comes out of her bedroom wearing a dressing gown looks like a feed sack. I have a couple of drinks and I leave."

The count butted in again. "About pride," he said. "I, for instance, have no pride. I'm in love with Milly and I don't care who knows it. I know she doesn't love me. But she can't hurt my feelings. Watch this, Charley. Go on and try it, Milly, darling. Try and hurt my feelings!"

"I don't want to hurt your feelings," Milly said. "Not now, anyhow."

"I challenge you!"

"Okay, if you're going to insist. Maybe it'll keep you quiet, anyhow," Milly thought for a moment. Then she said, "I don't think you're a count at all. I think you're a bum. I wish to hell you'd get out of my sight, you bum!"

The count smiled eagerly. "You see, Charley! I'm smiling. I'm happy. I have no pride at all. Isn't that wonderful?"

"This isn't getting us anywhere at all," I said. "What about it, Charley? You wouldn't leave your friends go hungry, would you?"

Charley squirmed uncomfortably. He was on the defensive, now. "Well, I don't think it would work, is all," he said.

I moved in for the kill. "Here's the pitch," I said. "When she picks you up, ride her around. Give it a Jimmy Stewart treatment. Be boyish and charming. I know you can do it, kid!"

"Show her the movie stars' homes," Milly said.

"I don't know where any movie stars live," Charley said. "Except Johnny Mack Brown. And Adele, naturally."

"Say, that gives me a money-making idea!" Wesley said.

"I have an idea, too," the count said. "Huh!" Milly said.

"Hold off, you guys," I said to Wesley and the count. I spoke to Charley again. "That's a fine idea, kid. It doesn't make any difference whether you know where any stars live or not. Every time you pass some big, expensive load tell her Crosby or Grant or Colbert or somebody important lives there. Tell her little anecdotes of the 'So I said to Claudette' type. That'll impress her!"

"Kiss her hand," the count said. "Tell her how much you hate southern California," Milly said.

"Yeah," I said. "Tell her you're dying to get out of this intellectual vacuum and back to the Big Town. Tell her you'd love to get back to the theater, but, in spite of all the irons you have in the fire, you're broke. Grin a little, bravely..."

He was on the ropes. I could see it in his eyes. "Then take her hand. Maybe kiss her ear, if you can bring yourself to do it. Then sit back and wait for her to offer you a loan!"

Charley groaned. "All right, all right. I'll give it a trial."

"Atta boy!" I said. "About my plan," Wesley said. "As insurance, like—"

"Mine, too!" the count said. "Don't forget my plan!"

"Go ahead, Count," I said, mostly to shut him up.

The count was looking at Milly. His eyes seemed to melt with tenderness. He sighed. "Have you ever eaten a swan, my friends? There are swans in Griffith Park. A man fast on his feet should have no trouble catching a swan."

"You crazy?" Milly said. "All that neck?"

"Like duck," the count said. "Only better."

"That's not a bad idea, Count," Wesley

said, "except that a man can't get much of a balanced diet off a swan. And, like Milly says, there's all that neck. Now you folks stand by until I get back. If this thing goes through we'll need you, too. Charley, when you can get away. If we're not here call us at Adele's."

The old man left us.

Charley dressed. He was knotting my best tie when I heard a car pull up to the curb. I looked out the window. A large and aggressive-looking middle-aged woman was steaming up the front walk. I felt like a commuter watching the Weehawken ferry nose into its slip. Charley came to the window.

"Zoe," he said through tightened lips.

I shook his hand and tried to make honest commiseration seem like a casual farewell.

IT WAS almost dark when Wesley returned. I heard him yelling at me from out in front of the Mountain Vista. "Hey, Slim!" he called. "Y'all come on. Bring clothes and stuff to spend the night and all day tomorrow and come on!" He was standing by a long blue bus. Big white letters on the side of the bus said SEE THE HOMES OF YOUR FAVORITE STARS. Milly, the count and I packed an overnight bag each and went out to the bus. Wesley introduced us to Gregg, owner and operator of the bus. Gregg was a sour-looking, elderly party.

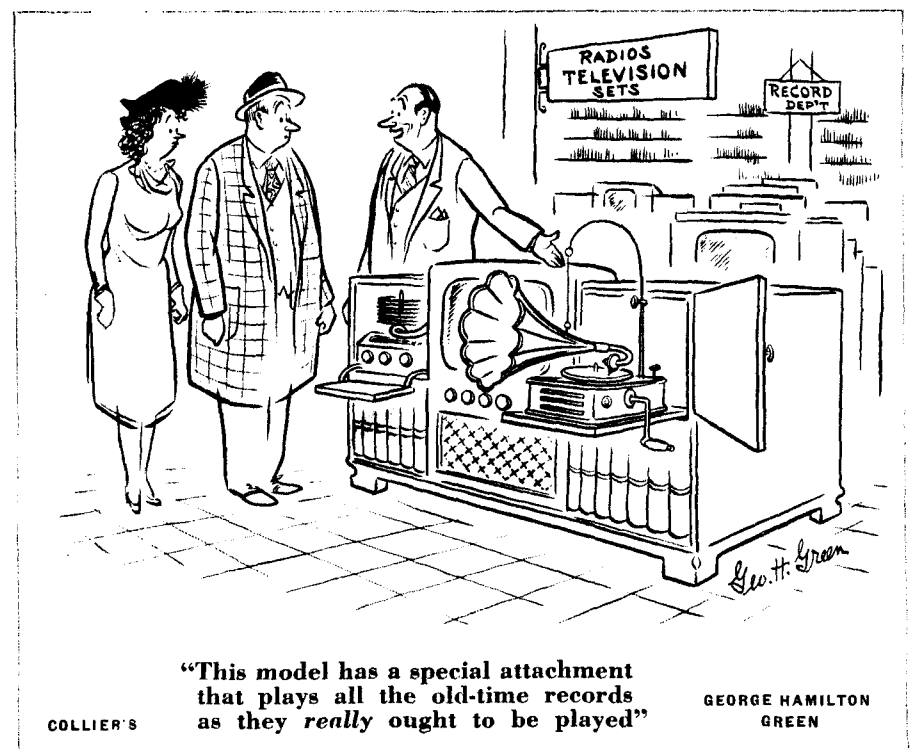
"Get in," Wesley told us.

We all got in the bus and Gregg started driving west. "Here's my plan and I think she's a lulu!" Wesley told us. "Come to me when you was advising Charley what to do with his girl friend. I reckon you've gathered the purpose of this here bus. Gregg says a tourist would rather see a movie star's home than eat when he's hungry."

Gregg muttered, "You might say I was biting the hand that feeds me, but if there's one thing I really do hate, it's a tourist."

"Now, don't be bitter, Gregg," Wesley said. He turned to us. "Gregg says, as far as he knows, nobody's ever offered a conducted tour through a movie star's home. And that's just what we're fixing to offer! Through Adele's house! For fifty cents a head—thirty for us and twenty for Gregg. Six loads a day, Gregg figures, with fifty head a load. That figures down to around ninety dollars a day for us. And all we got to do is show folks the house and watch out they don't mess up anything."

"You want to watch them close," Gregg



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GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

COLLIER'S

Collier's for February 10, 1951

said. "You want to watch a tourist every minute!"

Well, it looked like things were picking up for us. What with Charley's deal with Zoe plus this conducted tour pitch, it looked like no more corned-beef hash for us!

Greggs said he'd be around with a load of tourists the first thing in the morning. Wesley, Milly, the count and I opened doors and windows and got the house ready for display. Then we gathered together in the big front room. The count stretched out on a couch and went to sleep.

"Slim," Wesley said, "you meet the tourists at the front door. Give 'em some kind of a little lecture—I don't care what you say. Milly, you work the outside—the gardens, and such. I'll take the upstairs. Slim, I'll leave the count down here to help you." He looked at the count. "What's the matter with him?" he asked.

"Just tired, I guess," I said.

The count woke up. He lay on the couch and looked at Milly with spaniel-like eyes.

"He's always tired," Milly said. "I don't know why. He never does anything but eat and sleep."

The count smiled. "You'll never hurt

when it comes to furthering your career. What would Bogart do? Ladd?"

"Yeah," Charley said. "You got something there."

"You'll try it?"

"I'll try."

"We're over the hump, kid," I said. "We can't miss."

THE count and I were downstairs early next morning waiting for Greggs and his tourists. Wesley was upstairs and Milly was outside. I started investigating the bar at one end of the living room. I was delighted to discover, in a cabinet beneath the bar, two cases of Scotch and two of bourbon. The Scotch was twelve-year-old stuff. I sampled it. It was delicious. I poured the count a sample, then had another myself. I hadn't been exposed to twelve-year-old Scotch for a long time. The count and I heard the bus stop outside and quickly tossed off a couple more samples.

Then I went to the front door. There were men, women, a few teen-agers and several children piling out of the bus. I counted the house with an experienced eye. Greggs had furnished a capacity crowd. The Scotch was buzzing. I felt fine. I loved these wonderful tourists, these plain people from the heart of our wonderful country.

"Welcome, friends," I said.

"Welcome to the Manor Langley. And now, folks—"

"Where's she sleep?" a young woman with braces on her teeth wanted to know. "Aren't you going to show us where Adele sleeps? Her bed?"

"Later. You know, folks, we of the picture world—"

"You an actor, mister?" a teen-ager asked.

I chuckled. "Why, yes."

"Gee! Sign my book, will yuh, huh, mister?"

A large woman said, "I never seen you in movies. I've seen just about every movie come to the city of Opp, Alabama, but I sure haven't seen you. What's your name, mister?"

As I signed the kid's autograph book, I told her.

"Never heard of you," the woman declared.

I laughed. "Jack will get a kick out of that!"

"Jack who?"

"Jack Warner," I said.

Milly came to the door behind me. Three or four of the men in the crowd whistled. Milly glared at them. She stepped aside as I led the group into the living room. It was here that I had what I considered at the time a wonderful inspiration.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I said. "As you might have been told, Miss Langley has thrown her home open to the public in the interest of her favorite charity—aid for destitute actors and actresses. She has also agreed to sell drinks—all profits, of course, to go into the fund. My assistants shall conduct the tour. I shall be behind the bar. Drinks are half a dollar. No mixed drinks. They're all neat."

"That's the way we drink 'em in my section of the country," a fat man with a cigar in his mouth said. He and four or five of the men and two of the women followed me to the bar. I took in four bucks on the first round I served.

The rest of the guests were spreading, like a swarm of noisy locusts, throughout the house and grounds. The large family of a man in shirt sleeves took over the patio. His wife opened a picnic basket. His children commenced unwrapping sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs. They threw the wrappings on the stone floor of the patio. I took in three fifty on the second round of drinks. Then I poured myself another sample.

Wesley, I heard later, had trouble up



COLLIER'S

VIRGIL PARTCH

my feelings, darling," he said. "You'll see!"

The phone rang. I answered it: Charley. He sounded pretty excited. "A terrible thing has happened! I did just like you said to do and she offered me a job! As her secretary! Right after I kissed her ear, like you said! 'Can you take dictation?' she asks me. 'No,' I say. 'Type?' she says. 'No,' I say. 'Then you can read to me,' she says, 'when my eyes are tired!' She has me there. 'I can read, all right,' I have to admit. A job! This is terrible!"

I WAS doing some fast thinking. "Now, I don't run a hotbox, kid," I said. "Where are you?" He told me he was in Zoe's suite; that Zoe had gone down to the corner drugstore and would be right back. "What'd she offer you?" I asked him. He told me a hundred a week. "She wants to take you to New York with her tonight?" I asked him. He said that was the general idea. Reservations on the same train.

"Ask her for a month's advance," I said. "You got her hooked, but good! Start out for New York with her. Quit your job in Chicago and fly back to Hollywood. We ought to be able to salvage a couple of hundred for the kitty."

It sounded like a fine idea. As long as I didn't have to do it.

"I can't leave town now," he said. "Not with all the irons I got in the fire. There's that RKO thing, just for instance."

I almost groaned. He'd been talking about the RKO thing for three months. "Listen, kid," I said, "you know how it goes. Let it get around town an actor is heading East, and right away these studio jerks get on the ball. You've seen it happen. You got to be unscrupulous, kid."

Collier's for February 10, 1951

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2 In any game, your best bet is

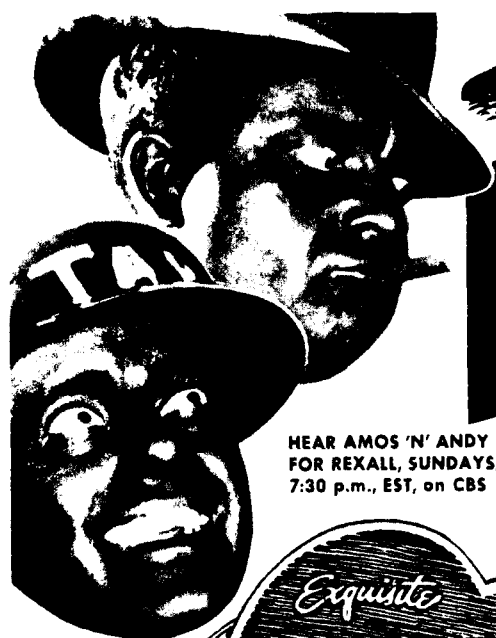
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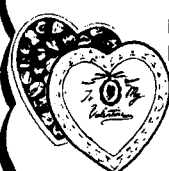
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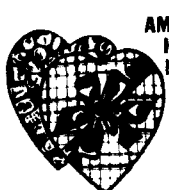


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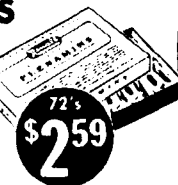
Rexall ABD&G Capsules, 100's, reg. \$1.49, \$1.19
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Brewer's Yeast Tabs, 250's, reg. 79¢ ... 69¢
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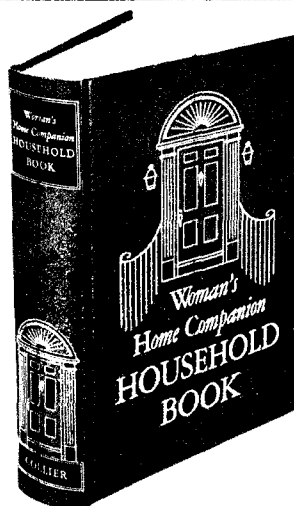
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COL-1

The Red Czar Moves to Conquer Us

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

behind an Iron Curtain at all. Lenin and Stalin have announced their purpose of conquest continually for all the world to hear.

So we live in a world of brute force. It is now all but useless to argue about how the present frightful situation came about, or to dream of the world as it might have been if some colossal blunders had not been made. I am not interested in political reprisals. The issue is too dreadful for that. I am interested in saving our country and in preserving freedom on this earth.

The world stands today at Armageddon. On one side is the totally disciplined, totally armed, Soviet-Communist Empire of 800,000,000 people.

Arrayed in opposition are the 150,000,000 people of the United States and the other free nations of the world, many of them weakened and devastated by two wars and by revolutionary Communist activities.

On Timetable for Conquest

What the Russian timetable is no one knows. I am one of the last men in America to whom it would be confided, and probably the Kremlin itself is still of two minds. But some things are clear: Yugoslavia is on the timetable. There is good reason to believe that Russia plans either an internal coup or armed conquest of Yugoslavia through satellites this very year, 1951.

The Communist timetable also includes movements by satellite nations through Greece to gain command of the eastern Mediterranean. This would imperil and perhaps make useless our precious island bombing bases in that area.

Iran could be invaded any day. There the war of nerves has been going on for five and one half years, and Russian propaganda has been immensely successful. Through Iran the Russians could knife easily and swiftly through Iraq and down through Israel to the Mediterranean. The eastern Mediterranean would then be, in effect, a Red Sea.

By these two maneuvers Russia could isolate Turkey, with her 30 strong divisions, from the Western World. The Red Czar could then command the vital oil resources of the Near East. Without that oil many of the fires of Europe would not burn and her air force and fighting capacity would be dealt a body blow.

With control of the Mediterranean goes North Africa. Then who is to help the rest of Africa? With Africa goes our principal supply of uranium from the Belgian Congo. Without this uranium, our production of atom bombs would be reduced to a trickle.

Would a free Europe without oil and with few divisions any longer offer an obstacle to Soviet conquest? (No one knows the time schedule but the relentless plan is perfectly clear for all to see.)

With Western Europe and Africa under the gun, what about the remainder of Asia?

Tibet appears to be gone. A vast Russian-Chinese mass is pressing down India's flank on Tibet, Burma, Thailand and on Indochina where the fighting is now active and coming close to desperate. From there on through the Malay Peninsula to the British stronghold of Singapore seems to be the schedule.

Four times in the last year our government reversed itself on Formosa, where Chiang Kai-shek is making his last stand. In January, the government announced we would not defend Formosa. In June, we announced that we would. In August it was announced that we would defend Formosa only while Korea remained in doubt; and in December, after insulting Chiang for four long years, the government determined to renew arms aid to him. At long last we are on the right track in sending arms to Formosa, because if Formosa should fall, what chance would there then be for Japan?

At Cairo, President Roosevelt agreed to

take Formosa from Japan and give it to Chiang Kai-shek as part of the postwar settlement. The gift was never completed because the postwar settlements were never made.

So there is the great Island of Formosa, still legally owned by Japan, claimed by Red China and actually occupied by our wartime ally, Chiang Kai-shek. Formosa is another tinderbox of the Orient.

If Formosa fell, how long would the shaky new Indonesian Republic remain free? And, surrounded, how long would the Philippines last?

Do we Americans then withdraw into our shell at Hawaii? Or do we come all the way back to the coast of California?

The cold fact is that, stripped of defenses to Hawaii or California on the west and without a free Western Europe on the east, we would in truth become a beleaguered fortress.

Then how long would we survive? Let's look at one simple fact.

Incredible as it may be to many, there is something even more important than uranium and the atom bomb which it produces. The very existence of America and the free world depends on one product: manganese.

Without manganese we can make no steel and steel is the very cornerstone of our peacetime existence.

In war, without manganese, there would be no steel and therefore no guns, no tanks, no navy and no planes—and even no atom bombs.

And where has our manganese come from over the years? About half of it from Russia. Recently she has been turning the spigot on and off in a war of nerves. We can count on no manganese from Russia. So our businessmen have sought out new sources of this priceless essential. Today most of our manganese comes from Africa, with some coming around the world from India and some from Brazil. Only about 15 per cent is domestic, and that is low grade.

We also need iron ore. The end of the great Mesabi Range of high-grade iron ore in Minnesota is in sight. So now we look to Labrador and Venezuela for iron from which to make steel in future years. Would our iron ore—our copper, lead, bauxite, nitrate and other essentials from South America get through Russian submarines?

Africa's Vital Role in War

We are short 50 critical materials. We could conceivably wage a war without tin or tungsten. We could possibly get along without natural rubber from Malaya or wool from Australia. But we cannot live in peace or war without manganese—and manganese today means primarily Africa.

The front line of defense for our national existence is Africa—and few, if any, believe we could hold Africa with Russia holding all Europe.

We cannot exist isolated and alone.

It is argued that we would have the whole Western Hemisphere. Yes—and how long? How long would South America be able to stand up against the wholesale Communist infiltration which has already taken place, creating uprisings and revolutions? How long would the will to resist continue in South America with her vast markets and ancient cultural ties to Western Europe all in Soviet hands?

No, we would be all alone, very soon. But would we really be defensible even if we had the critical materials we must import?

It would ultimately take at least 100 divisions to defend our thousands of miles of coast line.

Next, how about Alaska? From the mainland of Siberia to the Alaskan mainland it is 55 miles—a few minutes' flying time for modern bombers.

Collier's for February 10, 1951

Any substantial force dropped by parachutes could overwhelm the meager American forces in Alaska, and the Soviets would then have bombing bases on the North American continent.

An isolated America would of course be an America turned into an armed camp. Our living standards would be reduced to the level of the Russians or Chinese. Our resources would be poured into defense. And still bombers from Siberia and Alaska could strike the western part of the United States and return home.

If the Soviet gains the rest of the world, she could certainly increase her present superiority in the air to the point where she could bomb the entire United States.

What Price Isolationism?

There are men among our top military command who think that if we should be forced to the desperate extreme of becoming an isolated, armed camp we still might build the strength to bomb Russia out and win a war against the Communist world. They concede that the odds would be staggering—150,000,000 people arrayed against 2,000,000,000 people. No one can say it is impossible. But the possibilities of success would certainly be dim, and the cost in blood would be beyond calculation.

If this longest gamble of history should ever be forced upon us, there is only one thing that would be certain. Even if we should win, against odds of 14 to 1, we should be so prostrate economically and spiritually that we would inevitably lose almost everything for which we fought.

Why is it necessary to present this picture, bleak and desperate as it is? It is necessary because our government is moving with faltering steps in the face of frightful danger. It is necessary because powerful sentiment exists in the United States for abandoning faraway places in Europe and Asia, and withdrawing to our own shores.

It is necessary because if the United States continues to follow either the present disorganized and leaden pace of preparation or if it turns coward and shrinks within itself, this nation and the whole concept of human freedom on earth are inevitably doomed to extinction.

With the deep conviction and confidence that flows from having forecast these grim events through all these recent years, I say that our very existence demands that we abandon every thought that we could remain alive in a Communist world.

I say this not to show that all is lost. I say it because we are in the most frightful crisis of all history; because we are divided in our councils, and because we are taking grossly inadequate steps for our own defense. And let no one seek refuge in the illusion that I am revealing any weaknesses to the Red Czar. He knows our weaknesses better than we do. Every single fact I refer to exists in public documents.

The Red Czar actually knows more about

us than we do. He alone knows the Communist plans and capacity for sabotage, bacteriological warfare, destruction of water supplies and disruption of industrial production in the event of attack.

Again I say all this, not to show that all is lost, but to show how vigorously we must act to be saved.

Certainly the Kremlin has no illusions. Those 14 brutal, remorseless men are waging all-out warfare of one kind or another in every nation and in every sensitive spot in the world. They are fighting for keeps.

They are devoting up to half of all of Russia's industrial production to war purposes. Wholly aside from concentration on the atom bomb, Russia maintains at least 200 full-strength combat divisions. She has the largest air force in the world. She has, or controls, more than 300 submarines—and some think it is 400—the largest undersea force in the world. It has just now leaked out that she has turned to the building of battleships and cruisers equipped for firing guided missiles and rockets.

Is anyone so innocent as to think this unequaled armed force, backed by 800,000,000 human beings, is designed merely for defense? If so, defense against whom—our handful of divisions or Western Europe's handful of divisions?

Are we going to continue living in a dream world while Russia picks off our friends one by one until she leaves us not only isolated and alone but stripped even of much of our capacity for self-defense?

It must be clear to all that the only thing which now restrains the Soviet from total war is the fear that America will retaliate with atom bombs. From our Mediterranean and British bases we could wreak havoc on the industrial capacity in the western part of Russia. We believe we could demolish her oil refineries. Stalin must think so too. But no one believes that such bombing would stop swift advances of land forces in the Near East and in Europe. And if we did not stop the swift advance of land armies our bombing bases might soon be gone.

Surely no one believes that the Soviet would fail to take North Africa and Great Britain if it were within its power, and surely no one contends that there are land forces to stop Russia's 200 divisions today.

So what do we do? It seems to me so clear as to be beyond argument. If we are not to be isolated and swiftly choked to death, we must help and encourage our friends in Europe and Asia to develop immensely powerful land forces, and immensely well-protected bombing bases from which even the Kremlin does not believe we can be driven.

Korea has doomed the last hope of those who would escape reality by relying on push-button warfare in a Buck Rogers dream. Korea has demonstrated conclusively that it is still generally true that land armies are necessary to hold or take bombing bases or land area.

The chips are down. We know the British will fight and we know that our friends on the Continent will fight—if they see a chance to win. But between them they could not muster 20 divisions, opposed to Russia's 200.

While Turkey is not in Europe her interests are bound inexorably to those of a free Europe. Turkey has 30 divisions of real fighting men.

Switzerland sees the handwriting on the wall. Her traditional neutrality would not help her remain as an island of freedom in a Red Eurasian Sea. She would have to fight this time. And she could mobilize 400,000 men, or perhaps 20 combat divisions of European size, with appropriate reserves. We know Norway would fight, and we might hope that Sweden would abandon her neutrality and join up with her army of 700,000 trained men, including reserves.

There are other divisions and there are other nations who will fight. But we have lost five precious years in making friends with them. And we are still moving at a snail's pace. When our country is in desperate peril we must seek friends and allies among those who have strength and the will to fight, even though we may disagree with their internal policies. What I want to know is: Will they fight on our side?

Spain has 22 divisions and they will fight. Yugoslavia has 30 divisions and they will fight—we have every reason to believe—on our side.

Added to the 20 divisions of the Atlantic Pact countries, these make a grand total of possibly 120 divisions. If Europe carries out her present commitments, the total would exceed 150 divisions with which General Eisenhower may mobilize a fighting force. It would be widely scattered and will need strong American help in arms, moral leadership and some divisions, but it would be tremendous power—perhaps overwhelming power.

Germany and Japan are the grand prize of Russian attack—before taking the world. At all costs and by whatever devices are necessary, we must stop haggling and arm Germany and Japan as rapidly as they are willing to be armed. Each can produce many divisions for their own defense. Integrated with the other armies of the free world, they may well provide the balance of power in this critical moment.

The Hard Road to Freedom

Of course there are monumental difficulties ahead in turning this potential power into a single unified force for defense and counterattack. But freedom was never held or won by cowardice or by shrinking from difficulties. We will do one of two things: surrender Europe and Asia and then die like a tortoise which has drawn in its head awaiting to be smashed—or we will meet our problems head on and build the forces of freedom to overwhelming strength.

Surely the nations of Europe and of free Asia do not have the kind of fighting forces today we would like them to have. But with only a handful of divisions of our own, are we in a position to point the finger?

We have indeed spent \$30,000,000,000 on foreign aid since the end of World War II. Admittedly UNRRA was a botched job, and the use of Marshall Plan funds since then has been ineffective in some respects. A cardinal objective of the Marshall Plan law was a united Europe, militarily, economically and politically. Europe is far from unity today.

But has all of that \$30,000,000,000 been poured down a drain? Certainly not. Italy was saved from the Communists and so was France. Yugoslavia has been bolstered and is prepared to fight against invasion. All of western Europe is now on a sounder economic base than any dreamed possible after the devastation and slaughter of World War II.

Just because we have problems ahead, should we for one moment agree to write off Europe and the bombing bases we need

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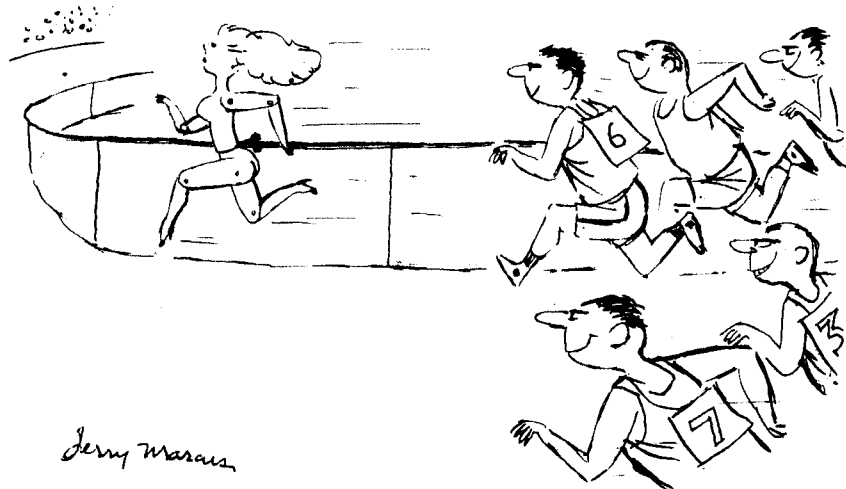
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as much as they do for our own freedom? It would be our final act of folly. If we should do it, then all our sacrifice and toil have been in vain and we are indeed isolated, waiting to be suffocated to death.

The very idea of free nations sitting helplessly in a defenseless position waiting to surrender—the very idea of abandoning the bases from which to attack means ultimate defeat.

All this may be called warmongering. It surely will be by Pravda. They have called me a warmonger before. The very fact that the Soviet calls it warmongering is the clearest proof that it is not. When the Soviet says one thing we have learned from bitter experience that the opposite is true.

The only way to save the peace—I repeat, the only possible way to save the peace and our freedom—is to be ready to fight and to be ready to attack in overwhelming force.

Weakness is the guarantee of war and catastrophe.

Why did the Kaiser attack in 1914? Because he thought he could win.

Why did Hitler attack in 1939? Because he thought he could win.

When will Stalin launch the grand assault? When he thinks he can win.

Two Who Made the Same Error

In the cases of World War I and II it was clearly established afterward that if they had known that America would and could fight, neither the Kaiser nor Hitler would have dared to attack.

Today, again, the only possible way to save the peace and our own freedom is to be overwhelmingly armed, with strong allies ready to attack, so Stalin will know he cannot win.

Instead of being strong today we are desperately weak—and Stalin knows it. We have a good Air Force but much smaller than Russia's. We have a good Navy but a large share of it is in moth balls. Eight months after Korea we still have the same 10 divisions we had last June. Two are in Germany. Seven have suffered heavily in Korea. There is exactly one ready combat division to defend the whole United States with three more almost ready. The main body of the National Guard has not even now been called to duty.

As I write this article in the first week of January our enormous industrial power is still being used almost wholly to make peacetime goods. It takes 18 months to three years from the date of a contract before industry can start turning out heavy tanks and bombers in mass production.

We can outproduce Russia five to one if we will only start producing. With Western Europe and Japan free, we can increase that ratio enormously and guarantee the overwhelming superiority which would keep the peace.

The Red Czar knows this. It's time the American people knew it, realized it and demanded swift and tremendous action. Our country is in desperate danger. We are faced with three simple choices:

1. Abandon all our effort to contain the Soviet. Surrender Japan, the Philippines, Formosa, Burma, Thailand, Indochina, Malaya, Indonesia and India itself. Abandon all Europe, shrink within our own borders and wait to be strangled to death.
2. Immediately convert to large-scale war production and speedily develop overwhelming armed forces of our own. Meanwhile, make a valiant effort to shore up free Asia and use our European aid, as I urged three years ago, as "the means for pushing, prodding and encouraging the nations of Western Europe toward the goal of European union—and great military strength."
3. Push resources and man power at a maximum speed into Europe and Asia, but without proof that they will develop the strength to defend themselves.

I reject the soft and easy first proposal of voluntary isolation. It would be national suicide.

I reject the third course as fatuous con-

tinuance of many of the policies which have brought us to our present brink of ruin. We should not weaken America without assurance that we are not merely fattening the European duck for Stalin to kill.

It is monstrous to think that there is no choice except an ignoble surrender or fatuous squandering.

I passionately urge that we follow the hard, sacrificial, second course, shunning isolationism like the plague, and equally shunning the witless, aimless giveaway route to bankruptcy.

I do not know how late the hour is. Sources of information which have been excellent in the past say that following the attack on Yugoslavia this summer the Soviet will launch the grand assault on Europe when the ground is hard in the fall and the crops have been gathered.

Others say the Soviet does not plan to attack until 1952.

Until recently all our government planning has been based on Soviet attack in 1954. I believe that thesis has been finally abandoned and there is now a general belief



that the attack may come in 1951 or at latest in 1952.

Speed—great speed can be demanded of Europe at the price of continued American economic aid and flow of arms. Top speed is necessary, and, with it, there can be built up in Europe a real fighting force of at least 120 divisions. It can be done if we will only move and produce—if we will only cut down on manufacturing the luxuries we can get along without for a while, in order to enjoy them fully later, unless war or isolationism is thrust upon us.

Russia Would Not Dare Attack

A united and powerful Europe would draw Turkey and the Near East into a firm and close alliance. Europe's oil must be made secure, and Russia's southern flank will be placed in such danger that she dare not attack in the west.

Africa would then be more secure, with her priceless manganese, uranium and copper. But speed is necessary!

In Asia the problem is even more complex but the possibilities are even greater. We must stop wobbling and vacillating and announce as a nation, for good, that we will defend Formosa, Japan and the Philippines, and provide arms to the British and French in southeast Asia. If we do, a thrill of hope will go all over the Orient and resistance will be stiffened everywhere. This we must do unless we are prepared to shrink all the way to Hawaii or California and leave ourselves naked from Alaska to southern California.

Our friends in Asia have not been idle. The British are fighting valiantly to save Malaya from Communist forces. The French are fighting in Indochina and are losing more officers than they are gradu-

ating every year. Our friends are not afraid to fight and they are dying for this cause in critical places in the world.

Chiang still has some 500,000 men on Formosa, many of them well trained and loyal. On the mainland of China there are at least a million guerrillas, and probably more. There should be right now scores of skilled American agents, with millions of dollars at their disposal, encouraging and aiding the guerrillas.

But in the long run nothing will turn the tide except a clear statement of national policy by the United States. We are the central core of resistance to World Communism. The statement must be so plain that everyone, including the Red Czar, can understand that it will be backed up with mighty and instant action in every field.

Reds' Lies Must Be Disproved

As a minimum that statement must call for a united defense of Europe with the large forces which General Eisenhower is now engaged in building. We must continue to do our share so Europeans will not believe the Communist propaganda that we are merely arming them for an American imperialist war in which they are the pawns.

We can never win by sitting still in a defensive posture. By this I do not mean we should wage a preventive war. But I do mean that we should not sit helplessly by, allowing Russia to pick off one nation after another.

We have the colossal opportunity of waging an effective propaganda campaign, which we have never yet done. For 150 years America was the hope of the world but today Communism has captured the imagination of countless people all over the world. If we will go on a propaganda offensive the free people will more swiftly relearn the ultimate truth that their only hope lies in human and economic freedom as against Communism and Marxian slavery.

Where the Russians send one organizer we should send 10.

Where the Russians send one lying movie we should send 10 truthful movies.

Where the Russians spend \$1,000,000 for sabotage we should spend \$10,000,000 for sabotage.

Where the Russians now have the best spy system in the world, we should beat them at their own game with twice as good a spy system.

We can outproduce, outthink, outorganize and outfight the Red slavemaster. We can beat him down to earth if we will only stop dawdling and get going. We can become so strong that the men in the Kremlin will know they will die if they attack the free world.

Then we can leave them to be dealt with by their own people in the inexorable course of human events.

Every dictatorship looks tough, implacable and irresistible from without. Inside they have fanatic followers but they develop also fanatic opponents. Every dictatorship is rotten at the core.

There are millions of people all over the Red Empire who would rise to fight and die on the bare chance that they might overthrow the despotism of the Red Czar. All they ask is a call to arms and a chance of success.

God has put the hope of freedom in the breast of every human being, and this spirit has risen triumphant through many centuries. It inspires free men to do what slaves can never achieve. But free men need arms and unity and a cause around which to rally.

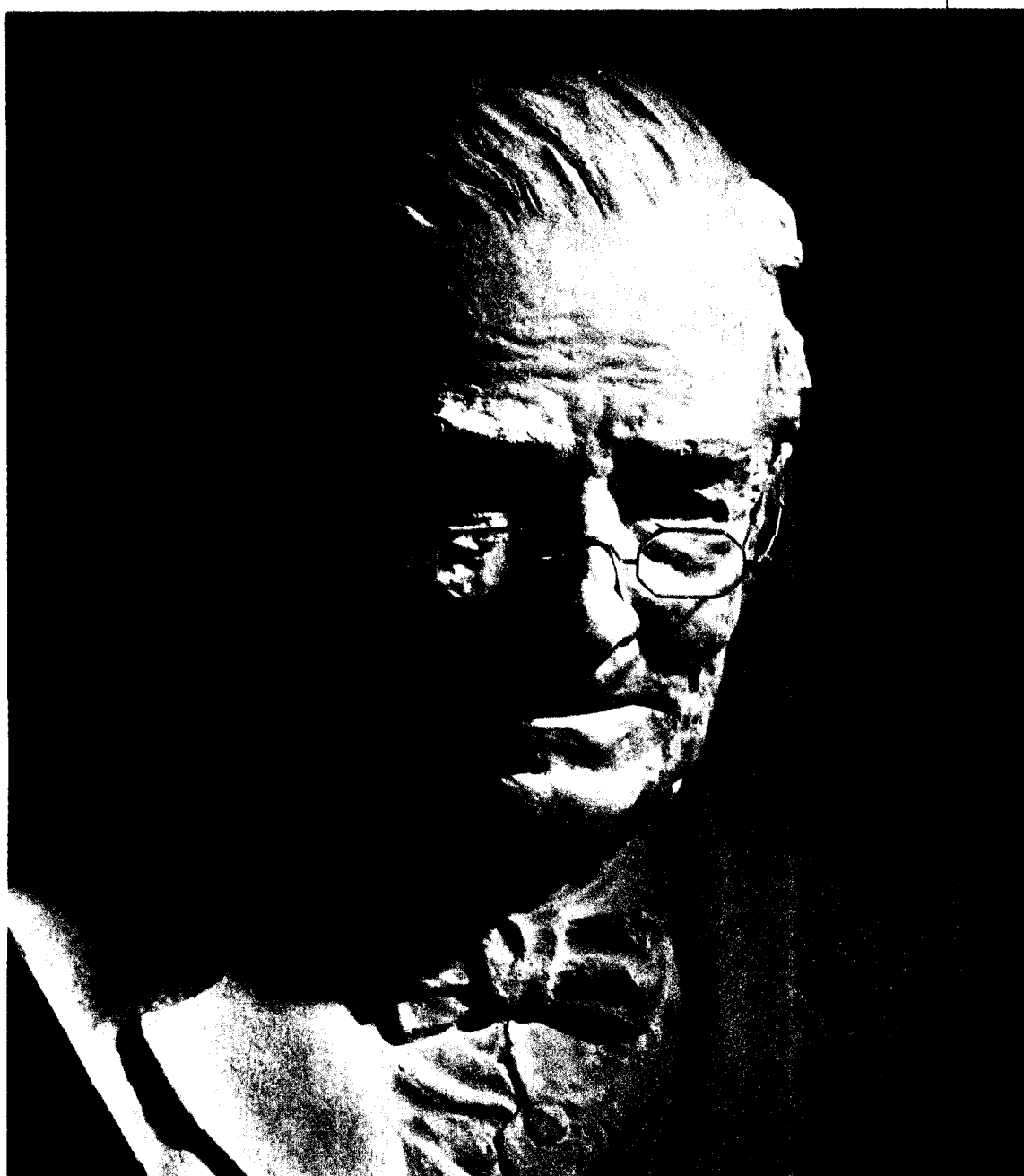
The cause of freedom can be saved but surely this is the last call for action. It can be saved only by strong American moral leadership and a clear understanding that we are brave enough and honest enough to know that we cannot live alone in a Communist world.

There is still time to win. Six months from now it may be too late. Only the home of the brave can be the Land of the Free.

THE END

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No Dogs

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

neither silence nor short answers discouraged Mackay, who talked steadily as he worked. Between us, we put the grave down five feet, when water began seeping in, and Mackay said that was deep enough; no use to dig a well.

When I drove Mackay home, he opened the car door but did not at once get out. There was something on his mind, and he said musingly, "You know, the old man's dog come right along home with me. Took to me right off."

"He thought you were someone to trust," I suggested.

"That's it," said Mackay, really pleased. "I expect you'd taken him and fed him dog food out of cans, too?"

"I'd have tried to keep things the same for the poor old brute. Not that I give a damn about the dog, but Baker asked me to take him, and it was the only favor he'd ever asked me. Or anyone else, probably."

"Uh-huh. But I was saying about the dog—"

"Well, be seeing you."

Mackay scrambled out of the car, in quite a hurry. His wife was on her way from the house.

At home, I had an unopened quart of whisky, and drank a third of it before I could sleep. Next morning I took it with me, to help me through the bad, blue day.

I WAS first at the cemetery, and sat in the car staring at the ugly yellow earth beside the new grave, feeling bad. Not because Baker was dead: all men come to that, and Baker had lived a long, full life. But he had died without a word from me, his friend, and the dog was dead, too, so I couldn't even do that for Baker. A hell of a friend.

The coroner brought a shabby, soft-bellied man with him to help carry the coffin. The coroner seemed in no hurry, and peered into the oblong hole and dropped a rock into the water at the bottom, and squatted to poke at a nest of ants. Before I grew really impatient, the Mackays appeared walking along the road from their farm. The coroner went smiling to greet them, and I understood that he had been waiting for them. No doubt Mrs. Mackay spared time for all the rare funerals here. She wouldn't go to a party, but she wouldn't miss a funeral.

The coroner had been cheerful, even frisky, but now he turned solemn. "Apparently there won't be anyone else. Shall we proceed?"

The coffin was light. Baker had weighed little over a hundred pounds. Mrs. Mackay and her husband had a look at the departed, and complimented the coroner on his work. In the trees beyond the fence, a blue jay scolded, and I looked for it. The coroner asked in a low voice if I'd care to say a few words.

"Ben Baker was a good man," I said, looking at Mrs. Mackay. "In the time I knew him, he never said or did a mean thing. He didn't want much, and got very little. He was kind and generous and proud, and he wasn't afraid of dying—or living. The world could use a lot more like him, and they ought to be very pleased with him up in heaven, if they have any sense."

The coroner nodded, poker-faced, but Mrs. Mackay was scandalized. What I had said sounded mighty like sacrilege to her. A man should be humble, not proud, and what did a homeless vagabond like Baker have to be proud of? And I had said nothing about man's burden of sin, or this vale of tears.

I was tempted to tell her Baker and I had invented a religion of our own, and did things differently. Baker would have enjoyed the joke, if he could, but I let it pass. Neither levity nor anger could get through her armor. She was all armor, grown from the inside out, and even her heart was of hard metal.

We lowered the coffin and it bobbed up and down in the shallow water like a boat. Mackay and I began filling the grave, and the coroner and Mrs. Mackay talked. This morning, Mackay had little to say, and I was glad of it. I was tired of being polite to him.

Mrs. Mackay said she had work to do and went away, after nodding at her husband as though to say: Don't waste all day on that. The coroner shook hands and drove off with his helper.

We worked in silence until the earth was heaped high above old man Baker. Then Mackay said abruptly, "Come out in the timber a minute. I'll show you something."

I wanted nothing more to do with him, but he insisted, and I followed him out of the cemetery and through the tall brush to an old, windowless log shack. The shakes on the roof were thin and ragged as old paper. With his hand on the door, Mackay looked at me.

"Hardly ever howled, like he knew enough to keep still. Heard him a couple times late at night is all."

He opened the door and Baker's black dog ran out, to dance around me. Perhaps he thought I had come to take him to Baker. Mackay stared uneasily in the direction of his own house.

"You better take him. Sooner or later she'd find out, if I kept him. And it's pretty hard to sneak out the food. She already noticed I was eating more."

"Man, you're all right," I said, meaning it. "I'll get you a stock dog, the best—the best I can find."

"No—she won't stand for no dog."

"Then something else. I owe you something, on Baker's account."

"That's all right. I never knew you wanted him, and I kind of thought . . . But it wouldn't never work out. Let's get him in your car."

The dog led the way through the trees with its head up, sniffing the breeze.

"Might be a good hunter," Mackay said, watching the dog. He kicked at a root and muttered, "Well, I wouldn't get time to hunt, anyhow. Kind of smart dog, though, and I just thought maybe I could figure out how to keep him."

MACKAY was nervous until the dog was in my car. I wanted to do something for him, but if I offered money, either he'd spit in my face and I'd feel mean, or he'd take it and we'd both feel mean. He looked over his shoulder.

"Well, guess I better be—"

"Wait!" I remembered the whisky, and brought it out, watching his face. I couldn't have thought of anything better if I'd tried for a week. We each had a drink, the dog watching with sad, gentle, wise eyes.

Mackay, turning the bottle over and over in his hands, spoke without looking at me. "The old lady ain't really mean. But she's always had a hard row."

"Afraid of being old and poor and friendless," I said, and he nodded, but I thought of Baker, who had never felt he couldn't afford love and kindness. Baker had given, she grasped, but if she could have grasped the whole world she wouldn't have had anything, she would have lost what counted. And I said, "Baker was poor and old."

"That's it." There was more, but Mackay couldn't find the words, and at last said bewilderedly, "Why, she was the prettiest, laughingest girl! I don't see how—"

He gave it up, shaking his head. I refused another drink and drove off. Mackay would drink the whisky slyly, a sip at a time. I wished he'd down it all at once and start a revolution, but it had been too late for that a long time ago. . . .

Baker's dog seems contented with me and doesn't appear to grieve, but perhaps he is like the old man in that way, too, and knows whimpering won't help matters. THE END

Collier's for February 10, 1951

Anything for a Laugh

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

aristocracy was a recent Martin-Lewis appearance on Tallulah Bankhead's NBC radio program, *The Big Show*, along with Bob Hope, Deborah Kerr, Frankie Laine, Louis Armstrong, Dorothy McGuire and several other top names in the entertainment world. During the rehearsal, Martin sang ditties like "I was walking along counting my nostrils," and Lewis kept screaming at the lordly Tallulah, "Wash up, collect your money and get out!" When she surged in to sputter back at him, he wiped off an imaginary pair of eyeglasses and cried, "I'll have to ask you to watch it, lady."

Martin insidiously led the choir into bebop rhythms and Lewis placed Deborah Kerr's sack-type handbag on his head like an ice pack and moaned, "Oh, what a party that was last night!" It is because of episodes like this that their business manager, Music Corporation of America executive Herman Citron, goes off by himself every few months, in order, as he puts it, "to rest up from Martin and Lewis."

To a reserved eye, all these off-stage capers might indicate that the two new stars are widely low-rated by their acquaintances for what might be considered rather obnoxious behavior.

Actually, this is not so. For one thing, their biggest boosters are the people who suffer most at their hands.

Seven Tuxedos in Tatters

No one, for example, takes a worse beating than their music director Dick Stabile, who has had seven expensive tuxedos torn to tatters in the last three years; yet Stabile refers to them as "the most wonderful, the most considerate, most talented guys in the world," and he proudly shows off a handsome watch engraved, "Dick. We're more grateful than you can imagine. We love you. Dean and Jerry." Martin and Lewis insist that Stabile be included in every job they do, and when Stabile's mother was critically ill last year, Lewis helped save her life by bringing her to Los Angeles from New York to be treated by a noted specialist.

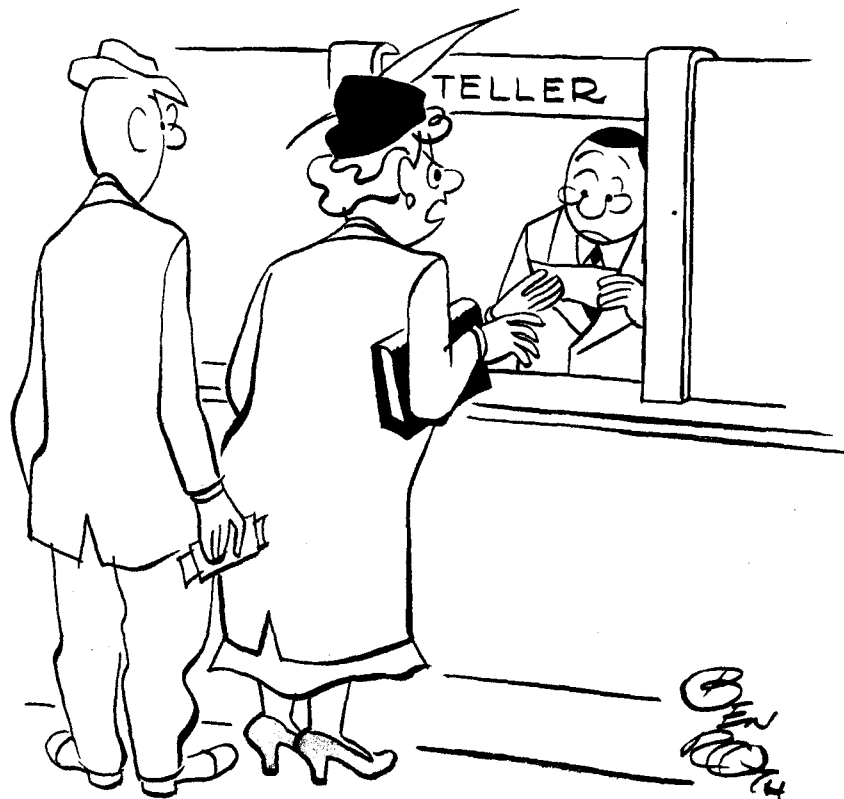
This pattern repeats itself time and time

again, with Martin-Lewis gifts, favors, loans and engraved watches scattered all over the country. According to their road secretary Irving Kaye (another eminent victim who has a watch engraved: "To Irving—I owe my success to you. Jerry Lewis"), Lewis spent in the neighborhood of \$35,000 last year in gifts and touches alone. Glucksman, Moore and all the others maintain that they don't mind the Martin-Lewis pranks because at all other times the two young men are kind and co-operative, and never allow the clowning to interfere with the serious business of getting the show on the air.

Masters of Ad-Libbing Arts

And this is perhaps the most curious thing about this curious pair—the fact that, despite the outside clowning, their act so far has maintained its high level of slapstick excellence. It is difficult to record just exactly what their act is, for they rank among today's leading masters of the ad lib and the improvised business. Not even they themselves know exactly what they are going to do when they emerge on a night-club stage. Generally, the tall, good-looking Martin sings ballads in a rich voice that has been described as "Crosby out of Jolson"; and he functions, with subtle drollery, as the handsome, self-possessed oppressor of the Chaplinesque waif, Lewis.

Lewis is a gangling, six-foot 130-pounder, with a crew haircut, a squeaky adolescent voice, and a long rubber face that he can contort into an amazing variety of outrageous expressions. He winks, snarls, pouts, grimaces and makes cross-eyes—usually behind the backs of his oppressors. He is the misfit, the lout, the boy-with-10-thumbs, the wrongdoer. He is kicked about by Martin and by Fate, and he builds up such a store of pathos for himself that when he explodes into wild and tumultuous revenge all his impishness seems justified and doubly funny to the audience. This basically has been the formula of all the great Low Comedians since Shakespeare's time—and no one uses it more effectively than Lewis does today;



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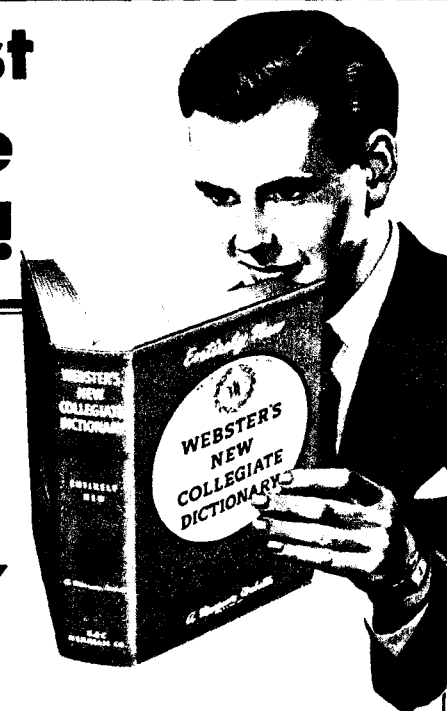
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proof of this is in their meteoric rise of the past few months. After just three appearances on the Colgate Comedy Hour, their NBC-TV audience rating reached 39.5, which put them in third place among the comedians, behind Milton Berle and Bob Hope.

The same thing happened after just three Martin-Lewis films, the latest of which, *At War with the Army*, currently is being shown around the country. Their first two pictures, *My Friend Irma* and *My Friend Irma Goes West*, were bonanzas for Paramount; and the movie exhibitors of the country went on to vote them Number One in Motion Picture Herald's tenth annual Stars of Tomorrow Poll. This is one of the most important honors in the film world; it means that several thousand movie-house proprietors rated them the trade's biggest box-office money-makers.

In addition to this, Martin and Lewis made a personal-appearance tour in which they shattered attendance records in nearly every place they performed, including a six-year mark at the huge Chicago Theater where Jack Benny had chalked up the top take during the booming war period.

When the Movie Was Skipped

In two days at the State Theater in Hartford, Connecticut, last September 9th and 10th, they played to an incredible total of 28,540 people; on the last night the theater manager cleared the house and filled it again without showing a movie in order to accommodate some 3,000 people still waiting in line outside.

Shortly thereafter, the Chase Hotel in St. Louis filled two extra dining rooms during a Martin and Lewis appearance in the swank Chase Club. When it was time for the show to go on, the diners in the two extra rooms were herded into the Chase Club and interspersed among the tables and along the walls on folding chairs set up for the purpose.

Irving Kaye says, "The waiters marched them in like troops. I've been in show business for 30 years, but I've never seen a joint do anything like *that*."

All this mystifies the experts, who attempt to compare Martin and Lewis with comedy teams of the past. Walter Winchell, for example, says, "Martin and Lewis are the best two-man comedy act since Gallagher and Shean." Larry Wolters, radio and TV critic of the Chicago Tribune, wrote, "Martin and Lewis have emerged on television as the new Olsen and Johnson." Other critics have compared them with Laurel and Hardy, Abbott and Costello, Weber and Fields, Smith and Dale and just about every other pair of comics who ever stepped on a stage.

They are closest, perhaps, to the Marx Brothers of the early days, with Lewis, in his more explosive moments, approaching the wild ad-lib exuberance of Groucho and Harpo combined; and Martin resembling Chico and Zeppo.

In one of their recent TV scenes, for instance, Lewis turned on a tiny 79-cent fan, which then proceeded to blow them about as if they were in a wind tunnel. After this, a phone kept ringing long after they had smashed it to bits, and finally they pulled the telephone wire out of the wall until a stunning female operator came through the wall at the end of the cord, saying, "People generally *dial* when they want the operator." This is pure Marx Brothers, at their best, but it's also inimitably their own.

The story of how Martin and Lewis got together as a team is one of those minor miracles that seem to happen only in the entertainment world. Lewis comes from a show-business family. His father, Danny Lewis, still is a night-club and theater headliner whose act is labeled Songs Nostalgic. He sings ballads of the 1920s in a vaudeville-heyday baritone, and he concludes each performance with a parody entitled *I've Got a Million Dollar Baby*, in the middle of which he does a good imitation of his son, Jerry. At one time last year, Jerry was playing at the Paramount Theater in

New York and his father was on the vaudeville bill at the Palace Theater just across Broadway—a coincidence which led one reviewer to handle it like a maternity bulletin, saying, "Both father and son are doing fine."

Martin, on the other hand, is the son of a Steubenville, Ohio, barber. His real name is Dino Crocetti, and he didn't even dream of a show-business career until after he had dabbled in such diverse occupations as steel puddling and amateur boxing.

Of the two, Martin had the tougher life. His family had a difficult time making ends meet, and young Dino left school in the eleventh grade to work as a gas-station attendant. After this, his brother Bill (now his personal business manager) got him a job in a steel mill in Weirton, West Virginia, just across the Ohio River. He quit, however, after a four-ton coil of steel

dropped from a crane, narrowly missing him; and he drifted off into the seamier side of the life of the town.

He fell in with a gang of tough kids, five of whom now are in prison for crimes which they committed in later years. Dino played pool and basketball, swam in the Ohio River, and became a fair-to-middling welterweight boxer under the nom de pugilism "Kid Crotchett." Finally, he got a clerk's job at an establishment known as the Rex Cigar Store.

He did so well at selling punchboard chances over the cigar counter that the proprietor moved him into the back of the store, which was one of Steubenville's biggest gambling houses. Young Dino became a "stick man," raking money off the gambling tables, then a "wheel dealer," and eventually a full-fledged croupier. The youngster worked at this profession for

five years, becoming so adept at it that he was loaned out to other gambling houses in Florida and in Youngstown, Ohio. He was eventually earning \$125 a week.

While all this was going on, young Dino attended dances and parties at places like Reed's Mill and Walker's Night Club, at all of which he generally was asked by his friends to get up and sing—since even as a boy he had the same deep pleasant voice. One night, a Columbus, Ohio, band leader named Ernie McKay was playing at Walker's. He heard the youngster and offered him a job as a singer with the band at \$50 a week. Dino turned the job down because, he said, he preferred to earn \$125 a week as a croupier.

At this point, a strange council of war took place in the gambling house among Dino's friends—who even today are known only by the names "Dum-Dum," "Jiggs," "Roozi," "Mandy," "Slick" and "Smuggs." Jiggs said, "Dino is a good kid. He's the only one of us who has a chance to get away from here, and I think we ought to see that he does it." A course of action was decided on—and when Dino came to work the next morning, no one spoke to him. This silent treatment continued for two weeks, until the youngster cried in desperation, "What do you want me to do?"

"Take the singing job," said Jiggs. So the next day, Dino joined McKay's band in Columbus, billed somewhat fraudulently as "Dino Martini—Nino Martini's cousin." A week later, however, he was back at the gambling house asking for his old job. He got the job, but again no one spoke to him. A week later, Jiggs took pity on the boy and asked, "Why did you come back?"

"I can't live on \$50 a week."

"All right then," said Jiggs. "You go back, and we'll get up a pool and send you an extra hundred dollars a week."

Dino thereupon returned to Columbus, and this Damon Runyonish arrangement went on for a year and a half, with the hardened characters of the Rex Cigar Store contributing their own money so that at least one of them could have a chance to live a decent life.

Hard Going for a Family Man

It was a long time, however, before their investment paid off. Their protégé shortened the Dino Martini to Dean Martin and went to work for Sammy Watkins' band in Cleveland—where he married his first wife, Betty McDonald. Two years later, he left Watkins and did a single singing act in night clubs all over the country. But he only worked about half of the time and things became tougher and tougher. He and his wife had four children, and most of the time the babies had to be cared for by Dean's parents in Steubenville, while he kicked around the country living in second-rate hotels. By 1946, things began to pick up and he was being booked into New York night clubs like the Havana-Madrid and the Glass Hat. It was then that he met Jerry Lewis.

Lewis was brought up in a middle-class Jewish background in Newark and Irvington, New Jersey (the family name had been changed from Levitch); but he was alone a good deal of the time when he was a child. His mother played the piano on radio station WOR. She also worked on music arrangements for her husband, Danny, who sang in burlesque houses (he once was teamed with stage and screen star Robert Alda at the Irving Place Burlesque in New York City), and functioned as master of ceremonies in Catskill Mountain hostelrys.

To attract attention, young Jerry began his antics at an early age, and he still is remembered at Irvington High School as one of the zaniest cheer leaders in that institution's history. His classmates called him "Id," which was short for "Idiot."

When he was eleven years old, Jerry got a job after school as a counterman in a drugstore. This employment lasted until a night when he jokingly jabbed a fork through a toasting English muffin with

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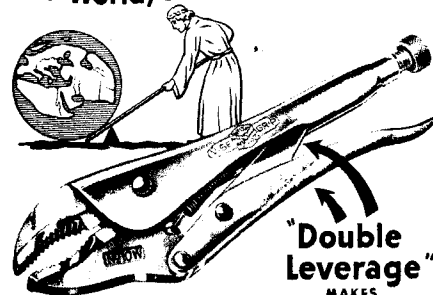
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such enthusiasm that he jammed it into an electric outlet and short-circuited the entire store—causing some 50 customers to flee to the street without paying their checks. When he was twelve, he worked as a shipping clerk in a hat factory, and at the age of thirteen he put in 10 months as an usher at Loew's State Theater in New York. His father then became a regular entertainer at Brown's Hotel in Loch Sheldrake, New York, in the summertime, and at the Hotel Arthur in Lakewood, New Jersey, a winter resort. At this point, Jerry's formal education, which had been haphazard at best, came to an end. He worked as a bus boy in these hotels, while his father sang and his mother played the piano.

Records Did Singing for Him

When he was fifteen years old, Jerry developed an act of his own for the edification of the guests at Brown's. While a phonograph off stage played the records of operatic and popular singers, Jerry, attired in ridiculous costumes, mouthed the words and clowned for the audience, as if he actually were singing the numbers. He did Igor Gorin singing Figaro, for instance, wearing a moplike "fright wig" and a tattered frock coat. This act was so funny that ex-comedian Irving Kaye (then temporarily embarrassed and working as a bellhop at Brown's) helped the boy get theater bookings.

This enraged Danny Lewis, who didn't want his son in show business. It also enraged the management of Brown's Hotel, since good bus boys were hard to find in that war year of 1942. So Kaye was summarily fired. The fifteen-year-old boy then hired the mature Kaye as his traveling companion and road manager, a position Kaye has held ever since.

One of Lewis' first bookings was in a burlesque house called the Palace Theater in Buffalo, New York. When the youngster walked out on the stage, the audience kept shouting "Bring on the babes!", whereupon he burst into tears and fled to his dressing room to pack. "At that moment," Lewis says, "my show-business career was over. If I had walked out the door, I never would have come back." Just then, however, veteran burlesque comedian Max Coleman came in and said, "I thought you were Danny Lewis' son. You're not acting like it. In this business, when you've got a bad audience, you've just got to work harder. You don't quit."

Jerry went out for the next show and Coleman sat in the audience to get the laughs started. The act never was in trouble again, and Lewis has not forgotten Coleman to this day. He writes to him, sends him gifts, and during his most recent personal appearance at the Paramount Theater in Buffalo, spent all his time between shows with Max.

By 1946, when he was nineteen years old, Jerry Lewis had one of the best record acts in the country, and he had married pretty Patti Palmer, a vocalist with Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. He still wasn't making too much money, however, and often his take-home pay was less than \$60 a week after he had paid all his fees out of a \$250-a-week salary.

In July, 1946, he was appearing at the 500 Club in Atlantic City, when one of the acts on the bill quit. Lewis had met Dean Martin when they both had worked at the Glass Hat in New York and they had had an interesting time kidding each other. Things were dull in Atlantic City, so Lewis said to the proprietor, Skinny D'Amato, "Why don't you hire this Dean Martin? He's a good friend of mine."

"I don't need singers," D'Amato said. "But this guy is a comedian, too," Lewis lied. "We've done a lot of routines together."

"If he's a comic, I can use him," said D'Amato. So Martin was summoned to Atlantic City.

When he arrived, however, he simply sang and Lewis did his usual record act. Nothing happened.

After a week, D'Amato said. "This is funny? If there's no comedy tonight, you're both fired." That was July 25, 1946, the night Sophie Tucker first saw them.

In desperation, the two young men began hurling ad-lib wisecracks at each other, interspersed with an occasional squirt of Seltzer or a bunch of celery. Lewis yelled wild things like, "If I go out with girls, I get pimples!"; and while Martin attempted to sing, he led the orchestra, waited on customers' tables, turned off the lights, and caused dining-room employees to drop whole trays of dishes.

Martin performed equal mayhem while Lewis tried to do his record act—and the audience loved it. D'Amato hired them for another week at \$350, and then they were booked into the Latin Casino in Philadelphia at \$750. From there they went to the Havana-Madrid in New York at \$1,500 a week, and early in 1947 they got their big break. Monte Proser, owner of the famous Copacabana in New York, saw them and signed them for his club. They were an instantaneous hit. In for two weeks, they remained for six. And their price went up to \$5,000 a week—a 1,600 per cent increase in less than eight months.

From this point on, their career snowballed. Movie producer Hal Wallis saw them at the Copacabana and said, "These are the first comedians in 25 years who have been able to break me up." He signed them to a long-term movie contract. NBC then grabbed them for their own radio program, which had only fair success, but later they were booked for a pair of historic appearances on Milton Berle's television show. Nothing much happened on the first program, but the aficionados still are talking about the second.

On this show, Berle made a pact in advance not to do any ad-libbing, and then proceeded to break the agreement the first minute they were on the air. The King of Television still hasn't recovered from what happened to him after that.

Martin and Lewis sent him out to buy cigarettes, mimicked him, outshouted him and stripped his clothes off. When Berle tried to vie with Lewis, Martin stepped in and took over. When he attempted the attention-winning trick of moving between his guests and the camera, Martin and Lewis were both there ahead of him—practically climbing into the camera itself. Every time Berle mugged, Lewis mugged funnier. When Berle tried to introduce an act, Martin would interrupt with some such thing as, "Just a minute. I'm talking to the band." In a fast dance routine, they ran the older Berle into the ground; and finally, for the first time in his career, Berle stood helplessly on stage, a sheepish grin on his face, as he lost control of his own show. The last thing the TV audience saw was Lewis' face popping right into the middle of the commercial, saying, "Milton Berle night! Big deal!"

Hollywood Takes Notice

All this so enthralled the television executives that Martin and Lewis were asked to take over a monthly spot on the Colgate Comedy Hour. As already noted, the show drew almost universal raves from the critics. Then came a Capitol Records contract (Martin's recording of I'll Always Love You recently sold nearly a million copies); and finally a deep involvement in Hollywood, with three new films scheduled for production this year: That's My Boy, The Stooge, and Good Boy.

Today, Martin and Lewis are concentrating almost exclusively on movies. They are limiting themselves to just a handful of night-club appearances for the time being, and they will do just two more TV shows between now and September 1st.

They say television is the most back-breaking of all the media, and, as Martin puts it, "If television weren't the number-one showcase today, we'd like to just stay out here in the California sun and make movies." Both Martin and Lewis now have fine homes near Hollywood, with Lewis liv-

ing in a big house in Pacific Palisades with his wife and two sons, Gary and Ronald; and Martin inhabiting a villa in Beverly Hills with his second wife, Jeanne Biegers, a former magazine cover girl.

Martin plays golf with Bob Crosby in his limited spare time; while Lewis owns a camera shop in Hollywood. Photography is Jerry's hobby, and he makes home movies, with plots that generally involve someone squirting Seltzer into someone else's eye. As Martin once said, "A guy gave Jerry a box camera once and he ended up owning a photography shop. If I ever taught him to play golf, he'd probably go out and buy himself a country club."

Aside from this, their home lives are surprisingly quiet, with both wives keeping their effervescent mates well in check. Lewis, in fact, is the typical comedian at home—hypochondriac, worrier, tragedian and depressive.

The two families have little social life together—in accordance with one of the most interesting covenants in Hollywood. Two years ago, Martin, Lewis and Stabile held a formal conference and decided that the only way for the act to hold together was for the wives to stay apart.

This agreement has been scrupulously respected by all parties ever since, and the alliance is as firm as ever.

Too Good a Team to Split Up

There has been much speculation in Hollywood and elsewhere as to what would happen if the team *did* split up. Their movie director Hal Walker (who also has worked with Bob Hope, Bing Crosby and Betty Hutton) says, "Martin has great sex appeal as a singer and he is becoming a good enough actor to emerge as a matinee idol on his own. Lewis, of course, is one of the finest natural comics of our era and he should have no trouble working by himself." TV producer Ernie Glucksman thinks differently, however. He says, "This is that perfect wedding of talents that comes along maybe once in 25 years. The act has both sex appeal and comedy. Also, few people realize it but Dean sets up 60 per cent of Jerry's gags and he functions like a colored spotlight to heighten Jerry's crazy humor."

To other observers, a split-up is the least of the dangers which beset the act. They point out that good slapstick comedy is the most difficult to come by—and that Martin and Lewis already are repeating themselves and sometimes losing freshness by delving into ancient burlesque routines. These critics also maintain that their riotous and irresponsible off-stage behavior eventually could render them famous, but as extinct as the Keystone Kops.

In addition to this, one of their closest friends claims that Lewis just does not have the stamina to perform 18 hours a day—which he apparently does as long as anyone is around to serve as an audience. This friend says, "Jerry is a frail kid, and he already has collapsed twice on the job. If he doesn't learn to confine his clowning to the act, he's going to be doing some of it in sanitariums and hospitals. It's only the natural vigor of a twenty-four-year-old that keeps him going now—and he isn't going to be twenty-four forever."

Meantime, however, few performers in show business are hotter than Martin and Lewis are today—and the probability is they could coast for years on their present momentum alone. As John Lund, one of Hollywood's most intelligent actors, put it, "These guys are stars in six media at the same time—and when they last appeared at Ciro's here in Hollywood, Cary Grant, Ann Sheridan, Gary Cooper, Clark Gable, Bob Hope, Jack Benny, Danny Thomas, Burns and Allen and Peter Lawford all turned out to see them. At Paramount, so many stars sneaked away from their own work to watch them clown at rehearsals that the studio had to close the set to outsiders. Anyone, outside of a strip-teaser, who can attract that much attention will be around for some time to come."

THE END

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The Punchboard Racket

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

prizes to operators. And recently he has added a sixth company, the Consolidated Container Corporation, in St. Louis, to distribute punchboards manufactured by Container.

(GAM is the only company into which Sax admitted his brothers as partners. In all others, though he placed relatives in titular positions, he himself retained complete control and almost total ownership.)

The six Sax Companies currently manufacture and distribute 35 per cent of the punchboards and their variants flooding the U.S. During the peak war and early post-war years (1939-'46), their sales volume reached over \$8,000,000 annually; at the retail end, their products extracted from the American public approximately \$475,000,000 a year. Even today, they drain from the annual national income probably three fourths of that figure.

Typical of Sax's companies is Superior Products, which owns and occupies a building covering virtually a square block, has 250 workers, and, during its last fiscal year, sold approximately \$1,200,000 worth of punchboards. (In 1946, nearly \$2,500,000!)

Wage Earners Lose Heavily

The total sales volume of Sax's punchboard companies during his 19 years in business is approximately \$100,000,000. Hence, the money taken in by Sax's punchboards to date—tribute paid chiefly by small wage earners who could ill afford it—totals approximately \$6,000,000,000, an amount nearly twice the record U.S. loan to Great Britain made shortly after the last war.

"During the years he was expanding, Sax himself designed just about every punchboard his companies put out," a former sales manager of Superior Products told me. "And Superior alone turned out a new model almost every day! Sax's companies kept 12 artists busy dreaming up sexy illustrations."

For Sax brought sex to punchboards. And in this, as in each of his many "improvements," he was promptly imitated by rival manufacturers. Perhaps his most sensational coup was the invention of the jack-pot punchboard—for, from the viewpoint of the operator, the jack-pot board is as far su-

perior to the ordinary type as a bazooka to a bow and arrow.

A typical 5-cents-a-punch, 1,200-hole conventional board offers 30 prizes. As there are only three top prizes of \$5 each—the others being merely 15, 20 or 25 cents, except for one \$2 and a few \$1 ones—the odds against winning a top prize are 400 to 1.

On the other hand, while the jack-pot board, really either two or three boards combined, promises larger cash prizes—it simultaneously vastly decreases the player's already small chance of winning. Because, for a top prize he must select a winning number two, or three, *consecutive* times, out of hundreds of possibilities—an almost impossible feat.

(A typical Sax-built, 25-cents-a-punch jack-pot board of the "two-board type" offers two top prizes of \$15 and \$10, plus about 20 smaller ones, the majority no more than 25 cents. There are 240 holes in the first, or starting, section—the only one on which punches are sold—and 100 holes in the second. But in punching out the first section, I found only eight tickets entitling me to punch in the second, which holds the top prizes. None won me a top prize—so though the entire first board was punched out, both top prizes remained unwon. This is understandable. The odds against winning either prize are 1,500 to 1!)

(I also "autopsied" a Sax-produced, 25-cents-a-punch jack-pot board of the "three-board type"—with 200 holes in the first section, 100 in the second and 40 in the third, which last held two top prizes of \$25 each. The 100-hole second section was advertised as holding just two tickets granting a chance to punch in the third section. In the entire first section, I found only eight tickets entitling me to punch in the second section, and none of them won me a chance to punch in the third section. The two top prizes of \$25 each, if won, would cancel out the \$50 take of this board, and the operator further would be out whatever small prizes had been won on the first and second sections. But there is little risk that those two top prizes ever will be won. The odds against winning just *one* of them are 30,000 to 1!)

Sax also pushed the use of salesboards,



"He admires my mind—but I still think I can get him interested"

COLLIER'S

IRVING ROIR

Collier's for February 10, 1951

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**MURINE
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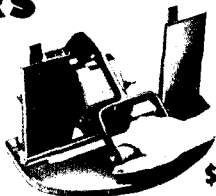
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employing huge amounts of candy, peanuts and cheap jewelry as prizes. (The Federal Trade Commission considers salesboards unfair competition to legitimate merchants and is currently pushing cease-and-desist actions against the three of Sax's companies manufacturing them.) In one promotion, Sax used 10,000 cheap watches, each bearing a picture of a fierce African lion. For the king of the beasts was the trade-mark of the Sax punchboards.

Back in the 1920s when he was laying the groundwork for his punchboard empire, Sax had married a Peoria girl, had had two sons (one later died), and had been divorced. He then married a blond Chicago dancer, with whom he had three more sons. Before he was forty, Sax was a multimillionaire. And his profits kept piling up—until the gross personal income shown on copies of his personal income tax return for 1948 was \$868,475.25!

Years before, he had become known as "the Punchboard King." And this, while an accolade to his business acumen, wasn't exactly an entree to Chicago society. Therefore, his next move was predictable.

It, coincidentally, followed a pattern long established by the nation's most notorious gangsters—who, once having piled up a big enough bank account (many through Sax's punchboards), almost invariably develop a yearning to be considered "respectable businessmen." The behavior pattern is (1) to buy an eminently respectable business, as a "front," and (2) to try to convince the public all connections with rackets are permanently severed.

(A great many of the nation's toughest gangsters stage their phony "retirement act" at the lush vacation spot of Miami Beach. Dan Sullivan, operating director of the crusading Crime Committee of Greater Miami, recently made public a "partial list" of 17 Miami Beach hotels, restaurants and other businesses now owned by racketeers from all over the United States.)

Retiring to Honest Business

It was during the war years—when Sax's punchboard factories were working overtime to supply gambling racketeers eager to cut into war workers' fat pay envelopes, and when Sax consequently was piling up his highest profits—that he decided to put on his own "retirement act." First, he announced he'd sold his punchboard factories and completely cut off all connections with the punchboard business. Second, finally satisfying his boyhood ambition, he bought a large stock interest in Chicago's Halsted Exchange National Bank, which was renamed the Exchange National Bank. Then he built the Saxony Hotel, the swankest ever erected in Miami Beach, and settled down there with his family, among people who knew nothing of how he'd made his money, to enjoy the eminently respectable role of wealthy banker and luxury-hotel owner.

(Previously, he'd bought into the small DuPage Trust Company, of Glen Ellyn, Illinois, but had sold his interest after buying into the larger bank. And in Florida, in partnership with J. B. Friedman, Chicago realtor, through the Casablanca Hotel & Villas, Inc., holding company, he'd first bought the El Morocco Hotel & Villas, a block of 65 rooms and 35 villas—then had sold his interests to build the Saxony. He'd also acquired interests in the Krest Building and the Dorian Hotel in Chicago. He still holds the latter.)

Sax paid a cool \$1,000,000 cash for his interest in the Exchange National Bank.

After Sax acquired his interest, the outlying nineteen-year-old institution, which had \$10,000,000 in deposits, was moved to impressive new quarters at 130 South La-Salle Street, in the heart of Chicago's financial district. It installed facilities that enabled patrons to drive in and make deposits and withdrawals from their cars. The institution was publicized as "The Nation's First Drive-in Bank." Deposits subsequently increased to \$50,000,000.

A professional banker, Edgar Heymann,

was named president. Sax became officially merely a member of the board of directors. But he took a suite of offices considerably more sumptuous than the president's. And its furnishings hint at his character: Above his enormous, expensive desk hangs a large portrait of that with which employees say he likes to compare himself—a huge African lion, its visage reflecting savage power in majestic repose. (This sharply recalls the lion's-head trade-mark of his punchboards.)

On the desk itself is a bronze statuette of another lion, grimly stalking its prey. On a handsome table nearby is yet another bronze lion, looking somnolently fierce. Also on the table are a framed commission from Florida's Governor Fuller Warren, appointing Sax an honorary lieutenant colonel on his personal staff, and a framed "At Home" invitation to the White House from President and Mrs. Truman, bearing the Presidential seal and dated January 25, 1947.

Sax poured money profligately into building his Saxony Hotel. He hired three shifts of workmen—a veritable army of 750 toward the end—to work the clock around, under huge floodlights at night, seven days a week. Some with overtime made \$450 a week. When the Saxony was completed in

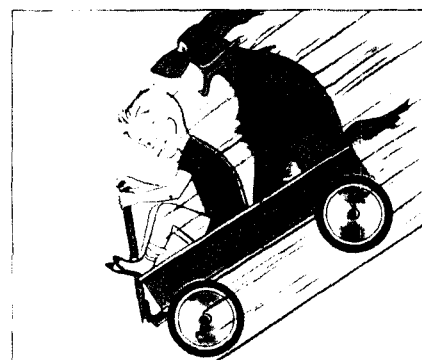
with pride, pausing now and then to gaze fondly on his "coat of arms," so conspicuous everywhere. For the lion's-head trade-mark on his punchboards by now had developed into a formal design—two lions rampant bearing a shield with impressive seigniorial markings, above the proud motto "The House of Sax," which Sax frankly says he expects to make as famous in the U.S. as the House of Rothschild in Europe.

Lions, Lions Everywhere

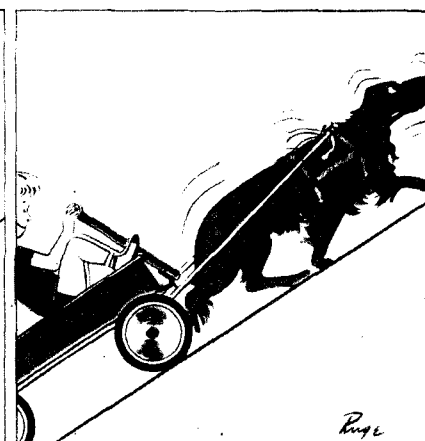
The Sax arms were emblazoned on the hotel's bronze elevator doors, on its matchbooks and stationery, on the silk bedspreads in every guest room, on the royal-blue-and-gold dinner plates—even on the pay checks of every chambermaid and dishwasher. And anyone who glanced across the street at the humbler El Morocco Hotel couldn't avoid noticing the two huge stone lions guarding its entrance, each flaunting the Sax shield—the addition of which, I was told, was the only "improvement" Sax made when he owned that hotel.

In Miami Beach, among "natives" unaware of his background, and visiting Hollywood and Broadway celebrities who stay at his hotel simply because it is the resort's swankiest, Sax is 100 per cent successful in

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JOHN RUGE

a record six months, the block-long, 16-story, entirely air-conditioned, 246-room structure had cost \$5,000,000. And this, Sax pointed out proudly, broke down to \$21,000 per room—a cost far outstripping the resort's 370 other hotels.

Sax invited political big shots and Broadway and Hollywood celebrities to the gala opening on January 7, 1949. A Miami newsman described the huge, gold-pillared lobby as "fairly blinding with \$100,000,000 in guests' jewels, knee-deep in mink." And guests were fairly blinded by the splendors of the wide terraces, cantilevered balconies, heated pool and cabanas, and the cocktail lounges and dining rooms (with such purple names as the Shell-i-Mar Room, the Bamboo Cocktail Lounge, and Ye Noshery), all executed in bold modern décor.

Sax moved his family into the swank penthouse. And, despite the sky-high rates—single rooms \$35 to \$50 a day; suites \$100 and up—the Saxony almost immediately was filled to capacity with a wealthy patronage from Northern cities. Guests were treated like royalty. Flowers greeted them on arrival. Within an hour they were given stationery and matchbooks printed with their names. On birthdays and anniversaries, men received gold cuff links and ladies orchids. Guests' home-town newspapers were bombarded with pictures and accounts of their doings. And, in one of the cabanas bordering the pool, a bookie was ensconced, with a loud-speaker and runners, so swimmers lolling about with iced drinks could place bets and hear the results of races at Hialeah or Tropical Park without stirring from their deck chairs.

Through it all strode Sax, fairly bursting

his clean-of-punchboards pose. Which may be why he spends most of his time, even hot summers, in Florida, although he owns a palatial Chicago home.

"Mr. Sax does not want an article written about him." "Mr. Sax cannot be reached." "Mr. Sax just left town unexpectedly."

This was the refrain chanted by a veritable cordon of Sax's employees whenever I attempted to contact him—in Miami Beach, in Chicago and in New York.

After weeks of verbal fencing, his legal counsel in New York, George M. Glassgold, finally suggested I submit a written list of the questions I wanted to ask Sax, which Glassgold himself "would consider" and to some of which he "might" later get the answers.

Sax's brothers and cousins, officers and managers of the six companies in his punchboard empire, all denied he now has any connection with punchboards. Philip and Maurice Sax, since 1931 his partners in GAM Sales Company, said flatly, in Peoria, that he has no interest in GAM. Max Sax, the fourth brother, president of the Superior, Container and Consolidated-Container companies, and Chester Sax, a cousin, president of Consolidated, similarly insisted that he has had no interest in any of the six companies since 1946.

"I own Superior and Container," Max added. "Chester, Irving (another cousin) and I together own Consolidated and Consolidated-Container."

Bernard Kahn, the Saxony public-relations man, Robert Greenfield, a vice-president and public-relations man for the Exchange National Bank, and Philip Wain, head of Philip Wain & Company, Chicago,

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tax consultants for the Sax companies, all also insisted George Sax no longer has the slightest financial interest in punchboards. Allan Baruck, a junior accountant, added, "We'll agree Sax made all his money in the punchboard business, but he's been clean of it for four years. He's in respectable businesses now."

Information was obtained on the last three years' sales volumes of Superior, Consolidated and Container, from file copies of these companies' corporation-tax returns.

Glassgold was asked if he had a financial interest in any of Sax's properties—punchboard companies, hotels or the bank. "No. Absolutely not," he said emphatically.

But on the official shareholders' list of the Exchange National Bank, there were registered in his name 407 shares—worth, at current market value, over \$100,000!

Kahn and Greenfield had tried to discourage my interest in seeing the bank's list of shareholders. Abandoning their many claims that Sax "is nothing but a banker and a hotel man," they protested Sax "actually has only a very small amount of bank stock and certainly doesn't own control." Edgar Heymann, the bank's president, repeated this. He insisted there was "absolutely no connection between the bank and any punchboard companies!" But, finally, he let me see the official list of shareholders—which I copied.

Only 540 shares of bank stock are entered in the name of George D. Sax, personally. However, his wife has 543 shares. And Sax, as trustee for his four sons, holds 840 more shares, 210 for each boy. Various relatives of his—the three brothers who manage his punchboard companies, a sister, two cousins (including Jerome Sax, a vice-president of the bank), and a brother-in-law, Meyer Friedman, managing director of the Saxony—have a total of 952 shares.

One of Sax's punchboard companies, Container, itself owns 350 shares of bank stock. The stock held by Sax and his relatives, plus that held by his lawyer and his punchboard company, adds up to 3,632 shares, a comfortable majority of the 7,000 issued by the bank.

The Kefauver Committee had subpoenaed the books of both the Superior and Consolidated companies, in preparation for an investigation of the punchboard racket, which it later dropped.

Books Reveal Stockholders

W. D. Amis, a committee investigator, disclosed the subpoenaed books had included several recording minutes of stockholders' meetings in September, 1948, and September, 1949. Amis said these books listed the stockholders of both corporations, on those dates, as George D. Sax, Rhoda Sax (his wife), and George D. Sax as trustee for trusts for each of his four sons, Louis, Samuel, Edward and George, Jr.

When Max Sax, president of Superior, was confronted with this, he said that though he'd "bought all of George's stock in 1946" (including that registered for his wife and sons), he hadn't yet, on that date (October 23, 1950), paid for it! He agreed that George, therefore, actually still owned all the stock.

Max further admitted that the six persons (himself and five other employees) named in the corporate books of Superior and Consolidated (and Container) as the stockholders, were only "nominee" stockholders—bluntly, mere "fronts" for George Sax and his wife and children.

"The corporate books," he said, "are accessible to anybody in the bookkeeping department." (The minutes books are not.)

The ultimate in proof that George D. Sax is still Punchboard Manufacturing King, and did not sell out to his brothers in 1946, was revealed in subsequent conversations with members of his tax consultants' firm—and in perusal of their retained copies of his personal, corporation and partnership income tax returns:

The personal income shown for Sax in 1946 listed, among lesser items, \$111,662.46 from his punchboard companies; for 1947,

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\$52,150.18 from his punchboard companies; for 1948, \$41,575.15 from his punchboard companies; for 1949, \$46,192.36 from his punchboard companies!

(These totals, of course, represent only about one sixth of his punchboard factories' earnings, since his wife and the trusts for his four sons each own approximately equal amounts of stock in his principal companies.)

Sax has tried shifting the corporate structure of his punchboard companies to reduce his taxes. Ten years ago he dissolved the incorporated companies (all, that is, except GAM), and reorganized them as partnerships—with not only himself and his brother, Max, but also his wife and trusts set up for each of his small sons, as equal "partners" in his enterprises. It was a clever device—especially during boom war years, when a single company, Consolidated, reported 1947 net profits of \$452,380.03.

However, the Bureau of Internal Revenue finally re-examined his returns for 1941 through 1947, and disallowed them on grounds that trusts created for children cannot be considered as partners in a business. It demanded a "deficiency payment" of \$827,251.45, but gave Sax several years in which to pay and exacted no punishment except interest and a tiny "negligence" penalty. Foreseeing this "slap on the wrist," Sax shifted his companies back to their original corporate status in 1946.

The need to produce a first installment on that deficiency payment may have been why Sax sought a \$1,500,000 loan from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation on his brand-new Saxony Hotel. This was granted in May, 1949, according to Arthur Merritt of the RFC in Washington.

Sax usually has been "lucky." During the war, he was able to obtain from the War Production Board a paper allotment for his companies 65 per cent of normal. Merchants who supplied the public with wrapping paper, and manufacturers of books and stationery, were outraged. The WPB had rationed them to only 25 to 35 per cent of their normal needs—which, understandably, they considered more essential than punchboards.

And when Congress, at its last session, passed the Preston Bill to wipe out the slot-machine racket by banning interstate shipments, there was much speculation as to why punchboards hadn't been included. The lame excuse of the Department of Justice, which had helped frame the bill, was that punchboards were "difficult to define."

Actually, even without a federal law, the half-dozen punchboard factories in Chicago, including Sax's Superior and Consolidated companies, could be shut down today—under a state law passed in 1919, prohibiting manufacture of punchboards in any county "in which there is a United States Military Post, or a United States Naval Training Station of the first class." (Glenview Naval Air Station and Fifth Army Headquarters both are in Cook County.)

Sax's "luck" continued, too, when the Kefauver Committee recently dropped its intended punchboard investigation. He made quite a show of self-righteous anger when queried in Miami, last August 31st, about the report that the committee had issued a subpoena for him, and its announced intention to question him about a punchboard-manufacturing monopoly and to determine if gamblers had any interest in the company. Newsmen quoted Sax's indignant reply: "I wouldn't know a gangster if I met one on the street!"

However, while Sax customarily evaded unfavorable newspaper publicity, the Chicago Tribune, on November 15, 1943, published a signed story by its veteran crime reporter, James Doherty, revealing Cook County Highway Police had declared war on punchboards, "thereby ruining an extremely profitable racket in which Ed Vogel and George Sax enjoyed a monopoly in the country-town territory, where they represented the Guzik Gambling Syndicate." (Ed Vogel, one of the original Capone

gangsters, long has been identified as slot-machine czar of the Capone Syndicate—since Capone's death sometimes called the Guzik Syndicate, after Jack "Greasy Thumb" Guzik, Capone's business manager and later a mob leader.)

Furthermore, during 1947 and 1948, Sax had in his employ, as an officer of his Superior Company, one Robert R. Marcus. Marcus previously was a professional bondsman for Syndicate hoodlums, and a chief lieutenant to the late Billy Skidmore, who died in federal prison after long reigning as a top Chicago gambling boss.

Quizzed About Shotgun Murder

In August, 1948, Marcus was questioned by Cook County State's Attorney's Investigator Gus Bartels, in connection with the shotgun slaying of Nathan Gumbin, wealthy Chicago paper-box manufacturer, when it was learned Gumbin's books showed more than \$30,000 of chip board had been sold to Superior Products. Bartels said Superior was the only local user of Gumbin's product. Marcus, identified as "an official" of Superior, was quoted as having "scoffed at the possibility of connecting Gumbin's death with the punchboard industry." Marcus now owns 47 shares of stock in Sax's Exchange National Bank, worth \$11,750.

One would have to be very naïve to believe Sax's assertion that he wouldn't know a gangster if he met one. When Tony Accardo, a top Capone mob lieutenant, made his annual trip to Miami last winter for a series of conferences with underworld boss Frank Costello, he stayed at the Saxony Hotel. (Accardo has been arrested and questioned by Chicago police in connection with a dozen gang murders, including that of James Ragen, racing-news-service head.) And not only did Costello repeatedly meet Accardo for long talks in the Saxony's bar, between January 15 and 26, 1950, but Sax was seen with them more than once.

When William H. "Big Bill" Johnston, who, according to the Kefauver Committee, "has had a long career of close association with Chicago racketeers of the Capone gang," went to Miami last August 14th, he, too, checked in at the Saxony. And he frequently was seen in long, intimate conversations with Sax. Johnston, who controls several lucrative Chicago and Florida race tracks, was in Miami to explain to the State Racing Commission the \$100,000 contribution he and others admitted making to Governor Fuller Warren's campaign fund and its alleged connection with the granting of race-track franchises.

Jack Arvey, Illinois's Democratic boss, and Arthur X. Elrod, his second in command, not only are regular visitors at the Saxony but, while there, spend much time with their old buddy, George Sax. (Arvey's daughter recently was married at the Saxony.) Elrod was once bondsman for the late Jack Zuta's gunmen, and financial "handy man" for Zuta—one of Chicago's most notorious brothel keepers.

Business was a little slow when I was in Miami Beach, in November. The "season" hadn't begun yet, of course. And, too, the Saxony's illegal bookie concession had been shut down. This had occurred, on May 17th, only after four raids by sheriff's deputies and police. Miami Beach Police Chief Albert Simpson told me he estimated Sax's revenue from leasing "the most lucrative bookie concession in town" as "no less than \$50,000 a year."

But Sax needn't worry if patronage slows down at the Saxony. For his punchboard companies will continue stacking up his millions. In fact, this last holiday season his Superior Company invaded the Christmas toy market with a brand-new item—a punchboard designed for children! It's not meant for gambling. The little tots punch out questions to answer—which, I presume, classifies it as a quiz contest. But it closely duplicates professional punchboards.

And Sax couldn't have thought of a better way to convert the younger generation into punchboard addicts!

THE END

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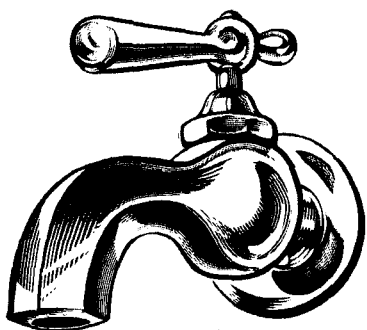
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Scarlet Runner

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

price was too high. But he didn't agree.

"Not Luke," he'd say. "Luke wasn't that way. No matter how much he disliked Kathy, he'd never hand over his money and property to her just to get rid of her. And that patched-up old brown suit he wore the day he was in here—Luke was sloppy, all right, but if he was going away he'd wear a better suit than that."

But for all Harvey's wondering, nothing came of it. Not, that is, until one day when Anson Walker strutted into the store.

Anse wasn't a regular customer by any means, not being a gardening man, but he had a bunch of red flowers in his hand.

"Say, Harve," he said in that kind of kidding tone he used, "you're a horticultural expert." You could tell he was proud of the big word. "What's the name of these flowers?"

Harvey told him. Then he asked, "Why do you want to know?"

Anse grinned. "Going to impress Kathy. She thinks I don't know anything about flowers. These are growing away over on the west side of the property, along the fence. Kathy don't even know they're there. I'm going to pick a bunch of 'em for her, and surprise her by telling her the name."

"Um," Harvey said. "Over to the west side, you say?"

"Yep. In the far corner of the lot, where it's mostly weeds. Can't even see it from the house. Well, thanks, Harve."

"Welcome," Harvey said.

A couple of the boys were in the store when Anson came in, and they remarked, later, how thoughtful Harvey's face grew. But he didn't say anything, just went on with his work.

It was the next Monday that he went to see Chet Hennessey. "Chief," he said, "will you do me a favor?"

"Will if I can, Harve," Chet replied. Chet was a stout, good-natured man, but he could be real tough when he had to—which wasn't very often.

"Will you come with me and dig up a piece of Kathy Manton's property?" Harvey asked.

Chet looked astonished. "Why, no, I won't, Harve," he said. "I got no right doin' things like that. What's it for, anyhow?"

"Can't tell you," Harvey said. "Maybe nothing, and I don't want to make trouble for innocent people. But I sure wish you'd do it, Chet."

Chet looked at him. Harvey was no jackass, and he didn't go off half-cocked, either. So finally Chet said, "All right, Harve. It's crazy, but I'll go with you. Tomorrow morning, early, before Kathy is up. I don't want her to see me makin' a damned fool of myself. You bring the shovels." . . .

Just after sunrise Harvey, in the store delivery truck, called for Chet at his house. He had shovels and a pick. "What part of

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Meteorologist,
United States
Weather
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Clouds do not burst during a "cloudburst"—a current of air which was holding up the rain merely lets go suddenly.

Chemist,
British War
Office

The victims in the historic Black Hole of Calcutta horror did not die from lack of air, but from heat stroke.

Geologist,
University of
Toronto

If earthquakes stopped, man would be doomed, because the land would gradually be worn smooth by the erosive action of the sea.

Explorer,
American Society
of Mechanical
Engineers

Blizzards at the North Pole are not as fierce as those regularly encountered in Montana and North Dakota winters.

Ornithologist,
London

A nest is not a bird's home, as popularly taken for granted—it's merely a nursery.

Zoo Director,
St. Louis

A person is really a glutton if he "eats like a hummingbird," which consumes four times its weight in food daily.

Researcher,
Royal Baking In-
stitute

The original Thanksgiving observance of the Pilgrims was not a feast day, but a fast day.

Physician,
Atlanta

A hot bath just before going to bed does not make one sleep soundly—it has practically no effect.

Historian,
Baltimore

1950 wasn't the first time that American soldiers have fought in Korea—a United States Navy landing force successfully stormed Korean forts in 1871.

—W. E. FARBSTAIN

BUTCH



"The nice man gave me all these pretty knives and forks for a ride on my sled"

COLLIER'S

LARRY REYNOLDS

Kathy's property we going to spade up?" Chet wanted to know. "Pretty big parcel she's got. Not aimin' to dig the whole acreage, are you?"

Harvey just grinned, and said Chet would see soon enough.

They drove to the west corner of the lot, got out, and Harvey handed Chet a shovel. "Might as well earn your keep," he said.

They started to dig. They didn't have to dig long, because Luke Manton wasn't buried very deep. He still had on the old brown suit, only it was in worse condition than when Luke wore it around town.

CHET didn't say much. He bent down and turned the body over. Then he pointed. "Back of the skull," he said. "That dent. That's what killed him."

"Seems," Harvey said, "like it might have been done with a flatiron."

"Sure does."

"Chet," Harvey said, "what say you and me go over and sit on the fence for a few minutes and smoke a pipe?"

Chet was willing. He was calm enough outside, but inside he didn't feel so good. It's not nice to come like that on a body of a man you knew all your life, even if you didn't like him particularly.

So he and Harvey sat on the top rail of the fence and smoked. And finally Chet asked, "How did you know?"

Instead of answering, Harvey fingered some flowers that were growing along the fence. "Pretty, ain't they?" he said. "Know what kind they are?"

"Sure. Scarlet runners. But what—"

"The day Luke disappeared," Harvey said, "he gave me a list of things Kathy wanted him to buy. I got most of 'em for him. One item I had in my own store. I remembered it especially, because I didn't have 'em packaged, and gave them to him loose."

"But I still don't understand—"

"They were scarlet runner beans," Harvey said patiently. "Luke put 'em in his pocket, and I recall wondering whether he had a hole in that pocket, because Kathy never sewed anything for him. Maybe if she had . . ."

Light was beginning to break on the chief. "You mean that the scarlet runner beans you sold Luke—these flowers came from those beans?"

Harvey nodded. "That's it," he said slowly. "When Anson came into the store with a bunch of these flowers in his hand and wanted to know the name of 'em—said he was going to surprise Kathy by his knowledge of flowers—and told me they were growing here, in this wild spot, where scarlet runners would never grow unless they were planted, I had my notion. I came out here afterward, just to make sure. And here they were—right where Luke planted them."

"Luke planted 'em!"

"Yes. Only he was dead when he did it. Kathy must have killed him with the flatiron for his money—and for Anse Walker. Then at night she dragged his body all the way over here and buried it. She always was a strong girl. But she didn't bother to check the list of things Luke had brought home, so the scarlet runner beans stayed in his pocket. And the pocket *did* have a hole in it. The beans ran out when Kathy was planting Luke near the fence—and grew up into these flowers. Don't know when I've seen better-looking scarlet runners, either. Luke would have been proud of 'em."

Chet knocked out his pipe. "You don't think Anson could have had anything to do with it?"

Harvey shook his head. "He'd never have come to me wanting to know what the flowers were if he knew they were right over Luke's grave. No, Kathy did this alone."

"But what about that thousand dollars Luke took out of the bank? Maybe he really did intend to leave town after all—but Kathy beat him to the punch."

"Maybe. Not likely we'll ever know, for sure. One thing certain, Kathy's got the money now."

Then a sort of half-grin came over Harvey's face.

"What's that about?" Chet asked.

"I was just thinking," Harvey said, "that if Anse hadn't been such a loudmouth, wanting to show off in front of Kathy about the flowers, we might never have found Luke, and Anse and Kathy would have had all Luke's money—in seven years. Anson just talked himself out of a good deal. Well, it just goes to show that when you trade one man in for another, you never can be sure what kind you're getting. Now maybe we better go over to the house and wake up Kathy, hey, Chief?"

THE END

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HARRY DEVLIN

It Doesn't Make Sense

THE EIGHTY-SECOND CONGRESS is faced with some urgent and momentous business. But we hope that current crises will not keep its members from doing something about the statute of limitations which applies to the prosecution of spies and *saboteurs*. For the sake of logic and the country's safety they should have acted months ago and why they haven't is hard to understand. But at this writing, things are where they were last March, when the House passed a bill extending the period of limitation from three years to 10. The Senate has yet to act.

The House bill is some improvement, we suppose. But why should there be any limitations? If one man kills another, the law can hound him to the ends of the earth and the end of his life. But if one man gives information to a foreign power which, directly or indirectly, can result in the killing of thousands in time of war, he can thumb his nose at the law after three years. That is the situation today.

It is ironic that Alger Hiss could only be tried for the minor offense of perjury because Whittaker Chambers' accusations came after the law had clothed Hiss in its armor of protection. The contemptible crime of espionage was the nub of the whole case, and it overshadowed the whole case. But it was still only a shadow with-

out legal substance. It is equally ironic, to those of us who think there was more to the Amerasia case than was ever made public, to see that investigation peter out in a vapor of half-concealment, and to know that even if indictable evidence had been produced, the statute of limitations again would have blocked proper action.

Surely the members of this Congress, or any Congress, would agree that there is no more despicable creature than the person who would betray his own country. So why do they encourage him in the hope that if he commits his betrayal in peacetime, and conceals it for three years or 10 years, all is forgiven? It doesn't make sense.

General, We Thank You

THERE ARE SEVERAL THINGS about totalitarianism that dictators have never explained to our satisfaction, and two of them are these:

If Communism or Fascism is the ideal structure of society, as the top men of both systems have insisted, why does it have to be forced upon a population with ruthlessness and repression?

And if capitalism is as corrupt and cruel as the dictators say, why hasn't it either fallen apart of its own weakness or been destroyed by the

free people of such a country as ours, where capitalism flourishes?

We sought enlightenment the other day in an address by that eminent statesman and political philosopher, General Juan D. Perón, President of Argentina, without coming up with the answers. But we thought that our readers might possibly be interested, as we were, in some examples of the mishmash of Hitlerian Marxism that distinguished the general's discourse.

"The capitalist economy," said President Perón, "has undoubtedly been the evil of humanity in the nineteenth century and this much of the twentieth, with the exploitation of man by man and with the abuses to which capitalism has given rise—abuses of liberty, abuses of property, abuses of all kinds which have been the cause which has led the world to Communism."

"Communism is not a cause. Communism is in effect a reaction against the capitalists, so that if Communism is to disappear, capitalism has to disappear first."

We're not going to contradict the general with the flat statement that capitalism is a perfect system. But, speaking only of the United States as the world's leading capitalist country, we venture the opinion that it is more than coincidence that our freedom has flourished and our strength has grown for more than 150 years under that system. Furthermore, the system itself has grown in strength and justice through orderly improvements which have corrected many former abuses.

From what we can learn of Argentina today, we should say that the situation there is quite the opposite. The general has destroyed a part of the country's capitalist structure, but in doing so he has also destroyed a good many freedoms that formerly existed.

For instance, he has done a thorough, Soviet-type job on the country's labor unions, lumping them together under a government-controlled General Labor Confederation. He has all but done away with the free and independent press. But he has also met with some resistance. Railroad laborers and guards recently went out on strike and defied General Perón's order to return. And a couple of newspapers, notably *La Prensa*, have made a courageous stand in the face of the general's tireless campaign of intimidation and harassment.

We don't think that capitalism is going to disappear, in spite of the general's predictions. And we certainly don't think that Communism would disappear, again according to the general's prediction, if capitalism vanished from the face of the earth. Communism won't disappear while there are still men in power who believe that secret police, slave labor camps and firing squads are the proper instruments for impressing the populace with the blessings of Marx's Utopia.

If we had to pick the likeliest candidate for political oblivion, we'd have to go along with General Perón's own brand of state capitalism. Perónism, like Francoism, is still haunted by the ghosts of Hitler and Mussolini. But General Perón has neither *Wehrmacht* nor *Luftwaffe* to underscore his philosophy. Without them that philosophy has no chance of doing anything to hasten the disappearance of capitalism, "the evil of humanity" which the Argentine dictator despises.

At any rate, we may feel a reserved gratitude to General Perón for his contribution to our better understanding, if not to hemisphere solidarity. In troubled times it's always well to know who are your friends and who aren't.

Collier's for February 10, 1951

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